



[*Bassano Ltd*

SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE, K.C.M.G., J.P.,
MAHA MUDALIYAR.

[Frontispiece]

REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS

BEING THE REMINISCENCES OF
MAHA MUDALIYAR
SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE
K.C.M.G.

*WITH INTRODUCTION
BY MAJOR HERBERT NOYES*

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DEDICATION

I do not consider any apology necessary for the length of this dedication. Indeed, in the circumstances, I rather think it is my duty to make it clear how and why these reminiscences came to be indited. For more years than I care to remember friends both in England and in this country have tried to persuade me to undertake the task. I was, however, reluctant to do so, mainly because I have always been very busily occupied, and doubted whether I could find either the time or the patience to sit down day after day and relive and remember days and things long dead. When I say that I never kept any diaries, the reader can imagine how laborious has been the compilation of this book. It has entailed references to copious publications both local and foreign, to old files of newspapers, and to a whole library of musty correspondence. But I have taken the greatest pains to verify the minutest fact before I recorded it, and I can assure the reader that this volume contains a faithful account of the outstanding events of the long period with which it deals. My aim in writing my story has been rather to reflect an interesting era than to emphasize the part I played in it. And therefore I am able, without outraging modesty, to present it for what it is worth

TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

INTRODUCTION

THE author of this book, Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, K.C.M.G., Maha Mudaliyar—that is to say, Great Chief—and his career are so faithfully described in the letter addressed to him in the following pages by Sir Hugh Clifford, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., late Governor of Ceylon, that, intimately as I know him, any further remarks concerning his personality would justly be considered superfluous.

As regards his memoirs, however, I believe I am correct in saying this is the first work of its kind that has been written by a member of the old nobility of Ceylon. When one reflects that the history of the island dates back to 200 B.C., and that after centuries of internecine strife—the Arabs, Malabars, Portuguese, Dutch and British have used its fair and fertile lands as an arena for their own disputes until comparatively recent times—it is small wonder that a work of this description should so tardily appear.

It should appeal to many in that it affords in many respects a plainly set forth point of view of the representative of a race of chieftains who, if

their feudal greatness has passed, still remain a power in the land ; secondly, because it is, I think, throughout, an expression of the author's very sincere appreciation of the manner in which he has been consistently received in this country. Of the popularity it will achieve among Sir Solomon's compatriots there can be no doubt. For although, as is fitting, kings and princes appear in its pages, make their bow and pass on—alas ! that so many of them should have passed away—lesser-known folk have by no means been forgotten, and the mention of innumerable Ceylonese friends and acquaintances will be remembered by them long after this book has passed out of print.

Personally, I would that the author had devoted more space to descriptions of the beauties of his native land, but those of us who know and love the “Pearl of the Orient” will have no difficulty in filling in the gaps.

Ceylon ! At once there springs to the mind's eye a vision of Adam's Peak towering above the clouds ; a white lighthouse rising from the low-lying shadows of the shores ; breaths of warm perfumed air blown seaward to our ship. Later, through hot, vivid streets and crowded pettah, by smooth red laterite roads to the palm and cinnamon groves and the plantations of the lowlands : or northwards and

upwards to the dark green acres of the tea land, the water-cleft ravines of the foothills, the panoramic glories of Kadugannawa, to the lush beauty which is Kandy, till at last, in the chill of the evening, Nuwara Eliya, the Ultima Thule of the voyager, is reached, and the sun sinks behind Pedrotalagala Hill.

HERBERT NOYES.

VILLA NENETTE,

MOURILLON, LE VAR.

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GLOSSARY

- Ambalam**, a roadside shelter.
- Appu**, butler or waiter.
- Boutique**, a booth or small shop.
- Chettydom**, fraternity of native moneylenders.
- C.S.O.**, Colonial Secretary's Office.
- Dalada Maligawa**, relic of the Temple of the Tooth.
- Diyawadana Nilame**, lay official of the Temple of the Tooth.
- Emydavittata**, a small tortoise.
- Galle Face**, Hotel at Colombo.
- G.O.H.**, the Grand Oriental Hotel, Colombo.
- Hackery**, a bullock sulky.
- Hoppers**, rice-flour cakes.
- Kachcheri**, Government Agent's Office.
- Kraal**, elephant stockade.
- Kudumbi**, tuft of hair on a Tamil's head.
- Mahandiram**, a lesser chieftain.
- Mudaliyar**, chieftain of the Low Country.
- Mudaliyar of the Gate**, chieftain of the Governor's household.
- Nuwara Eliya**, the famous hill-station of Ceylon.
- Padda-boat**, a house-boat.
- Pandals**, triumphal arches.
- Peraherra**, a procession.
- Pinthaliya**, a wayside drinking fountain.
- Queen's**, the well-known hotel at Kandy.
- Ratemahatmaya**, chief of a Kandyan district.
- Sprue**, a distressing Eastern malady.

Tappal-cart, a mail-cart.

Thuppotti, Kandyan waist cloth.

Vedaralas, native doctors.

Walauwa, residence of a nobleman.

Yakko, *i.e.*, "You devil."

CHAPTER I

IN THE BEGINNING

I WAS born on the 22nd of May, 1862, at Hora-golla, Veyangoda, and was the third child of a family of six, five of whom were girls. One of my elder sisters, as well as one of my younger, has predeceased me, and of the three who remain two are still my near neighbours in Veyangoda, and the other, though domiciled in Colombo, has very real associations with our old home district.

No one who has resided in it, I think, can but hold in affectionate remembrance its atmosphere of placid contentment and gracious calm, and especially to us, whose family history has for more than a hundred years been bound up with the place, Veyangoda always beckons compellingly wherever we may wander. Often and often again, on my frequent visits to England, the sight of the pleasant farmhouses and country seats in the Midlands has put me in mind, with some yearning, of the fertile and milder Southern land that I call home. For although the riot of verdure, the wealth of drooping coco palms, and the sweet scent of the areca and cinnamon, have no counterpart in England, both countries appear to me alike in the perennial greenness of the countryside, the homesteads set in the

fields, the blue smoke curling upwards in the still and windless evenings. And if in place of placid sheep and the sleek, homing cattle, we can but show the slow-moving buffalo, quiescent in their wallows or standing, fly-flicking, in a coat of shining steel-grey mud, and a few goats browsing on the plain, the contrast only serves to bring home to us two similar aspects of our country life. My revered grandfather, Don Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, with whom our connection with the British Government was inaugurated when the first British forces landed in the maritime provinces, erected the original buildings in Horagolla some time in the years before 1820. He was then Mudaliyar of the Siyane Korle East, an office in which my beloved father succeeded him, to be succeeded in turn by me.

How different things were then in Ceylon can be imagined from the fact that at that period the road to Kandy was under construction, and had indeed gone no further than at the most, Ambepussa. In more than one testimonial granted to my grandfather by leading British authorities, including Sir Edward Barnes—who was Governor here from 1824 to 1831, but who arrived in the Colony some years earlier—especial mention is made of the services rendered by Don Solomon in facilitating the onerous task of building the Kandy road. He had, I believe, been put in charge of the entire section from Colombo to Ambepussa, much of it within our own district, and these testimonials from distinguished officials bear witness to the manner in which he performed his duty.

There is an interesting story in the family relating to the selection of the exact site on which Horagolla still stands. My grandfather lived in a temporary building at the time, and, on looking for a suitable position, he came one evening upon an *Emydavittata* (a small tortoise)—“Kiri Ibba” in Sinhalese. Without hesitation he immediately determined that his foundation should start there. And so it did. The *zealurea*—residence—has, of course, in recent years, been modernized and renovated, and I have added a storey to it, but its venerable aspect well accords with its years.

The example of Veyangoda epitomizes the vast changes that have overtaken the country since the British occupation. In the years when Horagolla House was in course of building, much of what are now well-cultivated and richly yielding paddy and coconut lands was virgin forest, thick, and seemingly impenetrable, inhabited by the monarch of all our Ceylon jungles. Elephants prowled in Don Solomon’s backyard of nights, leaving traces to be seen, not without trepidation, in the morning. Alas! today the only elephants in Veyangoda are some domesticated tuskers, tame and docile as children, shrunk scions of ancient lineage. *Sic transit gloria silvæ.*

Some years after he had retired, with long and meritorious service to his credit, my grandfather, the Mudaliyar of the Governor’s Gate—a title of honour conferred in recognition of those public services—and of Siyane Korle East, passed to his rest. That his devoted work and unswerving

loyalty were appreciated by the British Government is indisputable by reason of the many medals and other marks of official esteem he from time to time received. On his death, on September 15th, 1859, despite the fact that he had never been even distantly connected with any military unit, he was granted the unique distinction of military honours at the funeral. One hundred and fifteen troops were ordered by the Major-General then in command of the Forces in the island, to parade, the order being issued on his behalf by H. L. Maydwell, D.A.G., and three rounds were fired over the grave of my revered ancestor.

It is by such manifestations of their appreciation of valuable services, I firmly believe, that the British have been able to strengthen their hold on the countries that have come under their sway. Where they have failed to ring true to that test of generous fair play, they have lost, as they lost the American colonies. But they have seldom been found wanting in this respect.

To me it was not granted to see my distinguished grandfather. My father, Don Christoffel Henricus Dias Bandaranaike, had succeeded Don Solomon, when he retired, and it was two years after my grandfather's death that I was born. I well recall those early days in Veyangoda: very primitive to the mind's eye they now appear, with our motor-cars, electric lights and railway trains and our well-ordered roads; for in those days there was no train even to Kandy, and robbers still infested what roads there were. The doings of Utuwankande Sardiel, the brigand, are still fresh in the minds of the

people. His rightful place is in the same category as Raisuli of Morocco.

As the only son of the family, I had, of course, to move soon to Colombo for my education. But when I had reached the highest form at St. Thomas', during Warden Miller's Principalship, the death of my dear mother, Anna Florentina Philips Panditaratne, necessitated my leaving school. My father was himself then advancing in years, and the affairs of the estate and of my sisters necessitated a younger and active presence. I still preserve, with perfectly pardonable pride, the certificate the Warden granted me on my departure from Mutwal. He was one of the greatest and most earnest educationists and Christians we have had in this country.

The Rev. E. F. Miller came out as a bachelor, and it was some years later that he went back home and brought out a bride, a Miss Caroline Ford. The Bishop's carriage and pair were placed at the disposal of the couple from the pier to College House, but we unharnessed the animals at the foot of the hill and hauled the vehicle up amidst an overwhelming tumult of jubilation. So overwhelming, indeed, that in the midst of the excitement one boy, Henry Ashmore Pieris, fell down and had the wheels over him in a trice. It spoke volumes for his constitution that he was none the worse for his misadventure. As a matter of fact, the incident enlivened the proceedings considerably.

But my schooling did not start at St. Thomas' College. The first establishment I went into was conducted by a Mrs. Creamer in Jampettah Street. The old lady, whose name lent itself to cruel, if not

inappropriate, adaptations, was a sister of my friend Frederick Dornhorst, and he himself was one of her pupils. Of the others who sat at the feet of Mrs. Creamer, Felix Dias and his brother Chapman and the Rev. O. J. C. Bevan were my contemporaries. "Ossie," I might mention incidentally, was far and away the most mischievous of a by no means unmischievous lot.

Having assimilated all that Mrs. Creamer's modest establishment offered in the way of education, I migrated to an establishment in Union Place, managed at this time by Mrs. Bailey, the mother of Allanson Bailey, C.C.S., quondam Government Agent at Kandy, and who died quite recently. My recollections of this institution are a trifle vague. Possibly, in the recesses of my memory, the near proximity of my more impressionable years under Warden Bacon and Warden Miller blurs the preceding pictures.

Circumstances conspired towards my attending St. Thomas' College rather than the Academy, the more so as one branch of our family has had a distinguished connection with the Church of England in Ceylon. I was at first a day boy at St. Thomas' College, Mutwal, living at Modera Walauwa with the late Canon Dias and Mrs. Dias, my aunt. Shortly afterwards I went into residence at Paradise Garden, our property in Skinner's Road South.

It was about this time I was awarded the dignified sobriquet of "D.D." by my schoolmates for the reason that I went to school daily in a cart drawn by a donkey. The dignity was not a solitary one.

I shared it with L. O. Liesching, who also drove to school behind a donkey, a black one. Mine was grey. Often Liesching and I, returning home from school (he lived at Maradana), would race each other down Skinner's Road South to the grave peril of ourselves and the pedestrians. I generally won, one glance at my uplifted hat from the corner of his eye being sufficient to make my thoroughbred bolt for dear life. Those were great days!

I next entered the College boarding-house, where, of many contemporaries, I may mention "Natty" Martin, now Burgher Member in Council, and the late lamented Justice Wendt. Joseph Grenier and the late Advocate A. de A. Seneviratne were, if I remember aright, on the staff at that time.

I must at this point not omit the fact that I received my first flogging from Francis H. Pereira, indisputably the ablest Ceylonese schoolmaster of his and a subsequent generation, and popularly known as "Magister Magistrorum." It was the old story of being tempted and being unable to resist over again. In front of me in class sat a Tamil youth with his *kudumbi* (tuft of hair) pushing itself out from under his headdress. On some pretext I got out of the room, obtained a piece of rope and twisted a noose at its end. After that the rest was easy—and delightful, up to a certain point. Noosing the delicious *kudumbi*, I tugged at the rope to find Humpty Dumpty Vythilingam sprawling over the back of his stool.

"'Tis one thing to be tempted, Æschylus;
Another thing to fall."

Precisely. In this case it was I who was tempted, and Vythilingam who fell. But it was also "another thing," Æschylus, to receive a flogging!

I recall one other class-room incident that was even more amusing, and which occurred when I was in the Lower VI. Warden Miller took both the divisions in Divinity, and one morning he asked us what David heard when he was nearing the camp of the Philistines. The question ran the gamut of the semicircle we formed without a satisfactory reply being elicited, and just too late for my turn I remembered in a flash what the answer should be. By that time, dear old Miller was giving us "one more chance," and I motioned to an Upper VI. boy, stretching out my left hand and moving the other transversely above it, with the object of conveying that it was music. Up he jumped, bursting with his ill-gotten knowledge, and announced, in the manner of one who knew what he was talking about:

"Fiddles, sir! Fiddles!"

"Fiddlesticks, B——!" roared the usually staid Warden, momentarily shocked out of his composure. "You have not prepared your task."

It is not difficult to imagine the pandemonium that ensued. I refrain from giving the name of the bright scholar who misread my code, for he is today a leading legal light down South. I will not say he brought the house down, because it would at once be questionable literary expression and an inadequate description. To this day I retain a vivid impression of the frantic gesticulations with which he threatened me *sub rosa* during the rest of that lesson.

The *Hall Appu* of that time was Napoleon, a distinct institution of the College for many years. He stood in the same relation to the Hall as Warden Miller to the College itself, and both had in common a passion for economy. Of Nakiya, who lived in the next garden and baked our cakes or *hoppers*, I am not competent to say the same, although to judge from the lamentation he set up whenever a few mischievous boys made off with his morning hamper, he must have suffered from an exaggerated sense of decorum or a deplorable lack of humour.

Rather dapper was the dormitory attendant of that time, short and very dark for a Sinhalese, but no end of a buck. Once when term was ending the rumour that I had a bottle of bear's-grease in my room reached his ears, and he thought it was a heaven-sent opportunity to fertilize his scanty beard into a pine forest. While we were in our classes, therefore, he made tracks to my den, dug out the magic bottle and daubed some stuff generously on his cheeks.

When we next set eyes on him he looked like the Soul's Awakening done in pink brimstone—certainly like nothing on earth. What he had actually lathered his cheeks with was Calvert's Crystallized Carbohc Acid, and the poor man had an enormous blister on each cheek. I saw that he had a copious application of Lucca oil--the only palliative he hadn't tried, I think—and the agony was somewhat allayed. But for long after he looked as if he had had a bad attack of leucoderma.

A great to-do has been made about the cruelty Chinese girls are subjected to because of John

Chinaman's adoration for baby feet. What, I should like to ask, about our Ceylon butlers and the "Imperial"? Talk about bear's-grease!

To satisfy the curious it might perhaps be added that the carbolic acid had been purchased by me to take home, as I had found it a very efficacious and simple preservative of the beautiful birds I, from time to time, brought down. Siyane is rich in different varieties of bird life, and I do not think any one other district in the island can boast of such a wealth of gay plumage. But in painting their feathers Nature has robbed them of their pipes, and as songsters none of our birds are worth mention.

At one time we had a Doctor of Music as organist at the Cathedral, Harry Drew by name. He wedded Miss Down, Lady Principal of a school now superseded, which was known as Bishop's Gate School for Girls, and stood just facing the old College. I remember getting a nasty attack of jaundice whilst a boarder at S.T.C., and the late Dr. J. L. van der Straaten advising me not to go into College for at least a term. I was, with the special permission of the Bishop, boarded with the Drews for that period, and attended school from there.

This was a rather intriguing situation, for no boys were admitted to this school, and I was the only *genus puer* within its walls.

Mr. Drew organized the choir to a fine pitch of excellence, and several leading officials and merchants were enrolled in its ranks. He did not spare himself, and, as one of his choristers for many years, I can fairly say he did not spare us.

He also assisted on the staff at St. Thomas', and

on one occasion he had a rather upsetting experience. One of his boys had brought to school a few ripe coral-red *ni miris* (*Capsicum minimum*) and placed them on a desk. Their quaint slight shape and brilliant colour tickled Mr. Drew's curiosity—he was new to the island—and he at once asked what they were and whether they were edible. On being told and answered in the affirmative he promptly put a couple into his mouth and munched them. The sequel is simpler really to imagine than describe. Drew rushed about with his mouth gaping, like a man demented, until one of the Sinhalese masters advised him to make tracks to the kitchen as quickly as he could and soothe his palate and burning tongue with scraped coconut. Drew disappeared trailing, if not clouds of glory, at least a promise of storm; and he was not in evidence for the rest of the day.

The boy who practised this joke could not, of course, be punished, as what he had said as regards the capsicums' edibility was academically correct, although the result to Mr. Drew was disastrous.

My recreation at school was, at first, cricket, but bicycling was a new game in those days, and I was a victim to the craze. Everyone who is old enough will remember the bicycle of fifty years ago, with its overgrown 60-inch wheel. I imported a machine from Singer's in Coventry, and my career on the wheel was remarkably successful, considering the risks attaching to the crude mechanism. My only mishap occurred once when, riding down a gradient in Veyangoda in a mixture of moonlight and dusk, I mistook a shadow on the road ahead for an animal of some kind—dog perhaps, or bull—and clapped on

my brakes of a sudden, with the result that the hind-wheel kicked over my head and I had a nasty spill.

But, donkeys and bicycles notwithstanding, I was also making that acquaintance with horses which has ripened into a warm friendship which is, I trust and indeed know, reciprocated. Curiously enough, my first lesson in driving was learnt at the hands of Bishop R. S. Copleston. One day after school I was driving a pony turnout home to Paradise Garden, when a carriage came up behind and obviously wanted to get ahead. I very accommodatingly moved to the right. But the carriage still lagged. I moved still more to the right, and moved yet again, stopping ultimately by the very verge of the gutter. Someone was then calling to me by name. I looked round from my reins to see his lordship. I was, of course, personally well known to him, and on the spot the Bishop inducted me into the primary and most important rule of the road. His lordship was himself a very capable horseman.

I was entered as a boarder at Mutwal in 1873, during Warden Bacon's principalship, but his health was bad, and he died shortly afterwards at sea on his way home on medical advice. Of my adventures at school I could tell interminably, but they do not, I dare say, differ from the generality of schoolboy pranks. School life, however, like everything else, does seem somehow to have become regulated and rigidly drilled in the passage of the years, and each succeeding generation of schoolboys seems to become more exemplary and less imbued with animal spirits than the last.

Discipline, of course, there must always be. It is a necessary ingredient in the making of men. But I think fathers in the old days approximated more to that classic example in *Tom Brown*, who sent his son to school with the admonition that he was sending the boy there not to "pass damned examinations, but to become a gentleman and get to know the sons of gentlemen," who would be men when he was a man. That attitude need not and did not prevent several of my contemporaries making an honoured name both in the professions and in the public service of the country.

Such a system of things had of necessity the defects of its qualities, and we were wont at times to suffer from the want of strict supervision over the functioning of caterers and other of the College servants. But if we were not so well fed we were as game a set of schoolboys as ever lived. Witness the instance already quoted of a boy being run over by a heavy carriage and coming up smiling! *Eheu fugaces!*

Again, I well remember a pitched battle that was waged between the de Sarams and the Tillekeratnes — a most blood-curdling affair. All the contestants in that encounter but one have gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns. Dr. Gerald de Saram, one of the most loyal old Thomians alive today, was the sixth of the six de Sarams pitted against three Tillekeratnes. Jimmy de Saram, George, the surveyor, Charlie, Christie, Willie, and Gerald were truly an unequal match for John, Francis, and Pole Tillekeratne. But even against such odds the Tillekeratnes, plucky as any, could not with honour

desist. "Return with thy shield, or on it!" said the Spartan mothers. On the other hand, the de Sarams would not be persuaded by the onlookers to cease the affray. Another Southerner, a Silva of "Buona Vista," partially remedied the situation. "Buona Vista," as we called him, was well endowed with brawn, whatever else he lacked. Like David slaying his ten thousands, he seized three of the de Sarams and held them as in a vice—Christie and Willie each under an arm, and Gerald, I think, between his legs. But the intervention of the authorities prevented the now more equalized contest being fought out to a finish. I forget what exactly the feud was about. Probably it arose from mutual youthful indiscretions, and the trivial seemed, in a moment of heat, a matter of the first importance.

The sequel was solemn and serious. Bishop Copleston presided over a court, in which the masters sat as jury, to try the culprits, and the sentences ranged, if my memory serves me aright, from banishment for a term for John Tillekeratne, to exclusion from the playing-fields for a stipulated period. Participants on either side were punished indiscriminately, the authorities taking a very stern view of so impassioned and angry a brawl between schoolfellows. I do not think a parallel could be drawn from any other school in the island, or more than a very few from schools anywhere in the world. Family feeling rarely runs to such bitter animosity among boys, even among "the young barbarians all at play." It is better so.

My mother dying in 1881, I was called home,

and said farewell with a very real pang to the scenes of my youth. Associated with St. Thomas' as the sea has always been, whether at Mutwal or the Mount, just as the hills are with Trinity College, Kandy, I have no memories connected with it. Two sad tragedies, in which College boys of promise were the victims, had made parents of my time nervous, and I was an only son. My father had, therefore, made me swear an oath to give the sea a wide berth.

I was nineteen years of age and in the College Form, then the highest a student could reach, when I left St. Thomas'. It may not be out of place to give here the certificate the Warden gave me :

“Solomon Dias Bandaranaike has been a boarder in St. Thomas' College for upwards of eight years. He is a youth of good abilities, and has won his way into the highest form of the Collegiate School. His knowledge of English is excellent, and he has a far wider acquaintance with English literature than is usual even among English boys. He bears an unblemished character, and his courtesy and gentlemanly bearing have won for him the regard of all.

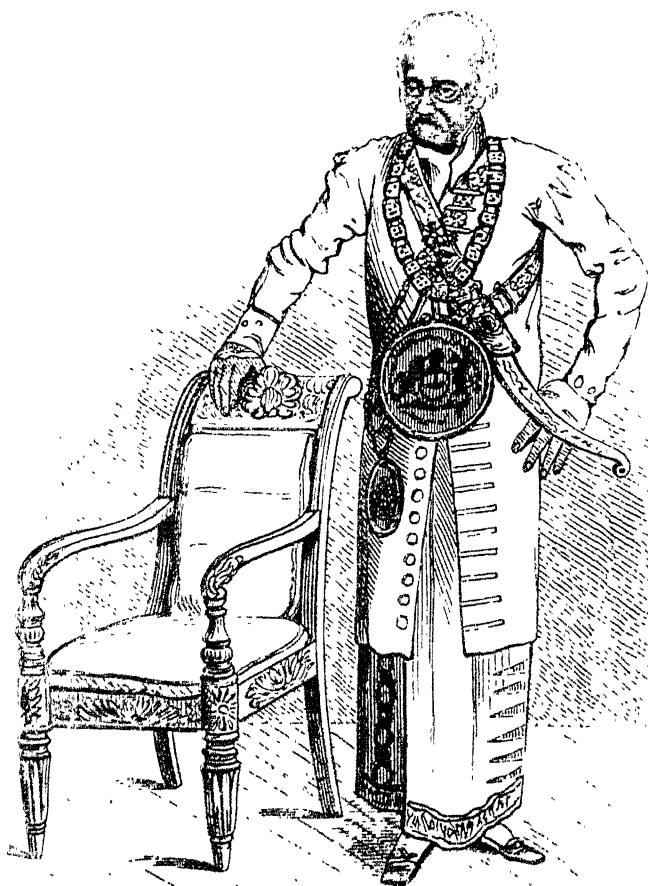
“I venture to predict that these qualities which he possesses in an eminent degree will greatly help him in the discharge of any duties he may be called upon to perform. He leaves us with our sincere wishes for his future welfare.

“(Signed) E. F. MILLER, M.A.,
“Warden.”

Emerson Tennant refers to my grandfather, in his *History of Ceylon*, as “a tall and venerable

figure . . . a noble specimen of the native race.' My father and myself inherited at least the first — characteristic, and both of us have been tall. I have also ever since my boyhood led an open-air life, with riding in the country as my favourite exercise, and that has helped me, in spite of the tax imposed on my time and strength by social and official engagements, to preserve my vigour unimpaired.

I always detested the sedentary life. Whatever its virtues may be, there is, in my case, no reason to regret the prejudice.



DON SOLOMON DIAS BANDARNAYAKE.

[Bassano Ltd.
MY GRANDFATHER, DON SOLOMON DIAS BANDARANAIKE, MUDALIYAR
GOVERNOR'S GATE AND OF SIYANE KORLE EAST.
P 16]

CHAPTER II

FIRST FRUITS

ON what proved to be my last Sunday as a school-boy, I was at Matins in the Cathedral when a servant came up and whispered to me that my brother-in-law, Mr. Obeyesekere, had met with a serious accident, and that my presence was required. I slipped out quietly and whipped up my dog-cart to Modera Walauwa, where my sister and the Hon. Mr. J. P. Obeyesekere were then temporarily in residence with Canon and Mrs. Dias. My sister, pale as death, met me, and I could see that my parents, who also happened to be in town, had arrived even before me. My mother was considerably agitated.

I hurried in to find "Tab," as we called him, in great pain from a broken knee-cap. He was driving his four-wheeled dog-cart down after service in All Saints', Hultsdorp, when the horse, a high-spirited black Australian, took fright at a shadow opposite "Hill Castle," and tore forward at so great a pace that the carriage was overturned at the lower end of Silversmith Street. "Tab" was thrown out and sustained the injury which cost him his life and killed my mother prematurely, Felix and Chapman, his step-brothers, who were also in the dog-cart, escaping without hurt.

Dr. W. G. Rockwood, the most eminent surgeon of his day in Ceylon, and Dr. van der Straaten performed an operation on my brother-in-law, and for some days he lay in a state of suspended animation that neither inspired nor forbade our hopes of his recovery. In the meantime my dear mother, who was greatly upset and constantly coming over to see him, contracted an illness which, in her unsettled condition at the time, proved swiftly fatal. She died a day before my brother-in-law.

Thus between September 10th and 30th, 1881, we had two funerals in the family. Those were sad days for all of us.

One of the consequences, as I have said, was my leaving school and returning to Veyangoda to assist my father in the administration both of his official and private affairs. It was the beginning of an affectionate apprenticeship which lasted until I succeeded him as Mudaliyar, on his retirement being permitted at the second time of asking in 1887.

The first Royal visit to the island, in the attendant celebrations of which I played a part, occurred in the January of the next year, when their Royal Highnesses, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George (now King George V.), arrived as midshipmen on H.M.S. *Bacchante*. All Colombo, which gave them a rousing reception, was *en fête*, but as soon as they could get away the Princes proceeded to the kraal at Labugama, which had been arranged by the chiefs of the Sabaragamawa Province. (For the benefit of those who do not know the term, or who have not seen the film "Chang," I should explain that we use the word "kraal," which is no doubt



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SIR JAMES ROBERT LONGDEN, K.C.M.G., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1877-1883).

a survival of the Dutch occupancy of Ceylon, to signify the enclosure into which the wild elephants are driven.) It was on their way thither that my father and I received the Royal Party at the old Hanwella Fort, which now serves as a rest-house.

Although Hanwella is across the river and in another district, it has been for a long period closely associated with our family. For eminent services rendered there in 1803, my grandfather, Don Solomon, was awarded a gold medal and chain and other marks of honour by the Hon. Frederick North, and Hanwella Fort has since then been in our direct charge.

It was on this historic spot that Prince Albert, the Heir-Presumptive, invested me, at the request of the then Governor, Sir James Longden, and on the earnest recommendations of Mr. F. R. Saunders, Government Agent, W.P., at the time, with a sword and belt and the rank of Muhandiram (or Chieftain) of the Governor's Gate. To commemorate this event, which took place just where, twelve years earlier, my father had entertained H.R.H. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, the Government gave me special authority to attach to my name of Bandaranaike the additional names of Rajakumarun-Kadukeralu, which signifies "The Bandaranaike who was invested with a sword by a Royal Prince." The authorities were chary of granting me the right to assume these names, but Sir Arthur Gordon (afterwards Lord Stanmore), who had by this time succeeded Sir James Longden, swept aside the mumblers with one gesture. But I digress.

Their Royal Highnesses lunched at Hanwella as the guests of Sir Frederick (then Mr. F. R.) Saunders, and left after a halt of two hours for Kraal Town, I following on my famous country-bred pony, Satanella.

One incident on that journey is worth recording. At a certain spot the bridle-path was cut transversely by a formidable ditch, which Prince Albert deemed it prudent not to negotiate, and dismounted to lead his charger round. Prince George, on the other hand, took it at a flying leap to the wild delight of the onlooking planters, who greeted the Royal midddy's daring feat with salvo on salvo of applause.

That dignity which doth hedge about a King tended to make Prince Albert, as Heir-Presumptive, exceedingly reserved, and most of his time was spent in the companionship of the Governor alone. No such future responsibility weighed then on his younger brother, and Prince George was always full of fun and gaiety.

At Kraal Town I was the guest of the late Mr. Philip de Saram. As I was walking round in company on the first morning, I heard somebody sing out from a tree-top :

“Come up ! Come up !! Come up !!!”

Looking about to locate the caller, I found Prince George beckoning from what was known as the “Crow’s Nest” built especially for him. He had seen his brother invest me with my rank on the previous afternoon, and had handled the short silver-hilted sword with evident interest, but my name was too tricky for his tongue. So His Royal Highness pointed to me, as distinct from the others,

and, with great stress on the pronoun, sang out again :

“ You come up ! ”

I immediately scaled the ladder, and, for nearly an hour, enjoyed one of the most delightful tête-à-têtes I have had. The Prince was full of jolly anecdotes. The cruise of the *Bacchante* was to him a tremendous picnic.

Of his stories—not to be taken *sine magno grano salis*, on peril of indigestion—one in particular has stuck in my memory through these forty years and more.

An elephant, so ran the tale, perished of inanition in the Zoological Gardens, London, and Harley Street despatched a regiment of eminent men to hold a post-mortem examination and discover the true cause of death. One of them, in the phrase of the Prince, was “ a bit groggy.” This “ groggy ” individual stood on the monster’s carcase while some of the others set about opening it. Open it did with such a whizzing snap that the groggy one fell right in, and was only extricated with some difficulty.

It is impossible to reproduce in cold print the Prince’s style. It was inimitable. But all his stories were naturally and seasonally of this elephantine type.

The kraal itself was not a success. Prince Albert had to leave before it was completed, and Prince George, who stayed on a little longer, was able to watch only a few captures.

It is interesting to record here that my friends organized a banquet, in honour of my investiture, at Wheeler’s Hotel, a temporary hostelry in Kraal

Town. Sir Hector (then Mr.) Van Cuylenberg presided, and my recollections of the reason and the soul of that function are vivid and warm.

My father, who had now served the Government for over thirty-five years and was now turned sixty, approached the authorities for permission to retire. Sir James Longden, as well as Sir Frederick Saunders, however, prevailed upon him to remain in office for some years as they were loath to lose his services, although they emphasized that in the event of his feeling compelled to retire, they would have no hesitation in appointing me his successor.

In the next year I received the administrative appointment of Muhandiram, Siyane Korle East, under my father; and the next two or three years I spent garnering that experience, with him to guide me, which later stood me in good stead and helped me to render of my very best to the Government, as my ancestors had done before me.

On the King's Birthday, 1894, I received my Gate rank at the hands of Sir Arthur Havelock. Certain factors had worked to withhold it from me for two or three years previously, and Sir Arthur, who was on leave in May, 1893, expressed surprise, when he returned, that I had not yet received my due. At first he wished to hold a special investiture and grant me the rank, but ultimately we waited the few months that intervened.

The visit of our former Governor, Sir William Gregory, in 1884, was celebrated with gorgeous magnificence in Colombo. The Racquet Court at night was a glittering blaze of colour, and supper was served to Sir William and a party from Queen's



| W & D. Downey

T.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE
AS NAVAL CADETS.

House in the Floral Hall. These buildings and open spaces have now, of course, been superseded by the less picturesque but more useful rice-sheds.

In England Sir William had been a great racing man, but a series of reverses on the Turf caused him to exile himself in a position in keeping with his birth and breeding, and as long as he was in the island as Governor he never attended a race meeting.

Like Baron Hirsch, of whom the Countess of Oxford tells, I, too, was once pilled for a sporting club, but I did not need to emulate the gallant Austrian's method of taking an ample revenge. It was in 1890 that I expressed to Major Morland, then A.D.C. to Major-General Dunham-Massy, a desire to join an institution known as the Colombo Gymkhana Club, in order to participate in the sports meetings they periodically held. He was all for my joining, and when he told me the General (who was President of the Club) was more than agreeable, I submitted my name as well as those of my cousins, Felix and Chapman Dias, for election in due course. But the hitch arose from the fact that up to this time the Club had remained exclusively European, and although the majority of members were sensible enough not to be ridiculously narrow-minded, the Gym. had, like many a Club before and after it, its "little core of rot." Getting wind, therefore, of likely opposition, the General gave the widest publicity to the fact of our application for enrolment, and even consulted the Governor about it.

Sir Arthur Gordon sprang from a caste that has nothing to gain from a pinchbeck pretence of superiority, and he promptly warned those most

concerned that he would withdraw his patronage if and as soon as he heard we had been definitely denied admission.

A full meeting of the Club was eventually convened and the General recommended from the Chair the election of "these three young Sinhalese sportsmen." Anticipating what was to follow, however, he invited discussion, and asked anyone in the room who had any objections to declare them frankly.

No one spoke, and he thereupon said that he took it that silence meant consent and that we would be unanimously elected. But the ballot that followed showed 7 blackballs as against 44 votes in favour of election, and as the rule laid down that 1 in 7 disqualified, we were "pilled."

"Redan" Massy's Irish temper was roused, and just as, I suppose, he had stormed Redan, he stormed and let the seven blackballers know the weight of his displeasure. Then and there he proposed a resolution that election in future be by Committee and not by ballot at General Meetings, and after the members dispersed, the Committee met and elected all three of us members of the Club!

On the next day, I received a communication from Major Morland informing me of our election, and also of all that had taken place. I wrote back thanking the General and everyone else for their sportsmanlike action, but suggesting that, in the circumstances, we had better resign from a Club where such displays were at all possible.

Morland wrote back at once to say that such a



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THE HON. SIR ARTHUR HAMILTON GORDON, G.C.M.G., AFTERWARDS
LORD STANMORE, GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1883-1890).

step would be tantamount to an insult to the General and everyone who had insisted on our election, and that the Club could very well exist without the seven malcontents. We, therefore, remained members. But the blackballers stood not on the order of their going; they promptly resigned and I never heard that the Club missed them much.

The matter was taken up by the Press, and the behaviour of the "little core of rot" came in for severe strictures, excepting in the columns of one paper not difficult to identify. No criticism, however, was more outspoken and unequivocal than that in England, and I remember one paper in particular, *The United Services Gazette*, snubbing the seven "upstarts" as it termed them, and paying a high tribute to the military and the Civil Service of this Colony for the sense of responsibility and fair-play displayed.

A few months later, at the G.O.H. Bar, I knocked up against a European I had known for a long time. Addressing me, he said:

"I notice that of late you've cut me each time you saw me!"

"Oh!" I replied, with truthful surprise. "If I have, it was certainly unintentional."

He thereupon said: "Oh, yes, you have; and I know why. It's on account of my being one of those who blackballed you at the Gymkhana Club Election. I'm awfully sorry about it, but I *had* to do it as Mr. Blank, who had had me elected a member of it, prevailed on me to do so!"

I laughed sardonically, but thought to myself

that he who wrote the words "*in vino veritas*" had not erred greatly.

Among the batch of Australian horses brought out from Australia by the late Mr. C. H. Pate was a beautiful pony named Forest Queen. She had been snapped up in double quick time by a man in Colombo, and I had to pay an exorbitant figure before I got her for myself. But I have not seen Forest Queen's like before or since in this country, perfect picture that she was both in saddle and harness. In saddle, however, she was an inveterate buck-jumper if she'd had no exercise for two or three days. I knew this from bitter experience as she threw me on more than one occasion—not very much to be wondered at since she once got the jockey Wiles off in Victoria Park, and started a mad career through the city, only to be brought under control in the grounds of "Green Lodge" in Skinner's Road South.

At about this time I had an Irish groom, O'Connell, in my service. He had his full quota of the proverbial Irish wit and humour, and something not even all Irishmen have—great strength. He liked to give frequent exhibitions of his prowess, and once, I remember, he carried a full-grown donkey round the stable-yard as if it had been no more than a lambling.

Out shooting at Weke one morning with a rather valuable pack of fox-terriers, I noticed, not without a tremor, that the dogs had encountered a biggish cobra, and were yapping round it in a circle, while it lashed out wildly in every direction. I couldn't get a shot in without risking the loss of possibly more

than one of the pack, but, fortunately, I was in stout boots and leather gaiters, and was thus able without any fear to jump on the cobra and get it underfoot. But after I had got the pack out of the way and sent the cobra to pieces, one of the finest of the terriers ran up and huddled at my feet. I knew it was all up with her, and in half an hour she was dead. She had been bitten on the lower lip.

O'Connell rose with a truly Hibernian sense of pathos to the mournful occasion, but though the monument over that poor animal's grave is still in existence, the plank tombstone with the painted epitaph composed by my groom has vanished into limbo. The lines were rather quaint and Irish; I can only recall the opening:

“Here lies Baby, a poor smiling thing,
Was met by her death by a cursed cobra sting. . . .”

Baby, of course, was the animal's name, and “smiling thing” had a reference to a knack she had of turning up her upper lip and showing all her teeth as she came running up when called.

But, though I couldn't relieve Baby of any of her dying agony, I once effected a cure on a villager who was brought to me when a cobra bite had taken him to death's door. It was late one evening, after dark, when he was carried into my bungalow at Weke and laid under the porch. Although not half an hour had elapsed since he was bitten, he was already devoid of his senses. There was no time to lose, and with all the expedition I could command, I at once administered a treatment in which my father had great confidence, and by means of which he had cured many a patient. It consisted

of an internal dose of the juice extracted from fresh limes, as well as an application of it externally, and then the introduction of a number of leeches on to the place bitten and immediately around it. Of course, one must be careful *not* to apply the lime-juice just about where the leeches are to be introduced, as that is their pet aversion. The limes on this occasion were readily available, and not many minutes were lost in getting a large number of leeches through the simple expedient of sending a man to stand in a swamp and collect them into a bottle as they swarmed up his legs.

My difficulty was to administer the lime-juice internally, as the man's jaws were locked. The servants, in attempting to open them by force, injured the gum slightly and it began to bleed. They got alarmed at this, since blood gushing up through the wind-pipe is the last stage before death consequent on snake-bite by a reptile of this variety, and they proposed to stop proceedings, but on my orders they carried on, and by midnight the patient was able to sit up and look about him. Next morning he was given a generous dose of Epsom Salts and the leech-bites were poulticed. He returned to his village and lived a normal life-time.

1887 was the great Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria, when there were very sincere celebrations throughout the Empire. Statues were unveiled in every city of size or importance in the Empire, and the enthroned Queen, whose gaze meets the visitor to these shores on his egress from the jetty, originally sat, white and plump and dignified, in the Gordon Gardens.



MY FATHER, D. C. H. D. BANDARANAIKE, J.P., MUDALIYAR
GOVERNOR'S GATE AND OF SIYANE KORLE EAST.

I remember a story from an Indian city which erected a Jubilee statue of bronze.

"We are glad," the people said, "that the Great Mother is brown like us!"

On our estate at Horagolla, beside the Kandy Road and almost opposite to the Leopard's Den, stands a *pinthaliya* (drinking-fountain), to give refreshment to weary travellers, built in 1887 in commemoration of that notable year.

My father had retired at the close of 1886, amid expressions of regret from all the leading Government officials. His health was not what it had been up to this time, and forty years of unsparing labour in the service of the Crown had made heavy calls on his reserves of strength. Yet, although he had been born so long ago as 1826, and had been a boy when the passage of the Reform Bill presaged a new heaven and a new earth for the English democracy, the distinction between age and infirmity was underlined in his case. He was grey, and a little weak and short of wind, but upright even in his last days.

The transition from Muhandiram to Mudaliyar of Siyane Korle East caused me no inconvenience, for I had become thoroughly acquainted with the duties of my new office. The Korle is one of the healthiest in the low-country, and covers $116\frac{1}{2}$ square miles. It has a population today of nearly 70,000, scattered over nearly 200 villages, most of them peasants, and I think it would be hard to find a more contented district in the island. Most of it is under cultivation.

More occupied now with my multifarious public

duties, and also with the matrimonial affairs of my sisters, the next years were busy ones. During this time I also set on foot several improvements on our various properties.

In the February of 1889, Dr. and Mrs. Henniker-Rance, of London, friends of Felix Dias, and since we first met warm friends of mine, arrived in the island on a holiday. They had quite a round of visits to various parts of the country, and spent a week at Batadola with my sister, and another at Weke. Both of them were very fond of riding, and we had many pleasant gallops in the country as well as a good deal of shooting.

It was during their stay at Batadola that William Barnes Bartholomeusz, who had been a most faithful and loyal secretary first to my father and then to myself for altogether no less than forty years, departed this life. "Bart," as he was affectionately known to us, died on, I think, March 18th, and lies buried here beneath a magnificent *Ficus Benjamina* tree. There was no church here then and no consecrated burial ground, but Felix Dias read the committal service.

The Tsarevitch arrived in the island in the middle of February, 1891, and I had the honour of entertaining him at Hanwella as we had previously the Prince's sons. The impression I received was that the Tsarevitch in his style and manners was utterly different to those members of the British royal family I had had the honour of meeting.

His Imperial Highness also was on his way to a kraal and lunched at the old fort with his party, the repast being composed chiefly of game. The

party indulged largely in tea, which was served after the Russian fashion—cold, with lemon, boiling water, and sugar added.

This pleasant function recalled the greater day when the British Princes had lunched at Hanwella. Prince Albert was by this time dead. I remember how the telegram carrying the sad news reached me on the race-course at Taldua, while the annual meet was in progress. The bands were immediately hushed and the racing stopped.

An even sadder fate awaited this Tsarevitch who came to Hanwella, for, more than twenty years later, as Tsar of all the Russias, he lost his throne and was butchered by the Bolsheviks.

I did not accompany the party to the kraal, but remained behind at the rest-house. Later in the evening, just before dinner-time, a carriage drove up and I heard the occupants being told that the place was closed to the public. But a stentorian voice called to me and, on stepping out, I found that Messrs F. J. and G. de Saram, the founders of that great Ceylonese firm of lawyers, with the former's son, Leslie, then quite a little boy, were the callers. They explained to me that they were on their way to Colombo and did not know where to go for the night.

As I was the sole occupant of the sumptuously furnished caravanserai, I invited them in, and as far as dinner was concerned, I was able to do them rather well on cold game and something slightly stronger, I dare say, than tea served in the Russian fashion.

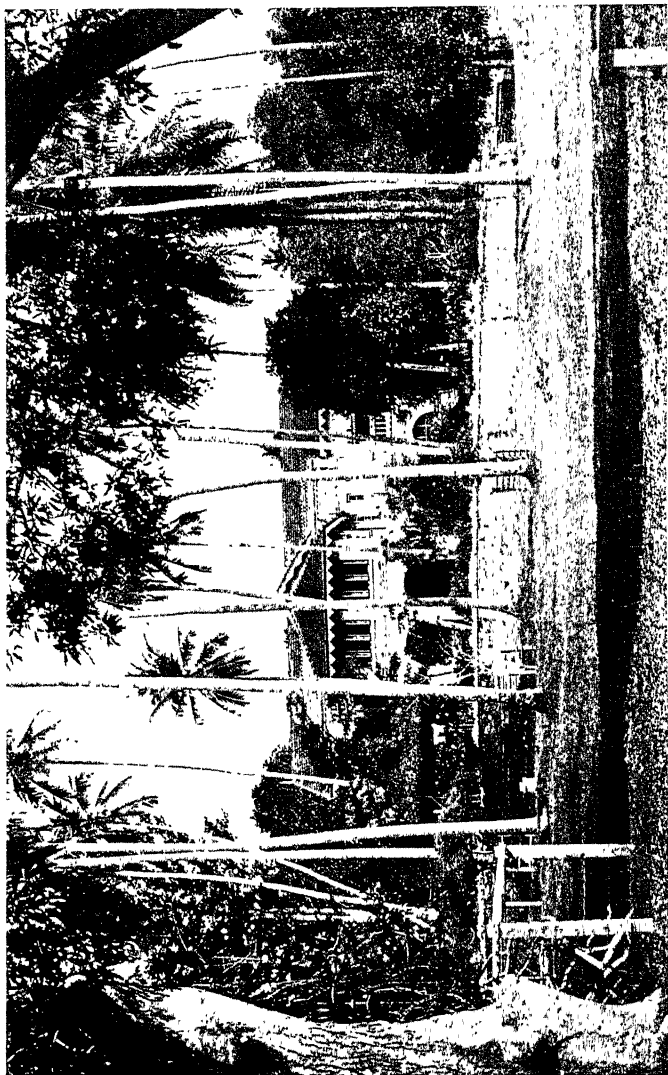
Knowing, however, that the kraaling could

scarcely have commenced, since the affair had begun only that morning, my curiosity as to the reason for their hurried departure was excited. But they chose to be very reticent on the subject, and would have it appear that the climb to the bungalow of their intended host, Mudaliyar J. D. Perera, was a little too much for the heart of the eldest of them. From what I learnt later, I rather fear that the company was.

In 1891 I won the Governor's Cup at Nuwara Eliya. It was then a race for galloways, 14·2 and under, and C. J. R. Le Mesurier piloted my Arab pony, Mahdi, to victory. Mahdi was a remarkable little chap, and used to run against English and Australian ponies and beat them by lengths, as once he beat Colonel Churchill's famous Steelback. The late Harry Payne-Gallwey won many a victory for me on this pony. His brother, S. Payne-Gallwey, also found many mounts in my stables.

My brown Australian gelding, Gillaroo, won several races for me a few years later, including the Fort Plate and the Stewards' Plate in '92, and the Turf Club Plate in the following year, and he might have won the Blue Riband in '92 if a "pro." had ridden him instead of Le Mesurier. In the latter year a peculiar *contretemps* occurred. I had trained Gillaroo up here at Horagolla, and took him down a day before the January meeting, where he was entered for an event called, I believe, the January Turf Club Plate.

Jockey Wiles carried my colours and won comfortably, with Mr. Dan's Norbert second and



HORAGOLLA HOUSE.

[Plate LII]

Colonel Corse-Scott's Contessa third. Corse-Scott immediately lodged an objection to the effect that my horse had carried three pounds more than he should have. The Stewards held an enquiry, and my explanation was that to make sure of the weights I had consulted the Secretary, Major Forbes, and that he had pronounced my figures to be correct. After a long conference, the Stewards decided against Gillaroo, as well as against Norbert for committing the same error, informing me at the same time that they had no alternative, as Colonel Corse-Scott refused to withdraw his technical objection. So I won the race and Corse-Scott took the stake! The trouble was that there was a by-rule which said that when only horses of one class ran the scale was to be reduced by three pounds. Norbert's owner, who committed the same error as myself, was Mr. C. H. Pate, an astute turfite, as his business was a subsidiary one.

CHAPTER III

THE CALL OF THE WEST

It was Oscar Wilde who said that all good Americans when they die go to Paris. "And bad Americans?" he was asked. "To America!" was the reply.

I do not know that such a cynicism could justly be made to apply in justice to Sinhalese and London, but a good many of us when we die might quite conceivably go to a more tropical place than the world's metropolis. I strongly felt the call of the West in my youth, but my time had always been fully occupied with one thing and another; and it was only in 1895 that I found the opportunity to embark with six months' leave of absence. April was well on its way when I sailed on the P. and O. s.s. *Paramatta*, one of the older type of vessels that have now been scrapped.

It was a pleasant thought of my friends to speed me with a festive banquet, and at a farewell dinner at the Bristol Hotel, I remember Sir (then Mr.) Hector Van Cuylenburg presiding, and my sitting between him and the late Philip de Saram, then Magistrate at Avissawella, who had put me up at Kraal Town in '82. I had just been vaccinated a little above the wrist, and the usual inflammation

was causing me considerable discomfort and increasing my temperature. It was a little untoward in the circumstances that all Philip's exuberance found vent—between split sodas, of course—in vigorous thumps on the sore arm. I repeatedly told him what I had up my sleeve. I might, for any effect that had, have spoken to the wall. Philip's fervour was not to be chilled by cow-pox.

Right down from the eighties, I have regularly attended the Kelani Valley Races at Taldua, and each time I went up in the early days, I was the guest of Philip, who was a leading proctor of that station and later Police Magistrate, at his "Palace of Eternal Pleasures"—a name that was afterwards changed to the equally extraordinary "Ivy House, Great Portland Street, Avissawella," as a result of Philip's visiting England. The little bungalow was picturesquely situated on a rise from the main road, and had a long flight of steps leading up to it, from the top of which a very attractive view was obtained. On one occasion he and I came down after dinner and were about to enter his famous travelling-cart, luxuriously upholstered and drawn by a pair of smart trotting bulls, to go to the Taldua grounds for the lotteries, when we noticed considerable commotion in the market-place, accompanied by shouts of *kudiray utang utang* (a horse bolting!)

We had scarcely grasped the situation, when a horse, drawing an empty dog-cart at a furious pace, hove in sight. I knew the animal would slacken in taking the hill opposite the rest-house, and started racing him with a good lead. Just as he came abreast of me, I grabbed hold of the near shaft

with one hand and tugged at the reins with the other. This brought the whole contraption to a standstill, and I turned and led the horse and dog-cart down to where my companion was standing, waiting for me, but instead of the kudos I legitimately expected, Philip treated me to a wiggling in his inimitable manner—all the more impressive for his slight stammer—for my “foolhardy and reckless conduct”!

We handed the trap over to the syce who had arrived by this time, and proceeded on our way. to find, after some distance had been covered, Christopher Ross-Wright and Wyndham Baker, who turned out to be the owners and late occupiers of the dog-cart, making a vigorous search for the turnout. We told them of what had occurred ; and they explained very plausibly that what had happened to them was that, on the way from Taldua to the rest-house, one of the wheels had slid into a drain and telescoped all three occupants plump into seats in a wayside kaddy (shop), whereupon the horse had left on the career from which I had stayed him.

It was lucky that we hadn't been already on our way and encountered the runaway turnout in the middle of the Sitawake bridge !

Philip de Saram and Baker have long since joined the majority, but Ross-Wright, who has been a J.P. and U.P.M. in many planting districts these long years, is still treading the corn—and may it long be so !—on Farnham Estate, Puwakpitiya.

Philip himself was well known as one of the most inveterate practical jokers this country has produced.

Some of his jokes, however, were of a pretty serious nature. For example, he once sent his own obituary notice to the papers and had funeral chits printed and circulated broadcast. People in deep mourning began to pour into his Colombo residence to the consternation of his aged mother and his sister, and others mustered strong at Kanatte. To a few of his friends who were in constant touch with him and to whom he could not breathe a word about the affair lest they gave the show away, he said there was to be a *pukku* cremation that evening at the General Cemetery of an Indian Maha Ranee who had died aboard a ship. These gentlemen made enquiries of the others already assembled as to where and what hour the cremation was to take place, only to be asked in horrified accents: "Is de Saram to be cremated?" And the pandemonium that ensued can well be understood.

The perpetrator of the joke was well out of Colombo, quietly enjoying its effect, but the Press, which had written very flattering obituaries (and the *Ceylon Observer* in particular) was very wrath at being victimized in this manner. Ferguson, the editor, wrote a scathing denunciation, one of his milder conclusions being that de Saram had a "bee in his bonnet." Philip, however, did not understand this expression and swore he "never wore a bonnet" so how could he have "a bee" in it?

One old gentleman who had specially come down from Kurunegala for the function, waxed very indignant, and wrote a vitriolic letter saying how much he had been inconvenienced and how much the journey had cost him in hard cash. Philip

wrote back, requesting him to send in his "bill of costs"!

But some of his jokes were outrageous, as when once, before leaving for Europe, he held a raffle of all his goods and chattels, and included in the list of prizes a coffin and a woman---Baby Nona or something of that sort!

After entertaining those who took tickets at a sumptuous breakfast, the raffle took place. The coffin was drawn by a planter, who opened it on the spot, and found nothing more gruesome than a bottle of champagne, a champagne cutter and a glass inside it!

The number against the girl's name was alleged to have been drawn by a clergyman, who was at once informed of his luck—I am not sure it wasn't by wire—and asked to remove Baby Nona.

Philip evidently discredited the maxim that a joke is a "very serious thing"!

I was also given a farewell lunch at the British India Hotel by the Kachcheri staff and chiefs, at which J. P. de Vos presided.

Brindisi was the first European port of call for these liners at that period, the mail route running up through Italy, via Mont Cenis, to Calais, Dover, and London. To me the Italian port was the gateway to a new world. The enormous horses, harnessed and bitted after a fashion strange to me, the music and melody of Italian airs reverberating on the breeze, and the lilt of their strains, filled Brindisi with fascination for me.

I did not linger long, however. My leave was strictly limited, and my farewell visit to the Maha

Mudaliyar, the late C. P. Dias Bandaranayake, had shown me an invalid who would never be capable of discharging his duties again. He himself had, indeed, endeavoured, I cannot say with what measure of earnestness, to dissuade me from leaving the island just then, gently hinting that vacancies might very soon occur, and that I would be well advised to be on the spot. I laughingly told him I would not for anything postpone my holiday any longer, and took my leave of him. I never saw him again.

From Brindisi I travelled practically with the mails in what was called the *train de luxe*, being confined to my compartment with a cold contracted *en route*. On crossing the Channel at Dover I was met by my old friend Dr. Henniker-Rance, and one of my agents' men. We entrained for London, passing through country of characteristics strange to me beyond measure, and were met at Charing Cross by my sister Amy and Mrs. Henniker-Rance. We took a horse-bus and drove to 10, Castletown Road, the residence of the Rances, which remained my headquarters during the whole of my stay in England. My cold compelled me to keep indoors for a few days, and as soon as I could safely get about I saw to it that my wardrobe was replenished with an English outfit.

What most surprises the Oriental new to London is, I think, the enormous but excellently regulated volume of traffic. It was so, at any rate, in my case. My first impression was that some big event was occurring somewhere and that everybody was hurrying thither helter-skelter. That is the kind of

thing which explained the August Week processions to the Races at Galle Face in the old days. I went about everywhere, and was astounded at the lavish hospitality extended to me on all sides by people to whom I was a perfect stranger. I was the recipient of the most flattering invitations, and was everywhere received with that courtesy which is in England, as elsewhere, the hall-mark of good breeding, and to be met with as a rule among the aristocracy and upper-middle classes.

One of the most enjoyable weeks of my stay was spent at Hopetoun House in Scotland. Lord Hopetoun, afterwards the Marquis of Linlithgow, and father of the present Marquis, entertained me there in his superb and extremely ornamental mansion overlooking the great Forth Bridge, of which a magnificent view is afforded from any one of the 365 windows of Hopetoun House. The estate consisted of 42,000 acres, more or less, in South Queensferry, and there I saw the "fallow deer" in its wild state in forests as old as the days of Hengist and Horsa, and also pheasants in large numbers in their natural haunts. Lord Hopetoun's preserves gave me some food for thought.

From here I crossed over to Ireland and witnessed the great Dublin Horse Show. I did not miss the golden opportunity to choose a fine animal, and "Dublin," as I called him, served me eight years, and won several prizes in Ceylon. While in the Irish capital, with due apologies to Ulstermen, I received an invitation to visit Major-General Dunham-Massy, who had commanded the Forces in Ceylon from 1888 to 1893.



[W. & D. Downey

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE AS A MIDSHIPMAN.

General Massy had been one of my warmest friends while in the island, and I have come to learn that he made repeated representations from Ireland to Queen's House, in strong support of my claims to the Maha Mudaliyarship, when the time came.

Another of those invited by the General happened to be Sir Frederick Saunders, who has already been mentioned by me as a friend of our family, and the two of us together went all the way—truly a long, long way—to Tipperary. There, at Grants-town Hall, the General's place, we spent a pleasant time, his daughter proving a very charming hostess.

It was then time to return to London, and I crossed back to find myself deep in the social swim. To the young bachelor London life offers manifold attractions. Add to that the fact that I had the entree into the very best society, and solve the equation. Balls, theatres, and supper-parties were the order of the night, and I was *Morning Post*-ed on several occasions with the most polite references.

On July 18th, 1895, I had the honour of being received by His Royal Highness the Duke of York (now King George V.) at York House. As I have said, I had made his acquaintance when, as Prince George, he visited Ceylon with his ill-fated royal brother, Albert, and I was no stranger to him. I believe we even recalled the "groggy doctor"!

A few days later I received a communication from Marlborough House, where King Edward, then Prince of Wales, resided, to this effect:

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE,
PALL MALL, S.W.,
25th July, 1895.

SIR,

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to inform you that the Duke of York has spoken to him about you, and that His Royal Highness will be happy to see you if you would have the goodness to call at Marlborough House at half-past eleven o'clock on Monday next.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

I obeyed His Royal Highness' command with considerable gratification, and Monday, July 29th, 1895, was the date of the first occasion on which it was given me to converse with the Prince of Wales.

The extremely genial manner which made him one of the most popular Princes of St. James', soon put me completely at my ease. He recalled many incidents in connection with his visit to Ceylon in 1875, and said he perfectly remembered my father, and the two ancient family swords with which he had presented the Prince. At the time of those occurrences I had been only thirteen years of age, and the great doings at the time of that royal visit had made but a faint impression on the tablets of my memory. But it causes me very great pleasure to think that within one week I was honoured by two royalties, who later sat on the British Throne.

The news of the death of C. P. Dias Bandaranayake reached me at this time, and, as can be imagined, occasioned small surprise. Before sailing from Colombo I had left with a friend my applica-

tion for appointment as Maha Mudaliyar—literally, Great Chief—and I told him to forward it to the authorities if the vacancy arose. From London, when I heard that the ailing Maha was in a grave condition, I wrote to the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Edward Noel Walker, and desired him to make a note of the fact that when the vacancy arose, I would be one of the applicants. Sir Noel in his reply remarked on the coincidence that my communication and the intimation of C. P. Dias Bandaranayake's death had reached him on the same day in Colombo.

CHAPTER IV

SOME ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS

HARRY WENDT and George de Saram, of F. J. and G. de Saram, were in England about this time, also on their first trip to Europe, and the three of us went about a great deal together.

On one occasion we were returning late at night from some theatre and took up a position on the pavement opposite Charing Cross Station, from where I had to catch my bus, Wendt and de Saram, whose diggings were quite close by in Craven Street, waiting to see me safely off to West Kensington.

During this wait, two women, whose evening had evidently been passed in a gin-palace, brushed past us reeking of alcohol, and I casually remarked in a whisper to my friends: "Aren't they jolly drunk!" I have been told that gin makes a person momentarily sharp of hearing. These women, at least, provided a concrete proof, for, turning back and marching up to me, they started a wordy warfare on the spot: "We are not drunk," they shrieked in a shrill falsetto. "Did you say we were drunk? Your countrywomen, I suppose, drink."

Rolling up their sleeves as for a boxing contest, they hurled these darts at me, and naturally non-

plussed, I threw a glance in the direction of my friends. One was star-gazing—sighing, I have no doubt, for other worlds to conquer—the other's face was like chalk. I realized that here there was no succour.

It didn't occupy me a moment to realize this, and I, therefore, let loose a flood of Sinhalese, using all the equivalents of Billingsgate that I could command!

The effect was magical. Each time the harridans became talkative, I administered similar doses of like intensity. Then the situation was saved by a kindly bobby appearing on the scene. Quietly touching the women with the tips of his fingers between the shoulder-blades, he said, "Walk on, please," and following them to the pavement's end, saw them on their way. He then returned, gave me a salute and said: "I hope those women have not been abusive, sir?" I replied that, knowing the condition they were in, I hadn't taken them seriously, and thanked him. He gave me another salute and walked away.

On the following morning I met F. H. M. Corbet, well known and loved of many Sinhalese, and he surprised me by offering me his "heartly congratulations." To my enquiry as to what entitled me to any, he replied: "Your presence of mind last night!" and added that had I bandied words with them in English, the women would have created a very annoying uproar.

Corbet had been informed of our nocturnal experience by the two preoccupied participants, and when I asked him for enlightenment as to the

reason for the blue-coat's extraordinary courtesy, suggested that he was actuated perhaps by the hope of future benefits to come. I had thought the London policeman too awful a person to tip; I wonder if I am wiser now.

Wendt, de Saram and I went to Epsom for the Derby that year, going down on the top of a coach. It was a drive worth experiencing, with its several changes of horses and the unforgettable sights to be seen on the way. There were no motor vehicles then, of course, and one can just imagine the volume and variety of the traffic on the road: from costermongers' donkey-carts to the most sumptuously appointed equipages.

The Derby that year was won by Lord Rosebery's Ladas, ridden by J. Watts. Lord Rosebery was then Prime Minister, and he had wealth (he had married a Rothschild heiress), a heavy kind of ability, and tremendous sincerity. But he was also a true nobleman and an ornament to the public life of his great country, and his splendid double of the Premiership and the Derby inspired endless enthusiasm. Horse and owner received an ovation that resembled nothing else in the world so much as a long-drawn volley of heavy artillery. It would have been a proud day for a prouder man than Rosebery, and Rosebery was as proud as they make 'em. He had every right to be.

The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) also won a race on the same day.

The Shahzada of Persia was an honoured guest in the royal box on this occasion, and on being asked his opinion of the sport, is said to have remarked,

with a smile of benignant approval: "Oh, it's quite all right, and it is as it should be. The Prince of Wales wins one race, the Prime Minister another, and the rest may be won by anybody!" To him, of course, it was all patently a mere stage-managed pageant!

Talking of the Shahzada reminds me that we were both received at Marlborough House on the same day. It happened, however, that my call was just before the time fixed for His Highness, and the enormous crowd that had gathered to see this imposing potentate mistook me for him, and gave me a thunderous ovation both when I arrived and as I left. Unable by any conceivable means to rid the worthy citizens of their misconception, I was compelled to receive the cheers and drive on.

It was the Shahzada's first visit to England, and many were the amusing stories about him that went the round of London drawing-rooms. I might mention one in particular. On being shown over his suite of rooms in Dorchester House, which was specially prepared for his accommodation by the Government, he mistook a highly scented cake of Pears' transparent soap for some kind of confection, and after smelling it for many moments, suddenly munched it. If Turkish delight means Armenian massacres, as Chesterton surmised, Persian delight might quite suitably be Pears'—the stuff the baby isn't happy till he gets!

I was elected a Member of the Sports Club, St. James's Square, during this visit, on the proposal of the late Sir Walter E. Davidson, one time of the Ceylon Civil Service, and later Governor of New

South Wales, an office he held when he passed away quite recently in 1923. I still continue a member and am one of the oldest in length of membership.

The Sports Club has its own lawn at Henley, and I took the opportunity of going down with Wendt and de Saram as my guests to view the annual Regatta. We lunched there, and a curious incident arose from my running my eye down the wine list and ordering a bottle of Pol Roger. The waiter took a long time in executing the order and eventually came and placed before me a bottle carefully wrapped about with a napkin. Somehow my doubts were raised as to whether it was the brand I had ordered, and I found it had no label. The waiter swore it was Pol Roger, that the label had soaked off in the ice, and that the cork flew off.

I wasn't at all satisfied with the explanation, and insisted on the man's proving that what he had brought was the brand I ordered. He kept coming on and going off the scene in evident flurry, but I refused to touch the thing until genuine proof was forthcoming. All this took some time, and de Saram kept nudging me saying: "Keep quiet! We are only birds of passage!" Eventually when the waiter found me adamant, he made a humble confession and craved my pardon, saying that it was Club champagne and not Pol Roger. I preached him a homily, and told him that when he next served any gentlemen from the East, he was not to think that they did not know one brand of champagne from another. The lawn table was crowded at the time and my attitude was warmly applauded.

Many were the congratulations I received from utter strangers for the service I had rendered the Club.

I also attended a bulldog show at the old Royal Aquarium, and in going round and inspecting the beautiful specimens of a breed which is held to typify the British qualities of endurance and determination I came across a particularly beautiful fellow marked "For Sale" at the very low price of six pounds. I quickly went over and saw the Secretary, who informed me that I had to put in my claim and wait until the end of the show, when I could purchase the animal if nobody else had acted similarly. I did so, and called on the following day, late in the evening, to see what had eventuated. I was then told that there was another claimant for the dog, and that in the circumstances we should have to put in tenders.

The other claimant happened to be a Frenchman, who was not long in arriving, and we forthwith put in our tenders. Something told me that he would double the price, and I therefore tendered twelve guineas. It turned out exactly as I had thought, and I was declared the purchaser, the Frenchman in true Gallic fashion shaking hands with me and exclaiming: "I congratulate you. You beat me by twelve shillings. I wish you *look* with the doog!" I brought this dog out to Ceylon, and he did very well.

The three of us also did Paris together, and on one occasion we went in to lunch at a humble-looking wayside restaurant.

As the solitary waiter did not know a word of

English and none of us knew French, Wendt made Cæsarian efforts to make him understand our wants by speaking in Latin. Never were the advantages of the Modern Side by implication so powerfully displayed! Wendt's ablative absolutes were completely lost on the barbarian Gaul.

As a last resource, one of us said, "Beefsteak," and to our considerable relief a dawning of knowledge was apparent on the waiter's countenance. He smiled and muttered something and went off, and after some delay served us with what he called beefsteak and vegetables.

We made a meal of the vegetables and fruit, but I strongly suspected that the steaks were bits of old harness he had picked up in the backyard. When he brought the bill, I pretended to go through it with rising rage, and suddenly pulled a revolver out of my waistcoat pocket and levelled it at him with ferocious mien. He nearly died of fright, but when I drew out a cigar, stuck it into the revolver and fired it, no one more hugely enjoyed the joke. The revolver was only a cigar cutter.

The incident was so amusing that we induced the waiter to come out and stand in the doorway, and kodaked the restaurant. What breath-arresting tales of Oriental unscrupulousness surged in the man's brain when he looked at the polished barrel pointing at him, it should not be difficult to surmise. Whatever be said of the futility of trying to hustle the East, your Continental European can give weight and distance to the coloured man for subtlety and cunning and all the grosser wickednesses, and still have something in hand.

Our difficulties were dissolved by a Swede who was in the custom of dining in the same restaurant as we patronized. He realized our position and very courteously helped us with the menu. One day we met him by appointment to go to the Scala, some place of amusement, and it was clear from the start that he was out to do the honours and go the "whole hog."

Gathering from our remarks that we had never drunk absinthe, he mixed us potions in the approved style. Absinthe is the sort of thing that repels on first acquaintance, but grows attractive with intimacy. On first tasting it, I felt disinclined to swallow another drop, but in deference to our host and his elaborate process of preparation, I gulped it all down. It gave me in a few minutes the extraordinary sensation of flying through space, and my friends afterwards confessed to a similar feeling.

My visit to England, enjoyable throughout and marked from beginning to end by kindness beyond computation, from the Henniker-Rances above everyone else, came to a conclusion in September, when I sailed for home. When I landed in Colombo early in October, I was innocent of anything that had transpired with regard to the vacant Maha Mudaliyarship.

There was a sumptuous dinner-party that night at "Summer Hill," Mutwal, arranged by my elder sister, Mrs. J. P. Obeyesekere, as a welcome to me, and although toast after toast was proposed and responded to, no mention was made of the office that to all intents had not been filled.

Next morning, as I was about to proceed to the

Kachcheri and the Secretariat to report my return from leave, I received a letter from the Government Agent informing me that I had been appointed Maha Mudaliyar, and requesting me to fix a date and place to receive my Act of Appointment, *which had been forwarded to him for delivery*. When I reached his office half an hour later, I could not help being strongly conscious of the mixed feelings with which he had watched my elevation, less than eighteen months earlier, to Gate rank. He congratulated me, and asked me whether I had come to receive my Act of Appointment. I promptly replied that I had come with no such intention, but had come to pay him my respects and report my return.

I next called at the Secretariat and saw the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Edward Noel Walker. He welcomed me cordially and offered me his hearty congratulations on my appointment, and enquired whether I had not yet called at Queen's House. On my replying in the negative, he suggested I should do so at once.

I, therefore, went across, and was received by Captain Lowndes, Aide-de-Camp, but was unable to see His Excellency. Captain Lowndes, however, undertook to inform Sir Arthur that I had called and reported myself.

On the same afternoon I received an invitation, which of course I accepted, to lunch with their Excellencies at Queen's House the day following. I was very warmly welcomed by both Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock, the only other guest being Mr. F. H. Price, then Mayor of Colombo, after



[Platé Ltd

SIR ARTHUR ELIBANK HAVELOCK, G.C.M.G., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1890-1896).

whom Price Park is named. It had been several years earlier, when Mr. Price was Assistant Government Agent at Kegalle, that, noticing my acquaintance with Benjamin Bawa, who was then just starting in practice as an advocate, he had said to me: "You mark my words: that man will one day be at the top of his profession." How nobly Bawa fulfilled that prophecy of which he was ignorant! Price himself was a *persona grata* at Queen's House, and had been untiring in the furtherance of my claims to high office, and his presence was, therefore, singularly appropriate on this occasion.

During the course of luncheon, His Excellency asked me whether I had received my Act of Appointment. I replied, "No," but that I had received a letter from the Government Agent of the Western Province asking me to fix a date and place to receive it, as it had been sent to him for delivery. At this the Governor was very wrath, and said that he had signed the Act of Appointment five days before I landed for the express purpose of having it *sent on board to greet me on my arrival*. His Excellency added that the Secretariat had no business to forward it to the Government Agent for delivery, and directed his private secretary to require the C.S.O. to recall the Act of Appointment at once and send it up to Queen's House.

Sir Arthur's term as Governor was fast approaching its close, and it had already been arranged that the chiefs of the Western and Southern Provinces should be allowed to take their official farewell of him on October 23rd, 1895. His Excellency took this opportunity of publicly investing me with the

insignia of office, in the presence of the chiefs, and in doing so called upon the Government Agent to read the Act of Appointment. That official complied rather unsteadily, like a man stricken with an ague, and I was heavy with anxiety lest he should swoon away.

His Excellency himself then placed the sword and belt of office over my shoulders, and subsequently I briefly made my thanks for the distinction conferred on me. The ceremony then terminated.

From Queen's House I drove to "Summer Hill," where I was met by my body-guard, and held a reception. The scintillating gold lace and blue uniforms of the chieftains added much to what was, I think, an impressive scene, and in the course of the afternoon I recall J. C. Molamure, the Police Magistrate, proposing my health.

It was some days before I could leave Colombo by an early train, accompanied by a large number of friends, *en route* for home and Horagolla. I well remember how I started from "Summer Hill" that morning rather later than I had planned, and had to drive somewhat desperately from Mutwal to the old Maradana Station to be in time. A thoroughbred mare, Olive, was between the shafts, and all I need say is that if the police rules were as strict and enforced half so stringently as they are now, I might have had to figure in the police-court on a charge of rash and negligent driving. At any rate, I caught that train, and that was what mattered most at the moment, for missing it would have meant disappointing at the least 50,000 people. I was accompanied on the train by Sir (then Mr.)

S. C. Obeyesekere, the late Richard de Livera, Chapman and Felix Dias, Francis Daniel (who even then was convinced that every man who commits suicide is "temporarily insane,") and several other friends.

Queen's weather ruled in Veyangoda that morning, and it was perhaps just as well, for the journey to Horagolla occupied over two hours, resolving itself into a triumphal march without precedent in recent Sinhalese history. I must say, in justice to myself, that I played the part of the "Conquering Hero" to perfection, and if I am not mistaken, the strident strains of Father Palla's Band did announce me as such an one!

I must have listened to quite half a dozen addresses of welcome in the course of those three miles of decorated roadway, and delivered as many speeches in return. The station-master took advantage of his strategic position on the platform to draw first blood. Leaving the station, we sat ourselves in carriages, and were given the place of honour in a procession typically Oriental. Elephants and my Lascoreen Guards, tom-tom players, conch-blowers and dancers, the brass band above mentioned, and the whole population of the Korle, fairly sum up the swaying assemblage.

"A chiel amang us takin' notes" wrote next day in a morning paper: "The eagerness with which pretty Sinhalese maidens bestowed their glances on the young and handsome Maha Mudaliyar made one rather regret that one was not oneself a Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate, a Maha, or something equally attractive."

At various intervals the roadsides were lined

for long distances with bamboo poles, and several *pandals*—or triumphal arches—under each of which an address was presented that necessitated acknowledgment, spanned the route. The sharp crack of guns and a riotous fanfare heralded my entry in each of these, and as we got deeper into the East, acrobats and devil-dancers did their best to add to the enchantment of the fleeting hour. Acres of illuminated paper and furlongs of floral cable were not unhappy emblems of the wishes of the populace. Probably the finest arch of all was that erected at the entrance to Horagolla. It was square and dignified, and inscribed with words of welcome. Through it I passed to the Hall of my House, where I received and responded to four more addresses. One can have too much even of a good thing.

Such, then, was my home-coming. It warms the cockles of my heart to think of it. It may not have been the highest form of Art: it may even have been crude and bucolic in sentiment; but it was tremendously genuine.

In the evening there was a pyrotechnic display, and I entertained a number of guests to dinner.

On the Wednesday of that week I participated in a notable ceremony when the Bishop of Colombo laid the corner-stone of our new church in Pattalegedara, St. Mary's. And when I had set Horagolla in order, I returned to Colombo and went into residence at "Summer Hill."

A gold sword of honour, gorgeously bejewelled and subscribed to by the public, was presented to me in 1901, Sir Harry Dias making an eloquent speech in handing it over. In responding, I com-

pared the gift to the sword of Damocles, which would descend on me if I swerved one hair's-breadth from the path of my strict duty.

At about this time I accepted an invitation to spend a week at Chilaw with my sister, Mrs. Walter de Livera, and her husband, who was then Police Magistrate there. I determined that I would drive down there direct from "Elie House" (a distance of, roughly fifty miles) in a four-wheeled dog-cart, and Mr. Francis Daniel, who was also going down, on a visit to the Martins, chose to accompany me. We started very early one morning from Mutwal, behind a pair of very high-spirited country-breds, one being the son of Mahdi, the famous racer, and the other the son of Warrior, also a performer of some note in his day. All went well till we had proceeded some six miles out of Colombo, when a village pig darting across our path gave the horses a fright, and they started bolting. For a fairly long way I lost all control of them, and over my shoulder I caught a glimpse of our luggage hurtling into the drains, but I eventually got the animals in hand, and after picking up our traps, we drove undamaged and serene into the Jaela Rest-house.

After half an hour's rest there, we commenced the next lap to Negombo, driving the same pair. The long bridge just beyond Jaela was under repairs, and as we were crossing a temporary structure, one of the planks gave way, and a pony went down. I used the whip with some effect, and with very little struggling he regained his feet, and we went on. I was relieved beyond measure, for if his struggles had been prolonged or more violent, we might have

been precipitated over the side with disastrous results.

Having breakfasted at Negombo, we put in another pair of horses, Dublin and Lord Bath, and at Marawila changed them for Monarch and Brown Bess. We hadn't proceeded far on this stage, when a woman rather on the stout side, going in the same direction, suddenly stepped into the middle of the road when the horses were within three or four feet of her. The pole caught her in the broad of the back, pitching her lengthwise, and I did not pull up till horse and carriage had passed her without running over her. Any attempt to pull up would almost certainly have meant the horses pounding her beneath their hoofs and the wheels cutting her badly. As it happened, when I pulled up expecting to have to take her to the Marawila Hospital, I found her actually standing up and dusting her clothes. She hadn't as much as a scratch on her body, and apologized for not hearing our approach owing to total deafness!

We reached Chilaw well in time for afternoon tea, and our stay there was very pleasant, both my host and hostess and Mr. and Mrs. Natty Martin entertaining us lavishly, while Monty Cooke, then on Nelunkuliya, arranged for us a great shooting-party. One of the trophies in our bag was a fine spotted buck, but I never could be sure as to who drew first blood from it, although the Police Magistrate entertained no doubts on the subject!

Walter de Livera sat beside me one day in Kandy while I drove a dog-cart with Lord Bath in the shafts, and a hulking Afghan persisted in blocking our way absolutely heedless of our shouting and

ringing. I thought I would just teach him a lesson, and caught him with the point of my left shaft, not with such force as to hurt him, but just enough to throw him off. He went sprawling into a ditch, and nothing more happened except that my companion was scared out of his wits.

But an adventure I had when driving a curriole drawn by a pair of Timor ponies up San Sebastian Street, was rather more serious. Something went wrong with the reins; all chance of checking the team was lost, and feeling it was no use sitting there impotently, I jumped off, and only regained my feet after losing a diamond ring and performing a series of involuntary somersaults. The horses tore on as hard as they could pelt, and barged into a turnout that happened to belong to Sir S. C. Obeyesekere. This brought sense to the Timors, but the animal in the other carriage, a spirited Cape horse named Forester, broke himself free and careered down Lock Gate, turned into Skinner's Road, and, bolting as far as Korteboam, cleared the parapet wall, only to be secured on the beach by some fishermen, after great effort. My ponies were unhurt, but the trap was badly damaged.

A few days after investing me as His Excellency's Maha Mudaliyar, Sir Arthur Havelock laid down the reins of Government and sailed for England. Subsequently, I received the following letter from him:

*S.S. Massilia at sea,
28th October, 1895.*

MY DEAR MAHA MUDALIYAR,

I have much pleasure in recording in writing the satisfaction and confidence (already expressed verbally) which I have felt in appointing you to fill

the distinguished office of Maha Mudaliyar. Your good services in the past, your public-spirited acts, and the example you have set your countrymen in energy and in enlightenment, combined with your high social position, have pointed you out to me as the best man for this post.

The excellent traditions of your family will, I am sure, help to stimulate you to maintain a high standard of honour and efficiency as a public servant.

With all good wishes,

I remain, etc.,
(Signed) A. E. HAVELOCK,
Governor.

Subsequent to His Excellency's departure the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Noel Walker, administered the Government, with Captain Lowndes as A.D.C., until the arrival in 1896 of Sir Joseph West Ridgeway.

Sir West was accompanied by Lady Ridgeway and little Miss Vi, and was attended by two brilliant Officers of Staff, the late Colonel (then Major) R. J. Marker, as A.D.C., and the late Captain Ralph Ward-Jackson, as private secretary.

Sir West at once gave the impression of being a strong man, and Lady Ridgeway's appealing personality charmed everyone who had the privilege of seeing her. She was a very beautiful woman.



[Platé Ltd

THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. WEST RIDGEWAY, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.,
K.C.S.I., GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1896-1903).

CHAPTER V

AT QUEEN'S HOUSE

SOME two months after his arrival, Sir West was called upon to do the honours for an Eastern Royalty. This is always a delicate task at Queen's House, not because our Oriental susceptibilities are easily offended, though that is partly so, but because the idiosyncrasies of the Asiatic, especially when he is a king, are hard to gauge and difficult to appreciate from the European view-point. The father of the present King of Siam had, moreover, certain eccentricities which, if they were always amusing, were also at times apt to be not a little disconcerting.

His Majesty arrived off Colombo on April 19th, 1897, in his own yacht, and one of the most important events of his stay was to him, naturally, his visit to the Temple of the Tooth. I was detailed to escort him to Kandy, and to see that everything possible to make the King's stay pleasant and comfortable was meticulously arranged.

Unfortunately the King's Pavilion was at the time undergoing repairs, and a suite in the Queen's Hotel had to be engaged and placed at His Majesty's disposal.

A contretemps excruciatingly funny in retrospect

occurred on the day of the visit to the Dalada Maligawa—Relic of the Temple of the Tooth. His Majesty conveyed some valuable presents he had brought from Siam for the Temple authorities, and they in turn had planned to make certain gifts to the King of Siam, Buddhist Royalty as he was, as a memento of the occasion. We all arrived at the Maligawa in great state, the Government Agent, the late Mr. J. P. Lewis, being responsible for all the necessary arrangements.

The Shrine Room was eventually opened, and the King and a few members of the Royal Party entered, Mr. Lewis standing outside on the threshold. I myself had got a little further back to get a breath of fresh air, when I heard some extraordinarily loud talking. I hurried in, and the first words I heard, uttered in the strident tones habitual to His Majesty, were :

“Aide-de-Camp! Return the presents they have given me, and take back the presents I have brought. My brother last year was permitted to take the Tooth in his hands, but you (*glaring*) decline to me the privilege.”

So saying, His Majesty turned abruptly on his heel, walked across the corridor and down the flight of steps into his State Carriage, and, accompanied by his retinue, drove back to the Queen's.

It should be mentioned in fairness to everybody that the Diyawadana Nilame Giragama—the lay officer in charge—was unwell at the time, and that the late Hon. Mr. T. B. Panabokke acted as his *locum tenens* in that important office. I learnt later

that the King had held out his hands to receive the Tooth, to be met with a suave, "It is not the custom, Your Majesty!" Whether the acting *Nilame* (official) was ignorant that Buddhist Royalty are entitled to this privilege, or whether, clothed in a little brief authority, he had put on extra "side," I am not competent to tell. But I well recollect the scene: the picturesque palm-shaded Temple of the Tooth, from the balconies of which one can look down at the tortoise ponds and across the beautiful lake, and, in the bare, cool interior, the yellow-garbed priests jealously guarding their most sacred relic—the warranted (by them) Tooth of Buddha. European authorities, however, dispute, if not deny, its genuineness. Be that as it may, merely to look upon it is a privilege—for only on certain days is it visible.

The sedate and quiet Mr. J. P. Lewis was greatly upset at the untoward incident, and didn't seem to know which way to turn. He followed to the hotel and had a consultation with me, and we decided that His Excellency the Governor should be acquainted with the facts by wire. This was seen to by Mr. Lewis.

His Majesty was not to be seen again till dinner-time that night, when he entertained a large party. The Kandyan chiefs had arranged an elaborate *Peraherra* (procession) in his honour, but his feelings had been wounded to such an extent that he did not deign to give one glance over his shoulder and through the windows of the dining saloon at the corybantic agility of the Kandyan youths or the shimmering caparisons of the heavy artillery. Nor

did conch and tom-tom prevail greatly against the ominous rumbling of Majesty's displeasure.

Nevertheless, the King was most genial to his guests that night, and his hospitality was thoroughly enjoyed.

On the following morning, a representative number of Buddhist priests called at the hotel and interviewed me with regard to the incident. They desired me to tender their respectful apologies to His Majesty and explain to him that they were not to blame, but that the lay authorities had acted in ignorance. When I complied with the request of the priests, the only reply His Majesty vouchsafed me, in the antithesis of a stage whisper, was :

“Maha Mu-da-li-yar—tell them—I am not—angry !”

I would I could convey on paper the tone and diction of the King. I am able fairly to imitate him in conversation. But for the fact that it would savour of disrespect, I might describe his manner at that moment as comic. There is no other word.

I conveyed the Royal reply to the priests, and, as we were about to leave for Colombo, I advised them to line the passage which led from the foot of the staircase to the State Carriage. They readily consented, and as the King walked past them, he gave each monk a sphinx-like smile, but said nothing.

On the train I travelled in His Majesty's compartment, and for the first time since the previous afternoon he gave vehement vent to his pent-up rage.

“Who,” asked His Majesty, “was that big-bellied rascal in the Temple?”

I said, “Mr. Panabokke, Sir.”

“Eh?” bellowed the King. “What bokke?”

“Pana-bokke,” I replied, emphasizing the first two syllables. He swiftly dived deep into a long-winded discussion on the subject, and in alluding to the tooth relic, made certain comments which I’d rather not repeat.

There was another and more deplorable incident that night at the Jetty. His Majesty and some of his suite left in the State Barge for the Royal Yacht, leaving, among others, two Princes and an aide-de-camp in full trappings to follow. In the meanwhile, two Europeans, coming off from another vessel in harbour, slipped on landing, and one of them rather floundered in the water, to the exuberant amusement of the onlookers. He clambered to the landing somewhat shamefacedly, and the first person whose grin stung him was one of the Siamese Princes. Unaware, apparently, of the Prince’s identity, this person—who, by the way, was a well-known bank manager—relieved his feelings by serving the young man with a resounding thwack on the cheek.

The *aide* drew his sword in a flash, but the regrettable affair terminated less gravely than it well might have by the timely intervention of the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Noel Walker, and Major Knollys, the Inspector-General of Police, who were both present, and who sternly insisted that the offender should make adequate apology on the spot. Which he did forthwith.

His Majesty sailed next day for Europe, a

diamond scarf-pin made in the shape of the Siamese crown, which he handed to me, being one of a few gifts he distributed before his departure.

At the end of November the Royal Yacht of Siam touched at Colombo on His Majesty's return home from England, and a rather awkward situation arose. Captain Ralph Ward-Jackson had, in error, given Marquis Mahayota and Baron Sunthorn, the two Siamese Ambassadors who had arrived in advance of their Sovereign, to understand that their Excellencies had extended an invitation to His Majesty to dine and stay the night at Queen's House, and the invitation had been duly accepted by the Marquis and the Baron on behalf of the King. When Sir West discovered this mistake, he well realized the difficult position he was in, for Queen's House was just then undergoing extensive repairs and the habitable part of it was nearly full up with guests.

Just a day before the date scheduled for His Majesty's arrival, I received an urgent message at "Summer Hill," Mutwal, asking me to see His Excellency at once. Sir West, when I saw him, was greatly perturbed, and explained the exact situation to me.

It was easy to understand. Sir West, always strictly courteous, meant no discourtesy to, or derogation of, His Majesty's dignity, but accommodating him would have involved the turning out of several guests already installed, a most objectionable proceeding. Moreover, His Majesty, who was to sail away early next morning, was doubtless to find going aboard after dinner much more convenient

and comfortable. Above all, His Excellency had extended the invitation expressly and only for dinner. I was deputed by the Governor somehow to rectify this mistake without treading on Siamese toes.

As I left Queen's House on this delicate embassy, I passed Ward-Jackson storming in some ante-room that he had not been in error, but that he had acted on Sir West's orders with regard to the invitation to stay the night. But the fat was in the fire!

I was, of course, hail-fellow-well-met with the Marquis and Baron Sunthorn (not to be confused with Gilbert's Bunthorne, who, yearning for the indefinable, was brought face to face daily with the inexplicable). I went over and fixed the matter up to suit everybody, and ultimately His Majesty elected to go to his own luxurious apartments on the yacht rather than sleep a few hours in what would, comparatively speaking, have been an uncomfortable room.

As Lady Ridgeway was unable to come down on the night of the dinner to His Majesty, we had a real stag-party, and the King was not the least contributor to the great merriment and conviviality that prevailed. At one moment particularly his boisterous *basso profundo* attracted breathless attention when he informed everybody that, "From the day I set foot in Europe I had games every night! (*Long and uncomfortable pause.*) But (*pause*) the game I had at Buckingham Palace (*with a shake of the head*) was (*holding his nose*) too high for me!"

This was apropos of the snipe just then going round!

The first elephant kraal during Sir West's régime was arranged in his honour by the chiefs of the North-Western Province somewhere in 1899, in Nikaweratiya, Captains Ralph Ward-Jackson and Marker and myself going in attendance on His Excellency. At Kraal Town, whither we drove from Kurunegala, we were housed in a temporary but comfortable structure, as is usual in the circumstances, and the drive-in was exceedingly successful, some fifty odd elephants being kraaled.

The noosing operations are always the most interesting feature of these entertainments, and at the Nikaweratiya Kraal one incident illustrative of the inexorable laws that govern the jungle occurred. A baby elephant, not more than twelve hands in height, was captured in the stockade, and brought out and secured to one of the posts of the grandstand. Finding the fondling of the ladies and gentlemen present a poor substitute for mother love, the baby began to call loudly to its mother, and, Rachel-like, refused to be comforted. To allay the evident excitement of the rest of the herd, its release into the stockade was decided upon, and the baby was slipped in through a door near the corner furthest from the bunched-up herd.

The mother no sooner noticed her offspring hurrying to her than she ran up, caressed it all over with her trunk, and then, to the utter horror of the onlookers, knocked it down and knelt on the poor little thing, crushing it.

The baby was "outcast"—it had associated with

men, was tainted by their touch, and was a thing unclean. Therefore, to the mother, who had seen her baby's loss of caste and smelt the human touch on its body, it were better that the baby should be killed—for the honour of the family!

One young elephant was presented to His Excellency, and another to me by the chiefs on this occasion, and both were kindly taken charge of by Girigama Diyawadana Nilane. Mine was sent down a few months later to Horagolla, and His Excellency's was retained by D. W. Dullewe to be reared. When he was laying down the reins of Government, Sir West presented the animal to its foster-father.

While we were on our return journey—Nikaweratiya Rest-house being two to three miles behind us—one of the body-guard horses in front suddenly dropped and rolled over with his rider into the drain. The carriage was stopped, and Marker, Ward-Jackson and myself alighted, and found that the Sikh had received only a bad shaking, but that the animal had both his knees very badly cut.

I gave it as my opinion that the accident was not due primarily to tripping, but looked more serious than that, and advised the destruction of the horse. My friends guffawed and thought that advice ridiculous, and it was decided to send the animal back to the rest-house, to be stabled there till we sent a vet. from Colombo to do the needful.

The horse, however, hadn't been led much more than a mile before it dropped dead. The

laugh, when this news reached us, was on my side.

Looking at its eyes, immediately after its collapse, I had seen at a glance that the animal was suffering from severe sunstroke.

About 1896, a very serious dhoby strike was experienced in Colombo, when all the dhobies (washermen) went on strike and washing was at a total standstill. The principal cause for it was the municipal authorities' prohibition of washing being done in certain places, and a new bye-law insisting on registration and licensing fees, and the strike continued so long that all classes of the general public as well as the shipping lines were seriously affected.

When Sir West summoned my aid in this impasse by communication to "Elie House," I sent for the dhoby leaders, and after a lengthy discussion on the position obtaining between the Government, the Municipality and themselves, they agreed to resume work, and there and then followed me in a body to the Town Hall and complied with the new requirements. Mr. F. H. Price, then Mayor, was profuse in his thanks for the aid I had been able to render.

The carters' strike will, however, always remain an ugly slur on the name of Colombo. The grievance of the men was one that could easily have been redressed without any resort to threatening tactics, as they were chiefly connected with recently promulgated bye-laws forbidding drivers to sit inside or on the poles of their vehicles, and so forth. Carters are usually cantankerous, and people who

should have known better played on this weakness to pay off petty personal spite against the authorities. Mobs collected in Queen Street, and altogether the strike was attended by incidents of a very disgraceful type.

CHAPTER VI

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE

THE Ridgeway régime was pregnant with events, both grave and gay, of Imperial significance. 1897 was the year of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, 1901 was the year in which the present King and Queen visited Ceylon as their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, and 1902 saw the Coronation of King Edward.

Sir West created his own precedents. As the time drew closer for the Jubilee celebrations in London, he determined that Ceylon should send to England a certain number of civil representatives at Government expense, a thing which no other Crown Colony was doing. I was chosen one of these, and was requested to submit the names of one other low-country gentleman and two Kandyan chiefs for His Excellency's approval. Since I had already been selected from the Western Province, I suggested that it would be most advisable to choose the other low-country representative from the Southern, and as the most outstanding personality in the south at that time was Gate Mudaliyar E. R. Gooneratne, he was ultimately chosen. A prolonged consultation with Mr. F. H. Price, who

had an intimate knowledge of Kandyan men and matters, led to the selection of L. B. Nugawela Ratamahatmaya and K. B. Kobbekaduwa Ratamahatmaya from the hills. The Hon. Mr. T. B. Panabokke, of Temple of the Tooth fame, also went to England for the occasion at his own expense, and, at his request, the privileges of a representative were extended to him.

On the eve of our departure, the late Sir Harry Dias entertained me to a farewell dinner. The *Ceylon Observer* of March 10th had the following reference to the function :

“The Maha Mudaliyar may well count himself happy, as in other things, so also in the testimonies of appreciation and esteem that are accorded him. On Saturday last he was entertained to dinner by Sir Harry Dias at Maha Nuge, where a large and representative company had been invited to meet him on the eve of his departure for England on his mission in connection with the Diamond Jubilee. Such a company under one roof and under the presidency of such a host is an honour of which any man might be proud. Sir Harry Dias is one who never fails to adorn whatever he puts his hand to, and needless to say the gathering was one of the utmost brilliance and success. The following were those who were present: Sir E. Noel Walker, K.C.M.G.; the Lord Bishop; the Maha Mudaliyar; the Attorney-General; Mr. Justice Browne; the Hon’ble L. F. Lee; the Hon’ble L. Wendt; Mr. F. H. Price, Mayor; Mr. John Ferguson; Mr. P. Arunachalar; Mr. F. C. Loos; Mr. Hector Van Cuylenburg; Mr. J. T. Blaze; Mr. S. C. Obeyesekera; Mr. Felix Dias, C.C.; Mr. Solomon Seneviratne Atapattu; Mudaliyar; Mr. W. Chapman

Dias ; Mr. David Perera, Mudaliyar ; Mr. J. Louis Perera ; Mr. J. H. Pereira ; Mr. Thomas J. Alwis, Advocate ; Mr. James Samaradiwakara ; Mr. Peter de Saram, P.M. ; Mr. W. H. Dias Bandaranayake, Mudaliyar ; Mr. Richard de Livera ; Mr. F. J. de Saram, J.P. ; Mr. R. F. de Saram ; Mr. George de Saram ; Mr. J. B. Siebel (Kandy) ; Dr. Rockwood ; Mr. J. P. Obeyesekera ; Mr. Donald Obeyesekera ; Mr. Forestor Obeyesekera ; Mr. Chas. Dias Bandaranayake ; Mr. Walter Dias Bandaranayake, Mudaliyar ; Mr. Frederick Dias Bandaranayake, Muhandiram ; Mr. H. L. Dassanaïke, Gate Mudaliyar ; Mr. Ashmore Peiris, Mudaliyar ; Mr. Francis Perera, Mudaliyar ; Mr. Arthur Dassanaïke, Mudaliyar ; Mr. C. L. H. Dias Bandaranayake, Planter ; and Major R. H. Morgan.

“ A glance at the above list will prove the fitness of our remark as to the representative character of the assembly. The approach to the house was beautifully decorated and illuminated, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the whole assembly. After dinner the distinguished host proposed the health of Her Majesty in terms that showed that time has not diminished his power of apt and lively speech. The health of His Excellency the Governor having next been drunk cordially, Sir Harry Dias gave the toast of the evening in a speech replete with interesting allusion and enlivened by that genial wit for which he is so well known. He spoke in the most flattering terms of the Maha Mudaliyar, whom he had known from childhood, and who had realized the promise of his early life. ‘ Even his faults,’ said the speaker, ‘ are of a civilized kind, for he is an ardent sportsman, and for that vice he may plead the most illustrious precedents.’ The Maha Mudaliyar responded in a capital speech. . . .

“Sir Noel Walker then proposed the health of Sir Harry, and it goes without saying that it was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm. The party broke up after having spent a most delightful and memorable evening.

“The Maha Mudaliyar, we understand, sails on Wednesday next, and we would take this opportunity of offering him our congratulations both on the honour he has received at the hands of the Government, and on the many proofs he has received of the esteem in which he is held by those whose appreciation constitutes the highest praise.”

The four of us sailed in a German boat, and throughout the voyage and their stay in London it was necessary for me to initiate my *protégés* into myriads of mysteries. We went ashore at every port at which the liner called, and the astonishment and surprise expressed and displayed by them at the various sights they saw gave me a measure of amusement which almost compensated for the nuisance they sometimes collectively proved. They could not, of course, help their shortcomings.

On reaching London we went into rooms that had been booked in advance for us by Mr. F. R. Saunders, at 13, Brunswick Square, our landlady being a Mrs. Fernan. I had personally intended to install myself comfortably at Bailey's in South Kensington, but I elected to stay with my friends, as they were total strangers in a strange land. The lodgings served quite well, but when on a recent visit I looked them up through curiosity, their identity had changed, and I found myself in the headquarters of some feminine club. Still more

recently and even more curiously, I heard from a Mrs. Murphy of Paris, who said she was the daughter of our quondam landlady, and I sent her a trifling gift.

My endeavours to persuade the Kandyan gentlemen to adopt the ordinary modes of European dress were of no avail. When they rejected my suggestion almost haughtily, retorting that they would do no such thing for anybody, I left them to stew in their own juice. They stewed.

On the second or third day after their arrival they ventured out on foot on a shopping and sight-seeing expedition, clad in what they termed their "undress uniform." But they hadn't proceeded a hundred yards from our diggings before they were hemmed in by a mob of street Arabs and all the other elements of a Cockney crowd.

"Where did you get that 'at?" chortled the 'Arrys.

"Oh, they're wearing pincushions on their heads," chimed in the 'Arriets, with sundry other comments on the other parts of my friends' habiliments.

My Kandyan friends, Nugawela and Kobbekaduwa, both bewildered beyond measure, beat a hasty retreat, and when they met me acknowledged their folly in not acting on my advice, and implored me to lose no time in assisting them to procure European clothes, in one and the same breath. This I did next morning by ordering a "growler," securing them as best I could against the public gaze, and rushing them down to Hope Brothers' in Regent Street. Even here the brief moment of

scurry across the pavement was long enough to attract a crowd to view these strange specimens.

Anyhow, I lost no time in getting them deep into the trying-on rooms and hermetically sealing up the doors. Ready-made clothes were produced, and in a twinkling the conservative chiefs were overhauled and sprucely clad in bowler hats, morning coats, striped trousers, and smart boots, while one affected a crooked walking-stick and the other a "brolly"! Aladdin with his wonderful lamp had to take a back seat from Hope's that spring morning.

To me the whole affair was no whit extraordinary. Imagine Tutankh Amen sauntering into the Trocadero of an afternoon, garbed in the Egyptian dress of his period.

The two Kandyan chiefs were anxious to taste the rare delight of a bus ride, and to please them I agreed. The bus we boarded had unfortunately little vacant space at the top, but we contrived to wriggle into three seats in different positions. Nugawela went right forward and took his seat next to a woman. We hadn't, however, proceeded very far, when this "lady" abruptly turned in her seat, stretched out a wanton hand, and stroking his long beard, exclaimed, "Oh, you *dear* old man!"

Nugawela, clearly scared out of his wits, sprang bolt upright and nearly jumped overboard. Greatly concerned at the situation, I shouted to him frantically from the rear (in Sinhalese, as likely to exercise a soothing influence on the old man): "Don't be alarmed, *yakko*! Sit down!"

He obeyed, and we continued our journey undisturbed, the amorous female, who had obviously

been celebrating somewhere, soon reaching her destination and not forcing her unwelcome attentions on this innocent from the outpost of Empire! Evidently she had been attracted by his noble and venerable appearance, for Nugawela, sometime Diyawadana Nilame at Kandy and uncle of the present holder of that office, was distinguished by a long, full beard (*à la* Dundreary) and a fine presence.

Naturally the Ratemahatmayas did not get the hang of English hours, and on one occasion, notwithstanding my advice to them overnight, they strode out at 6 a.m., and called on the late Mr. R. W. Ievers, C.C.S., who lived not far from our lodgings. On being informed by the maid that he was asleep, they insisted on his being roused and their cards being presented to him. The doughty chieftains gained their object, anyway, for Mr. Ievers, taking in the situation, came down *en déshabillé* for a few minutes.

Moreover, the Kandyans and their Kandyan servant did not at first dovetail quite exactly into the boarding-house arrangements, and petty complaints regarding the attendant's incursions into the servants' quarters in the small hours of the morning, and of his masters' offences against *les convenances*, were frequently brought to me.

Many a humorous situation arose over the elaborate arrangement of the Kandyan toilette on days when there were State functions. Half a dozen valets would have their hands full with two Ratemahatmayas to adorn. My friends had only

one, and I recall a certain occasion when one of them adopted the expedient of working his forty yards of cloth round his waist by tying one end to a bedpost and spinning round like a top till he reached the other. Rather ingenious, I thought.

It was Meedeniya Adigar's *thuppoti* (waistcloth) which in a later day inspired an alien princeling, whom he passed in the corridor of a Colombo hotel, to enquire gently whether that was "a native lady in a delicate state of health"!

I was in a happier position, for I had, as valet and general factotum, dear old John Arachchi, afterwards Muhandiram of Queen's House, whose high comb and uniform attracted not a little attention in London. Lord Stanmore asked the Ceylon party to tea one afternoon, and specially requested John Arachchi's presence. When we went down John received a nice present of money from our host in consideration of services rendered when, as Sir Arthur Gordon, Lord Stanmore had been Governor of Ceylon.

We attended all the functions held in connection with the Diamond Jubilee, and had official seats allotted us in Downing Street to view the great Procession, unforgettable for all time to those who witnessed it. The cream stallions and gilt carriages, the Life Guards resplendent in scarlet and gold, and the great swaying coach bearing the Queen in state, were some of the elements of a magnificent Imperial pageant.

I retain a vivid impression of Lord Roberts, very striking on his grey Arab charger. Seventeen years later he was to die on a visit to his beloved

Indian troops in France, with the boom of the Flanders guns for a fitting funeral note.

At the Royal garden-party in Buckingham Palace we all attended in our uniforms, and it fell to me to present the Sinhalese delegates to Her Majesty, who was attended by her two favourite Indian servants. A pen-and-ink sketch of this ceremony appeared in the London dailies, and a framed copy is in my possession,

Shortly afterwards, when all the pomp was "one with Nineveh and Tyre," my friends left for Ceylon, and I lingered awhile to renew old friendships. Of the new acquaintances I made, the most notable, perhaps, was bronchitis, of which I had a sharp attack. Dr. Benham, of West Kensington, attended on me, and I was confined to my rooms for a number of days. My sister Amy, who was in London at the time, was most untiring and devoted in her care of me during this indisposition, and John Arachchi proved, as always, to be worth his weight in gold. He was indeed famous for his consistent willingness and good nature, of which many instances are current. I well recollect an occasion when an exalted lady staying as a guest at Queen's House, Colombo, visited the pettah in the course of her sight-seeing, and was greatly struck by the undress clothing on some Tamil girl children of tender years. It consisted solely of a thin chain fastened round the waist, suspended from which was a small heart-shaped silver plaque about as big as a rupee piece, which hung down in front.

When the lady returned to Queen's House that evening, she desired a somewhat embarrassed John

Arachchi to procure her some similar ornaments. Diffidently, he undertook to do so, but some days later Lady Blank reminded him that her wishes had not been carried out ; to which implication of neglect John replied, "Pettah and all shops have been searched by me, but finding of grown-up lady's size impossible."

Twice a week in London I took lessons in four-in-hand driving from an expert, and on the fourth or fifth morning after I had commenced I drove down West Kensington and picked up Dr. Heniker-Rance. My tutor for the first time sat at the back, putting my friend on the box with me—an arrangement singularly lacking in appeal as far as I was concerned, for I did not feel quite master of my team. He had warned me to turn into the Park at Hyde Park Corner, but in the turmoil of dodging traffic and controlling the animals, I passed the spot, and then, rather than turn round, drove like a tornado down to Piccadilly Circus without the ghost of a mishap.

My tutor's admiration was unbounded, and I like to think that few horsemen in the world can lay claim to a feat like mine at so early a period of their novitiate.

I remember one of the leaders commencing to kick, and my alarm lest both coach and horses be wrecked, but the expert noticing it said, "What are you uneasy about, sir? Just hang on to them." I did so, and the kicking soon stopped. "It's your turn now, sir!" he shouted. "Lay it on."

I acted on his advice with great vigour, and when

I left London in November I was quite at home in handling fours-in-hand.

Immediately on my arrival in Colombo, I relieved Gate Mudaliyar J. D. Perera, who had been my *locum tenens*.

I was married in April, 1898, at All Saints' Church, Hultsdorp, and Daisy's parents held a grand reception at "Hill Castle." The attesting witnesses were Sir West Ridgeway, Sir Harry Dias and Mr. S. C. Obeyesekere, and there was a large attendance.

A "special " bore us up to Kandy, where we spent our honeymoon at "Arthur's Seat," and on our return we went into residence at the historic "Ellic House."

On the night of our home-coming we were entertained to a gorgeous banquet by my wife's parents.

On January 8th of the next year my son was born here, and at his baptism Sir West Ridgeway, the Governor, and Sir Harry Dias stood as godfathers, Mrs. J. P. Obeyesekere and Lady (then Mrs. S. C.) Obeyesekere being the two godmothers.

The occasion was one of great gladness and thanksgiving, for in our family sons have been too often, in ancient days, the exception and daughters the rule, and the fact of my first-born being a boy naturally brought much satisfaction. My father had been one of two sons, and his brother's sons had died without leaving male issue, and I was the only boy he had to maintain the direct line. Now the continuance of this line was assured.

In the following year, also at "Elie House," my elder daughter, Anna, was born.



[W. A. D. Downey

H.M. KING GEORGE V.

CHAPTER VII

KING GEORGE IN CEYLON

ROYALTY has been accorded many brilliant receptions in Ceylon, but in spite of that the historian would search in vain for a precedent to the warmth and splendour of the homage paid to King George and Queen Mary, when, as Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, they visited the island in 1901, on their way to open the Federal Parliament of Australia. As regards the future, if the manner in which the Prince of Wales was received in 1922 is any criterion, posterity may look in vain for anything to equal the regal pageantry that marked King George's second visit to this island. His Royal Highness (as he was then) had by no means forgotten his visit here in 1882 with the late Duke of Clarence. One of the royal entourage told me that when the *Ophir* sighted Ceylon, the Duke said that there was *one* person he knew in the island, and that was the chief his brother had invested with a sword.

The Royal Yacht was escorted by two cruisers, and put into port at dawn on April 14th, but the Royal party did not land till long afterwards. His Excellency, attended by Sir Francis Burdett, went on board the *Ophir* at 10 a.m., and returned half

an hour later. At one o'clock a salute of guns intimated that their Royal Highnesses had left their vessel. On the jetty, the Duke, dressed in white and wearing the Star of India, inspected a guard of honour by the 9th Madras Infantry, and proceeded thence to the magnificent kiosk outside, which was thronged with the highest of the land. Her Royal Highness, attended by two of her Ladies-in-Waiting, was the embodiment of queenly grace.

The gentlemen of the large and distinguished ducal suite were dressed in grey frock-coats, and among the gathering was the Rajah of Ramnad, accompanied by his host, Sir P. (then Mr.) Ramanathan, who was at that time Solicitor-General. After His Royal Highness had replied in turn to the three addresses presented, he conversed for some time with the officials nearest him, and calling me up, spoke very pleasantly and assured me that he remembered me very well. I had, of course, met him previously at Hanwella in 1882 and York House in 1895.

The Royal Party then drove at the head of an imposing cavalcade, and through profusely decorated streets, to the old Fort Station, where they entrained for Kandy. On the way, at Polgahawela, an opportunity was afforded the chiefs of the North-Western Province to present their loyal respects to the Heir to the Throne, and a brief and very pretty ceremony took place on the platform, where the *tout ensemble* was admirable. There had been considerable bitterness, both amongst the chiefs and the Government Agent, Mr. F. C. Fisher, owing to the North-Western Province being

deprived of participation in the Kandy reception, and there can be no doubt that this disappointment was one of the factors that drove that excellent official to commit *felio-de-se* by shooting himself. Mr. Fisher had finely upheld that old Civil Service tradition that is fast dying out, and was loved by the people. He was a clean sportsman, and a brother of Lord Fisher, the famous Sea Lord; and His Royal Highness, in addressing the chiefs, referred regretfully to the death of "one of the ablest officers of His Majesty's Service."

Kandy's reception that evening was even more picturesque, and troops lined the route to the King's Pavilion, where a State Banquet followed. At dinner, Sir John Anderson, who was travelling on the *Ophir* as the representative of the Colonial Office, sat next to me, and engaged me in conversation with regard to the general administration of the country. Sir John had always a dignified presence, and at that time did not have a single white hair on his head or face. Thirteen years later, when I walked into his room at Downing Street, his head and beard were totally white, and I could not easily recognize him, and still three years later, utterly broken in health, he died in Ceylon. In 1914 he was Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and helped me to obtain a permit to bring out two thoroughbred horses, the war-time restrictions being very severe as to the exportation of any possible mount. Both these animals proved successful performers, General McLellan winning several races besides the Civil Service Cup and the Channer Stakes in 1915, before he died prematurely,

and Lenana winning the Police Cup in 1915 and the Turf Club Plate in 1916 before he became a confirmed rogue.

The Royal programme in the ancient capital of the Kandyan Kings was varied and comprehensive, and all the functions and investitures were marked by the pomp and colour loved by Orientals. For sheer beauty and splendour, the glittering scene in the Audience Hall on the following night, when their Royal Highnesses sat in the seat of a dynasty that is dead, and received the scions of Kandyan aristocracy, could not, of course, be equalled. There was also, as distinct from the State Drive, a visit to the Royal Botanic Gardens at Peradeniya, when the Duke planted a memorial tree. Minor items were the fireworks and tattoo, the reception to daughters of Kandyan chiefs, and the presentation of the Colours to the Ceylon Mounted Rifles. Sixty-three elephants took part in the gorgeous Peraherra (procession) that wound through the Pavilion grounds. Three gentlemen—F. Ellis, F. A. Cooper, and J. H. de Saram—were invested with the Order of C.M.G. during this visit, and I had the great pleasure of presenting the Duke with fruits from the trees planted by him and his ill-fated brother during the *Bacchante* visit in 1882.

On the Sunday their Royal Highnesses, with their entire suite, attended Divine Service at St. Paul's, and the Bishop of Colombo, Dr. R. S. Copleston, officiated with the assistance of six other clergy.

His Royal Highness was unable to go out for the State Drive in Kandy, owing to a touch of the sun,

and it had been arranged that Mr. H. Wace, the Government Agent of the Central Province, should attend the Duchess in the State Carriage. At the eleventh hour, however, I was told by Lord Wenlock, at the Duke's command, that *I* was to attend Her Royal Highness.

In the course of the drive, the Duchess, by a curious coincidence, said to me when just opposite "Arthur's Seat," where my wife and two children happened to be staying: "Might we stop here a moment and look at the scenery?"

I gave the signal to the guards in front and behind, and stopped the carriage, and my son's nurse brought him to the edge of the high embankment and showed him the Royal Carriage. He recognized me and started shouting, "Daddy! Daddy!" I only looked up and gave a knowing glance, but did not draw the Duchess' attention to the matter in any way before we passed on.

That night after dinner I related the incident to Her Royal Highness, and she rated me soundly for not having had the boy up to the carriage.

I possess another little souvenir of that night. At table I noticed Chevalier de Martino, the marine artist of the Duke's Household, vigorously running a pencil on the back of his menu-card, and aware apparently of my interest, he had it passed round to me. It was a most beautiful sketch of the Royal train leaving Colombo, and I promptly sent it back to him to autograph. He did so readily and returned the card to me. I keep it still among my bric-à-brac.

On Monday their Royal Highnesses left Kandy

by a special train which left at noon, and took a little over three hours to reach Colombo. The farewell, a little tinged with regret, was just as cordial as the reception had been, and the enthusiasm, if anything more tremendous. The Ceylon Light Infantry, under Colonel (then Captain) Jonklaas, formed the guard of honour at the station, and the band played the National Anthem.

Only two halts were made on the run, and once more the party arrived in Colombo. The short drive to Queen's House was punctuated with thunderous cheers.

For the rest of that afternoon their Royal Highnesses were occupied in selecting and purchasing Ceylon gems and jewels, the leading jewellers in Colombo having sent cases of their brightest and most alluring handiwork. I remember I was called up to the Royal apartments; a rainbow stream of stones and gold poured into my hands, to be returned to the men waiting downstairs, the Duke and Duchess having kept back what they wished to purchase. It took me and the jewellers some time to sort out their respective lots.

Lord Wenlock, a former Governor of Madras, who was Lord-in-Waiting and Chief of the Household, gave me, before they left, a cheque for nearly £1,000 to meet the cost of the jewels that had caught the Royal fancy. Being a cheque on an English bank, the local houses charged a biggish commission, with the result that there was a shortage when it came to paying off, but the men readily accepted a *pro rata* deduction, an arrange-

ment that pleased Lord Wenlock very much when he received the vouchers.

The State Drive that followed was a superb spectacle. The route ran through the Pettah and Slave Island to Cinnamon Gardens, Colpetty and Galle Face, and every yard was lined with fruits and bunting. Both sides of the streets were packed with a dense and festive throng, and there was no mistaking the loyalty that lent to the blaze of colour a touch of warmth, making it symbolic of the affection with which Ceylon regards the Royal House.

The advance guard was composed of the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, and Sir West and Lady Ridgeway, with Captain Gooch and their body-guard, immediately preceded the Royal Barouche, drawn by four horses, of which the only occupant besides their Royal Highnesses was myself. On the left of the State Carriage rode Sir Francis Burdett with the resplendent uniform and caparison of the 17th Lancers, mounted on Lady Rupee, a spirited mare that had been taken off the race-course only a few days before, and was therefore a handful to manage in the packed thoroughfares through which we passed. The *aide* on the right was Captain Gordon Fraser of the Ceylon Light Infantry.

The rest of the cavalcade consisted of the ducal household, and included H.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck, brother to the Duchess, and now Earl of Athlone. A great friend of mine, I have met him several times in recent years, the last occasion being Ascot in 1920. The Rev. Canon Dalton, who had come out with the two Princes twenty

years earlier, was also one of the party of 1901.*

We made a brief halt at the turn from Main Street into St. John's Road to enable their Royal Highnesses to view the elaborate decorations at the Town Hall. I had arranged this with His Excellency the Governor on the earnest request of Mr. Robert Dunuwille, the Secretary of Council, as the route did not actually lie past the municipal building, but otherwise it was unusual for a Royal procession to stop at all, and some members of the entourage alighted and walked up from behind to see if there was anything amiss.

Subsequently, when we were passing "Alfred House," a young daughter of Lady de Soysa presented Her Royal Highness with a bouquet.

A particularly fine *pandal* marked the approach to Galle Face, and the scene, as the glittering pageant sparkled in the crimson rays of the dying sun, is unforgettable.

That night after dinner there was a magnificent reception at Queen's House. The ball-room had been rendered very beautiful with lilies and red roses, and the Duke was in naval evening dress. Since so large a gathering had assembled, I endeavoured through Lord Wenlock to arrange that, instead of everybody being individually presented, their Royal Highnesses should walk through queues, nodding this way and that, and talking when they chose. But the Duke was determined

* Canon Dalton is an uncle of Mr. Justice Dalton, of Ceylon. I called on him (in 1928) at his residence, The Cloisters, Windsor Castle, and found him hale and hearty.



[W & D. Downey

H.M. THE QUEEN.

to shake hands with all present, and the Duchess, who on this occasion wore the Order of Victoria and Albert and had a splendid diamond tiara in her hair, went through the ordeal gracefully. Captain Gooch called out the European and I the Ceylon names, and a disconcerting situation presented itself when a man with the decided appearance of an Easterner came up and I was unable to decipher the tiny Roman characters on his card. To permit any pause whatever in a ceremony of this nature is unspeakably bad form, and I got over my imperceptible confusion and called, "Mr. Brown!" "Mr. Brown" looked at me in surprise, and I said: "Pass on, please!" He then shook hands heartily with their Royal Highnesses, which after all was all that mattered to him, and passed on. But to this day I don't know who he was.

Anyhow, the reception did not drag for a second, and Lord Wenlock subsequently congratulated both Gooch and me on our conduct of the function.

A military tattoo and a pyrotechnic display followed, and it was a little after midnight when their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by His Excellency, put off for the *Ophir*. The Fort was one blaze of light, and the elaborate illuminations ashore and in the harbour shed a regretful radiance on the last scene of the most memorable Royal visit to Ceylon.

I cannot refrain from telling a story illustrative of our present King's great goodness of heart. Before leaving he sent for me to his chamber, and gave me a set of sleeve-links of gold and crystal, with the figures "1901" and the Royal Crest, each

being delicately cut into a crystal of the links from behind, and beautifully tinted in red, white, and blue. The Duchess waited outside, and as I came out said: "I hope you'll wear them sometimes and remember us."

CHAPTER VIII

THE POSTPONED CORONATION

THE coronation of King Edward had been fixed for June 27th, 1902, and early in the May of that year I sailed for England on the *Koenigen Louise*, Sir Christoffel (then Mr. S. C.) Obeyesekere travelling on the same boat for the same purpose. Arrived in London, Sir Christoffel was taken charge of by his son, who was then reading for the Bar, and I went into residence at Jones' Hotel, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Felix Dias was already in England on a holiday, and stayed with the Obeyesekeres at Bailey's Hotel, South Kensington.

I had hardly been forty-eight hours in London when a special messenger brought in this letter late in the evening to me at Suffolk Street:

YORK HOUSE,
ST. JAMES' PALACE, S.W.,
June 10, 1902.

DEAR MAHA MUDALIYAR,

I am desired by the Prince and Princess of Wales to invite you to luncheon here with Their Royal Highnesses tomorrow, Wednesday, 11th, at 2 o'clock.

Believe me,
Yours very truly,
(Signed) DEREK KEPPEL,
Equerry-in-Waiting.

I immediately intimated my acceptance of the invitation, but I could not help being surprised at receiving it, considering that hardly anybody as yet knew I was in London.

When I went to York House to keep the appointment, I was met in the sitting-room by one of the Ladies-in-Waiting, either Lady Mary Lygon or Lady Catherine Coke, both of whom had attended Her Royal Highness during the Ceylon visit.

Almost the first question she put to me was: "Do you know how you came to get your invitation to luncheon today?"

I said: "No; I don't!"

She then explained that Her Royal Highness and herself had been driving through the Haymarket the previous afternoon, when the Princess, catching sight of me, exclaimed, indicating my direction: "There goes my Ceylon friend! We must have him to luncheon tomorrow!"

I grasped the situation at once, for a Royal carriage *had* bowed past me in the Haymarket, and two heavily veiled ladies, whom I did not recognize, had bowed. I had acknowledged the greeting, and the simultaneous stares of the crowds at me, and their evident curiosity as to my identity, made me suspect that the two ladies had been great personages.

The luncheon was a private one, and I was the only guest. Their Royal Highnesses were most genial and hospitable, and recalled many incidents in connection with their visit to Ceylon in the previous year. The Prince made special enquiries

as to why Lord Fisher's brother had taken his life. I could only say that private disappointments following closely on public ones had proved too much for poor Fisher.

The Princess wore some pieces of the jewellery she had purchased in Colombo, and asked me whether I recognized them, which, of course, I did. After lunch all the Royal children came down, and I was introduced to them one by one.

Princess Mary was undoubtedly the most high-spirited of the lot, and persisted in making me a present of a toy duck. I returned it to her several times, and at last determined to put it in my pocket if she repeated the offer. I am sorry this did not happen, as I might have retained it as a valuable memento.

A few days before the 27th, the whole Empire learnt with regret of the King's illness, and the indefinite postponement of the Coronation ceremony caused many of the people who had come over from the Colonies to depart. Sir S. C. Obeyesekere was one of this number. With the late Mr. F. C. Loos and Dr. W. G. Rockwood and myself, he had been selected as one of Ceylon's accredited representatives (although we all went at our own expense), but as it turned out, he never saw that great chapter of English history. Subsequently the Coronation Gold Medals were cast, and presented to those of us who went to London, and the leading officials in Ceylon at the time.

King Edward made appendicitis a fashionable disease, and, just as people have limped and lisped and pretended to be blind or deaf in order to attain

social distinction of doubtful value in different ages, so appendicitis was the vogue for a decade. The psychological moment, however, at which the malady inflicted itself on the Royal person, and the gravity of the attack, tended to tinge the news with vague alarm, and the circumstances necessitating the postponement came as a great shock, not only to those immediately concerned, but to the whole Empire. I happened to have necessity to consult Sir William Broadbent, who was one of the most prominent medical men of his day and also Physician to His Majesty.

Sir William was in attendance on the King, and I was able to converse with him regarding His Majesty's health, which was of such interest to the nation. He told me that King Edward was rather inclined to be self-willed and careless in carrying out the instructions of his doctors.

When an operation was decided upon he is reported to have said: "Operation or no operation, I must have the Coronation" (*i.e.*, on June 27th, the original date). "Then, Sir," bluntly rejoined Sir Frederick Treves, "you will go as a corpse." His Majesty ultimately yielded to the persuasion of his medical advisers, and, as everybody knows, underwent a successful operation at the hands of that eminent surgeon. Whilst I was engaged on these reminiscences, Sir Frederick died at Lausanne in his seventieth year, after a most brilliant career. He had retired at fifty-five.

Meanwhile, on June the 25th, I was agreeably surprised to receive the following letter:

CHANCERY OF THE ORDER OF
ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE,
DOWNING STREET,
June 25th, 1902.

SIR,

I have the honour, by command of the King, to inform you that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to give directions for your appointment to be a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

You will receive His Majesty's Warrant and the Insignia in due course.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
(*Signed*) ROBERT W. HERBERT,
Chancellor.

This was followed by a letter from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies:

COLONIAL OFFICE,
June 26th, 1902.

DEAR MR. BANDARANAIKE,

I have much pleasure in informing you that the King has been pleased to accept my recommendation of your name for the Honour of the Companionship of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, and I desire at the same time to express the pleasure I have had in recognizing the high position which you hold in Ceylon and the manner in which you have filled it.

Yours very faithfully,
(*Signed*) J. CHAMBERLAIN.

Congratulations poured on me from all quarters. Reuter conveyed the news by cable to Ceylon and

all sections of the Press sounded a chorus of approval. There was not a single dissonant note throughout the island.

His Majesty made a good recovery, and the Coronation took place on August 11th. King Edward was very pale and still not entirely rid of the after-effects of his indisposition, of which the presence of the nurses who had attended him, driving in State carriages in their attractive uniforms, was a realistic reminder.

The ceremony itself was gorgeous and baffles description, nor will I attempt to depict the amazing decorations and Dominion arches in the streets, where the populace exhibited wonderful devotion. In his Coronation attire the King introduced the innovation of a cape, whereon, among other emblems, a golden lotus symbolized India. Thus His Majesty carried one step further the tradition inaugurated by his great mother when she added to the royal titles that of "Empress of India."

When the celebrations were over, and I had paid a round of calls, I crossed the Channel to Paris, and went on from there to spend a few days at the Roman villa of my sister, Mrs. Roversi. No one who sees the Eternal City forgets it, just as no one who drinks Nile water fails to return. The Borgias and Julius Cæsar, Tiberius and the Antonii, still spiritualize with their greatness and their grossness the circumambient atmosphere, and one cannot help feeling that the Mussolinis and D'Annunzios of these latter days are the logical outcome of a decadent state of things.

To modern Italy the greatness of the past is not dead but merely dormant. Yet the centuries of Northern predominance, Gaul, Norman, and Saxon, have rendered this glory elusive and difficult to recapture. No more wonderful, therefore, than that Etna should occasionally erupt, are the occasional outbursts that bubble in Latin blood.

From Rome I proceeded to Naples, whither my sister and Signor Roversi accompanied me, and caught my boat, a Hamburg-Amerika liner, the s.s. *Hamburg*, in which my *fidus Achates* on this trip, Davitha, had come round through the Bay. A pair of English hackneys I had bought in London followed me out in a Clan liner from Liverpool, and I do not think Ceylon had ever seen such superb steppers as Lord and Lady Piccadilly. The mare died early, but the noble Lord lived to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate* till just a few years ago.

The voyage was not marked by incident, but on arrival in Colombo on September 21st, the ship's company were quite justified in believing that they had entertained an angel unawares. For my countrymen had arranged an unexpectedly brilliant reception that was unprecedented in unanimity of sentiment alone. If I could say so without seeming egotistic, I would say it was an almost Royal welcome, and my fellow-passengers, including, by the way, a Siamese Minister, enquired (from everybody but the august personage himself, of course) whether I was a Prince! Naturally they did not know that Princes had suffered a slump in Ceylon since 1815 or thereabouts, and that Raja Sinha's

descendants draw only a lordly hundred or so a year in lieu of the uneasiness that goes with a crown.

His Excellency the Governor had placed the Governor's Barge at my disposal, and quite a State reception was accorded me as I stepped on to the jetty and was greeted by a gathering numbering several thousands. The fine band of the Gloucester Regiment under Professor Small had been specially engaged for the occasion, and my Lascareens also paraded with their music.

Just outside the jetty a triumphal arch had been erected with life-size portraits of myself prominently displayed. An illuminated address which was presented to me on landing by the chiefs, and read in their name by Gate Mudaliyar J. A. Abeyesekere, was as follows :

"To Don Solomon Dias Abeyewickreme Jayatilleke Senewiratne Rajakumarun Kadukeralu Bandaranaike, C.M.G., Maha Mudaliyar and Native A.D.C. to H.E. the Governor."

"DEAR SIR,

"We have met here today to welcome you back to your Country and to your kinsfolk and friends after your absence from us in England for the great national event that we have all so recently celebrated.

"We wish first of all to congratulate you on the great distinction which His Majesty our King has conferred on you by your admission into the Order of St. Michael and St. George as Companion. The bestowal of this distinction, except in rare cases, has always been the reward of long and meritorious

work in the Public Service, and it is therefore to us a source of much pride and satisfaction that you should have been selected for such an honour at so early a stage in your public career, as an augury of what is yet in store for you. As a reward of that manly and conscientious discharge of duty so pre-eminently characteristic of you, we look upon this initial advancement of yours with feelings of much hope and the utmost pleasure.

“That you will prove yourself worthy of higher honours at His Majesty’s hands we, who know you so intimately and so well, have not the smallest doubt.

“We wish also to assure you that we have followed your progress in England during the recent national festivities with the keenest interest, and have taken no little pride in ourselves in the special attention that has been paid to you, both by Royalty and the English aristocracy. That a worthy scion of one of our greatest houses should have been accorded such distinctive social acknowledgments of his worth and position is far too flattering to our own feelings to permit of our passing them by without mention.

“In conclusion, let us be permitted to extend to you our most cordial welcome as our social leader, and to express our hope that both you and your wife will be long spared to fill the leading position among us, which it is our delight to acknowledge you both fill now so worthily.

“Wishing you and your family long life and prosperity,

“We beg to remain,

“Your devoted friends and fellow-workers :

J. David Perera, Mudaliyar, Governor’s Gate ;

J. A. Abeyesekere, Mudaliyar, Governor’s

Gate; J. Francis Perera, Mudaliyar; Henry A. Perera, Mudaliyar; J. Louis Pieris, Mudaliyar, Governor's Gate; Philip Perera, Mudaliyar, Governor's Gate; Simon de Silva, Mudaliyar, Governor's Gate; J. Louis Perera, Mudaliyar; T. Sanmukam, "Devon House"; John L. Perera, Proctor; H. W. D. Bandaranayake, Mudaliyar; J. V. G. Jayewardene, Mudaliyar; J. Henry Perera, Kuruwe Street; A. L. Dassanaïke, Mudaliyar; W. N. S. Aserappu, Advocate; H. A. Pieris, Mudaliyar; J. A. Wiresinghe, Mudaliyar; R. S. Wijeysekere, Mudaliyar; J. E. de Silva, President, V.T.; D. D. H. Perera, President, V.T.; T. A. Wijayasekere, President, V.T.; J. G. G. Abeyesinghe, Mudaliyar; D. J. Wanigesuriya, Mudaliyar; D. E. W. Abeyaratne, Mudaliyar; S. R. de Fonseka, Mudaliyar; H. W. Kannaugara, Mudaliyar; F. Fonseka, Mudaliyar; Edwin de Livera; James Samaradiwakara; J. Andrew Perera, Mohandiram, Governor's Gate; Edward Perera; Sam E. Perera, Mohandiram, Governor's Gate; C. P. D. Bandaranayake, Mohandiram, Governor's Gate; John Perera, Mohandiram; Louis de Livera, Mohandiram; D. G. Pieris, Mohandiram, Governor's Gate; J. V. Atapattu, Mohandiram; Godwin de Livera, Mohandiram; D. J. Wijeratne, Mohandiram; and M. P. Rodrigo."

When I had replied to this, an address in Sinhalese, signed by several representative members of the general public, was read, of which a translation reads as follows :

“ To Don Solomon Dias Abeyewickreme Jayatilleke Senewiratne Rajakumarin Kadukerahu Bandaranaike, C.M.G., J.P., Maha Mudaliyar of Ceylon.

“ RESPECTED SIR,

“ On this occasion of your safe return to your native Country, our beautiful Island, we, the undersigned, beg respectfully to offer you, for ourselves and on behalf of the general public, a most cordial and hearty welcome.

“ We feel it our duty, in the first place, to lay at the feet of His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. and the Royal Family our loyal and humble tribute of gratitude for honouring you, on whom devolved the important duty of representing the public of Ceylon at the recent coronation of Their Majesties the King and Queen of England, with the distinction of a Companionship of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

“ We cannot omit to mention here the fact that the public hasten to acknowledge your claim upon their praise and affectionate regard for the signal success and courage with which you, as a Sinhalese, have represented them in the most distinguished Royal assemblies, detaining yourself in England, at the cost of much personal inconvenience and expense to yourself, for the deferred date of the Coronation, after the ceremony had been once postponed and the conferring of honours on you finished, when you were at full liberty to start on your return voyage. This the public look upon as a circumstance that does you immense credit, and one of which the public of Ceylon are justly proud ; which contributes to their joy, which is well worthy of record in the Island's history.

“We certainly do not think that anyone could say that your statue will not yet come to be erected in Ceylon in commemoration of the fact that you were the first Sinhalese to receive the proud distinction of the C.M.G., and that, too, in one of the principal Palaces of the world and at the Royal hands, and thus to secure honour for the Sinhalese nation. This we regard as the due reward of justice and fair play which invariably characterize all your dealings, into which considerations of caste, creed or colour are never allowed to enter.

“The wide prevalence of the opinion that, although there have been several Maha Mudaliyars in Ceylon from time to time, yet you are the only incumbent of that office who has succeeded in winning the favours of Kings and Emperors and enjoying the confidence of the public in general and the Sinhalese in particular, and that your example is well worthy of imitation by your successors in office, has been but the outcome of the recognition of your noble virtues in the Palaces of Kings over the . . . ‘clear to us as the shining sun’; we beg to offer you our humble and heartfelt congratulations on your well-merited elevation.

“In conclusion, while expressing our obligation to respect you in every way and remember you gratefully throughout our lives for the great honour you have secured to Ceylon, we pray that, in the beautiful garden of Lanka, the mighty tree of Maha Mudaliyar, associated with by the gigantic trees of nobility; twisted round by the creeper of beloved spouse; emitting the fragrance of good qualities from the flowers of fame; affording shelter to the weary under the shade of kindness; yielding fruits of justice; attended by the bees of good men; nursed by the pure water of goodwill of the public, and vitalized by the vigorous plants of promising

Sons and Daughters, may grow for centuries to come.

“ We are, respected Sir,

“ Philip Perera, Gate Mudaliyar ; J. W. C. de Soyza, Gate Mudaliyar ; J. A. Abeyesekere, Gate Mudaliyar ; Simon de Silva, Gate Mudaliyar ; Chas. de Silva, Gate Mudaliyar ; T. Sammukam, J.P. ; Francis Perera, Mudaliyar ; Henry Perera, Mudaliyar ; Walter Dias Bandaranayake, Mudaliyar ; L. A. Dassanaike, Mudaliyar ; H. A. Pieris, Mudaliyar ; H. W. D. Bandaranayake, Mudaliyar ; J. V. G. Jayawardene, Mudaliyar ; J. A. Wijetunge, Mudaliyar ; J. F. Perera, Mudaliyar ; J. A. Weerasinghe, Mudaliyar ; S. T. Gunewardene, Mudaliyar ; R. Wijeyesekere, Mudaliyar ; F. de Fonseka Abeyesekere Gunaratne, Mudaliyar ; A. Mendis Gunasekera, Mudaliyar ; D. J. A. Weerasinghe, Mudaliyar ; D. D. H. Perera, Mudaliyar ; W. F. Gunawardhana, Mudaliyar ; Harry Casie Chetty, Mudaliyar ; D. S. Senanayeka, Mudaliyar ; D. S. Jayetileke, Mudaliyar ; Peter Dias Bandaranayake, Gate Mohandiram ; John Edward de Silva, Gate Mohandiram ; S. E. Perera, Gate Mohandiram ; H. Don Carolis Wijeyagoonewardenatna, Mohandiram ; S. P. Dharmagoonewardenatna, Mohandiram ; J. V. Atapattu, Mohandiram ; H. P. F. Wimalagoonewardenatna, Mohandiram ; A. S. F. Jayesekere Dharmasiriwardene, Mohandiram ; N. S. F. W. Wijeyesekere, Mohandiram ; A. S. F. Wijegooneratanatna, Mohandiram ; G. H. Perera, Editor *Dinakara* ; C. Don Bastian, Editor *Dinapatta* ; W. Stephen de Silva, Editor *Samaya* ; John de Silva, Proctor ; James Samaradiwakara ; C. P. Goonewardene ; H. B. Perera ; Carimjee Jafferjee ; S. Thomas

Perera ; M. L. M. Zainudeen ; B. Baron Perera ; W. D. Thepanis ; Andris Silva. (The Committee.)”

Both sides of the route from the pier to my residence bore visible signs of a very warm welcome, and that evening my wife held a reception at “Elie House,” when a large and distinguished gathering assembled. It was long past midnight when the party broke up.

On the next day the leading morning paper of that period published the following editorial comment :

“We extend a hearty welcome to the Maha Mudaliyar, Don Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, C.M.G., who returned to this Colony on Saturday night, and made a triumphal landing at 9.30 a.m. yesterday. We are glad to be in a position to state that the Maha Mudaliyar has returned in the best of health. It will be remembered that he was not looking at all well when he went to England as one of the official representatives of this Colony at the coronation of King Edward VII., early in May last. During the pleasant months spent in England, the Maha Mudaliyar consulted Sir William Broadbent, one of the physicians to H.M. the King, and we are glad to state that he has benefited considerably by the treatment he underwent. We detail elsewhere an interesting conversation which the Maha Mudaliyar had with one of our representatives on board the *Hamburg*, prior to landing. The Maha Mudaliyar could not be drawn into entering into anything like detail about his impressions of the Coronation. There was the King’s illness, attributed at first to a sensational scare on the part of the cheaper section

of the London press in quest of the nimble half-penny, followed by stupefaction and dismay when official confirmation was received of the intelligence, succeeded by alternating hopes and fears. Then came the gracious interlude when our guest had the honour of being invited to York House as the guest of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and was introduced to the important personages who are still affectionately referred to as 'the York children.'

"Future history may recall the impression which the Maha Mudaliyar made upon the future King of England and his brothers and sisters—it is no province of ours to intrude upon that scene of happy domesticity. The Maha was a frequent visitor at York House, and renewed the very pleasant acquaintance which he made with members of the Prince of Wales' Staff when they visited Ceylon in the spring of 1901. The publication of the Coronation honours held one surprise in store for this distinguished representative of the Sinhalese nation. The first intimation he had of the honour conferred upon him was through a newspaper source. The Maha opened his morning paper, first to apprise himself of the latest news concerning the King's health, and then curiosity prompted him to run his eye down the columns to see if any distinctions had been awarded to Ceylon, and he was agreeably surprised to find his own name figuring amongst those upon whom had been conferred a Companionship of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. May the motto of that most distinguished Order, *Auspicium melioris ævi* (A pledge of better times) be literally fulfilled in the future career of this distinguished Sinhalese gentleman. The Maha Mudaliyar waited for the Coronation, and was impressed by the order and deep solemnity

which everywhere prevailed on August 9th. It was a day of stirring emotion—the expression of a nation's thankfulness upon mercifully receiving back the life of their precious Monarch.

“Before distinctions pressed thickly upon him, the Maha Mudaliyar was known as the ‘Sporting Mudaliyar,’ and no allusion to him would be complete without a reference to his sporting proclivities, and particularly his well-known love of horses. It may not be generally known, but it is significant of the man whose career has filled the hearts of his countrymen with so much pride, that when he takes up a thing he does it thoroughly. ‘The Maha Mudaliyar is a practical believer in the trite wisdom, ‘Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.’ It may not be generally known, as we said before, that in his passion for horses the Maha has mastered all the intricacies of veterinarian lore, and can discuss technicalities and the science connected with the treatment of horses in a manner which might arouse a professional veterinary surgeon to envy. The Maha was keen upon gratifying his instincts in this direction, and during some of his leisure moments attended some of the horse sales in connection with Mr. Burdett-Coutts’ establishment and some of the Shows in the neighbourhood of London, with the result that he picked up a pair of beautiful hackneys, whose pedigree will be found in the Stud Book, the vade-mecum of the equine enthusiast. The Maha Mudaliyar was too late to attend the Dublin Horse Show, and after a brief visit to Paris, Rome and Naples, doing all the sights of those wondrous cities, partly in the company of his sister, Signora Roversi, whose lovely home in Rome he found time to visit, he joined his ship at the famed Neapolitan port, and after an uneventful voyage, only marked by the unpleasantness of unprecedented

heat in the Red Sea and choppy weather in the Indian Ocean, he returned to his native land on Saturday. His return had been anticipated, and great preparations, colossal in their magnitude and hurried in their execution, had been made to accord the 'first Sinhalese gentleman' a welcome befitting in its extent and heartiness the status and added distinction of the Maha Mudaliyar. The news of the conferment of a C.M.G. upon the Maha Mudaliyar had been received with pleasure and satisfaction by all communities in Ceylon, and especially by all sections of the Sinhalese nation. Telegrams and letters of congratulation had in part prepared the Maha Mudaliyar for the enthusiastic reception which was to await his return to Ceylon in September. They conveyed but a faint indication of the heartiness, the enthusiasm and the unanimity evinced. The Maha had a great and grand reception on landing at the jetty yesterday. . . . It may be asked, Why so much enthusiasm over the return of a native gentleman? The answer is simple. The Maha Mudaliyar represents in his person and rank the highest embodiment of Sinhalese refinement and culture. He comes of a distinguished family. The name of Bandaranaike is as a precious heritage to Ceylon. His ancestors have all been distinguished for loyal and efficient services to the Raj. The Bandaranaike family have for centuries been equally distinguished for qualities which go towards the making of a great nation. Rich, benevolent, simple in their habits, select in their tastes, sincere and unselfish in all their undertakings, the Bandaranaike family have exerted an influence upon the Sinhalese nation and upon the diverse communities existing in this island which has made for goodness and progress. These qualities appear to have been hereditarily transmitted in full measure to the present head of the

family, Don Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, C.M.G., Maha Mudaliyar, Native A.D.C. to the Governor, whose rise has been as rapid as his whole career has been romantic. During the years he has held office as Maha Mudaliyar, Don Solomon has fully supported and carried out the traditions of his illustrious family. He has used his great position with a single eye to the benefit of the Sinhalese nation. His influence has been quietly and unostentatiously exerted towards welding together divisions in the ranks of his countrymen, which were so unhappily marked when he assumed office. We well remember the fears expressed by the timorous as to whether Sir Arthur Havelock had not bequeathed a very doubtful legacy to Ceylon when he appointed, as one of his final acts, so young a man as Maha Mudaliyar. There were others who were anxious to make a caste question of it. There are always some people who as a last resource have recourse to the despairing refuge of caste prejudices. But the Maha Mudaliyar, all credit to his name, has risen superior to all the blandishments of this hateful system. His career has been distinguished by uprightness, integrity and thorough impartiality. He owes the remarkable hold which he possesses upon the hearts of his countrymen to the exercise of these qualities. On behalf of the whole Sinhalese nation, for whom we claim the right to speak, we extend to the Maha Mudaliyar a most cordial welcome home, praying that his present health and strength may be maintained for years to come, and that he may continue to use his great influence for the benefit of all his countrymen, who are wont to look up to him as their guide and helper, and have never yet been known to look in vain."

It is not without interest at this date to recall the fact that my last public appearance in Ceylon

previous to this was early in the same year when I answered a police summons for an alleged breach of the rules of the road when driving. I went down to the Municipal Court in person and defended myself, but was fined five rupees, a sentence characterized by the Press as "stupid and perverse." When I appealed, the sentence was quashed, the fine remitted, and a homily on common sense addressed to the police by the Acting Chief Justice of the day!

It was later in the same year I had occasion to visit Kandy, and received a reception that in cordiality, spontaneity and brilliance, was equal to anything that had come my way in the low country. Few things could better have shown how completely we are one people—Sinhalese—instead of, as people would try to make out now, two distinct peoples, the absurd outcome of the mischief of hare-brained agitators and alarmists. The topography of the country compelled some people to dwell in the valleys, some on the hills. How can that have changed our blood?

The poison had not even begun to do its evil work in 1902, and the fact that it was my first visit to that part of the island since I had been decorated inspired the Kandyans to arrange a magnificent demonstration. No sooner had I alighted at the railway station, than a host of chiefs were presented to me, and subsequently I was conducted in a procession of elephants to the Queen's. In the early afternoon, I presided and gave away the prizes at the Dharmaraja College prize-giving a function at which Sir Christoffel also spoke.

From Dharmaraja I drove down to the Town Hall, to find a large and distinguished assembly awaiting me, including dear old C. B. Nugawela Dewa Nilame, and representatives of all communities. A leading Kandyan chief, on behalf of his fellow-chiefs and all residents in the Province, presented me with an illuminated address in Sinhalese and a massive gold ring, and I well recall J. H. Sproule subsequently reading out an English rendering of the address. My health was toasted in champagne, and all was most convivial.

At night the day's tradition was maintained when Ratwatte Basnayeke Nilame gave a banquet in my honour at Ratwatte Walauwa, inviting only a select number of friends.

The Kelani Valley Railway extension to Avissawella was opened in this year, and Sir West, when he went down to perform the time-honoured ceremony, was entertained to a sumptuous luncheon by the planters and other prominent gentlemen. One of the pioneer planters, Mr. William Forsythe, was a conspicuous figure, and one of the most interesting characters present was a Welshman named Dawkin who had earned a great reputation for his witty and caustic remarks on men and matters. He sat opposite me, and I understand the butler had strict instructions not to serve him with more than a limited ration of beer. I strongly suspect that he got more by brow-beating the waiters, and when Mr. Im Thurn was delivering one of the many magnificent speeches of that afternoon, Dawkin, who had never seen him before (and had probably never heard of him!) enquired who

the speaker was. On being enlightened, he exclaimed in a loud tone, "What! Interned!" to the embarrassment of those immediately around him.

This same individual was one of many others who attended a brilliant and lively farewell dinner at the Galle Face Hotel to the Ceylon Contingent that left for the Boer War, and he was again placed opposite me. I did not relish the task that was given me of keeping an eye on him, and while His Lordship the Bishop was toasting the Contingent, the Welshman uttered an admonition that will not bear repeating.

Dawkin was a very genial man and well liked in planting circles; he died a few years ago after he had retired from Ceylon.

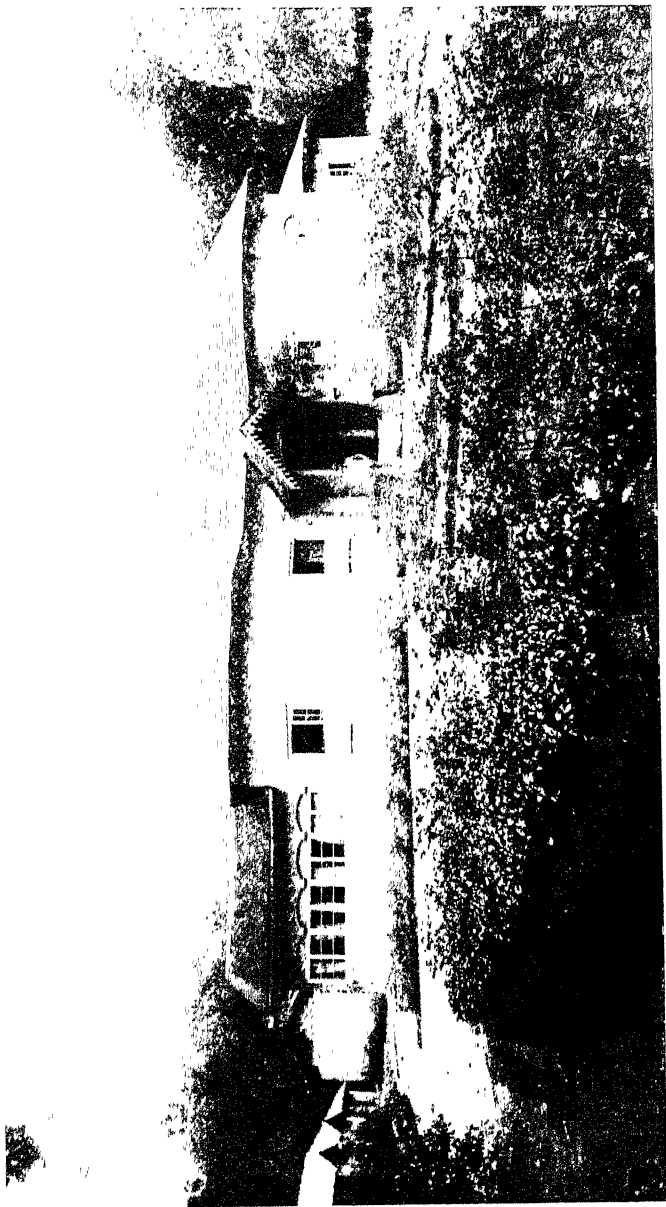
CHAPTER IX

HOME AGAIN

EARLY in 1903 I returned to my ancestral home, having reluctantly been compelled to relinquish occupation of "Elie House." "Elie House" was one of the great historic houses of Ceylon built by Philip Anstruther, Colonial Secretary in the early thirties, and occupied in turn by John Rodney, Charles Ambrose Lorenz, Captain Bayley, and the Rajapakses, but the materialistic demands of a utilitarian age doomed it to a watery grave, and I was the last occupant before the Government acquired the property for the purposes of building a reservoir.

It stood in a splendid position, as anyone who walks in the Park today can see, and the structure itself, of which not a vestige remains, consisted of a solid building with twin towers that gave a unique view of the harbour and docks. To this was attached ten or fifteen acres planted with choice fruit and timber trees especially imported by old Philip Anstruther. Verily, today not one stone is left standing on another.

By this time certain important and necessary alterations had been made at Horagolla, and I had about a year previously acquired "Broomfield,"



BROOMFIELD : MY HILL STATION COTTAGE AT NUWARA ELLIYA.

my Nuwara Eliya residence, standing in about twenty acres, from the Right Rev. R. S. Copleston, one time Bishop of Colombo, and later Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India, who died recently.

“Broomfield” is one of the oldest places in Nuwara Eliya, and has a clerical history coming down from the Reverend — Oakley and the Reverend — Ellis.

In the same year, too, there was unveiled at St. Thomas’ College an oil-painting of Warden Miller which I presented to the College Library on behalf of a large number of Old Boys. His Excellency the Governor was present.

Sir West’s extension was now nearing its end, and he spent his last months on a farewell tour. Sir Francis Burdett and myself attended him in his visit to Anuradhapura in October. The railway had not gone so far then, and from Talawa we drove in His Excellency’s barouche, drawn by a pair of my horses. The weather was very unpropitious and trying for the animals, but the late Mr. L. W. Booth, Agent in the North Central Province at that time, saw that the arrangements went off without a hitch.

Sir West’s last social exertion in this island was his visit to my home. On November 10th, 1903, attended by Captain Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Richard Ponsonby, he came up by a special train from Fort, and I met them at the station, whence we drove in a landau along three decorated miles lined by holiday crowds to the *walanwa*. After tea we drove out a bit along the old Colombo

Road to give His Excellency a topographical impression of the place, and the evening was spent very pleasantly. After dinner, to which we had a small party, His Excellency left for Colombo.

Eight days later, after a régime of nearly eight years, Sir West sailed away in the *Staffordshire* with Lady Ridgeway and their daughter, and the country bade them a very cordial farewell. Dr. (Sir Allan) Perry, Sir Francis, Mr. Richard Ponsonby, and myself accompanied them on board.

Dated from the Athenæum I subsequently received the following letter :

PALL MALL, S.W.

DEAR MAHA MUDALIYAR,

I am not sure whether before leaving I carried out my intention of thanking you in writing, as I had done already personally, for the excellent work which you did for me during the time I was Governor of Ceylon.

I naturally sought and attached much weight to your advice in all matters affecting Native Society, and it was invariably given wisely and impartially, especially so in the delicate question of the distribution of honours.

You have indeed given very valuable assistance and loyal co-operation, and your services have been justly recognized by the King. I hope that further honours are in store for you, and if I can be of any use to you in this or any other way, please command me.

With kind remembrances to Madame Bandaranaike.

I am, etc.,

WEST RIDGEWAY.

The interregnum elapsed in a fortnight on the arrival of Sir Henry and Lady Blake, attended by Captain Sir John Keane. The Blakes were in Ceylon for hardly four years, but they entertained lavishly, and several notabilities visited Queen's House in their time.

Early in January, 1904, H.R.H. Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein arrived in Colombo, attended by the Hon. Alexander Yorke as Equerry and the Hon. Mary Hughes as Lady-in-Waiting, and was the guest of their Excellencies during her stay in the island, which was entirely due to her friendship with them. Twice again before the end of the Blake régime, Princess Louise came to Ceylon, in 1905 and 1906.

It was during Her Royal Highness' first visit that the presentation of the Maldivian tribute took place at Kandy, as it has never done before, I think, or since, and this unprecedented circumstance gave the residents of the hill capital an opportunity to witness the quaint procession and curious ceremonial. The Princess and her party were also interested spectators at the presentation.

One evening during the stay of Princess Louise at Kandy we had a musical entertainment, and several local amateurs contributed songs and piano-forte solos. One well-known lady who had rendered a song that was much appreciated was asked later to treat the company with another. She, however, requested to be allowed to make a recitation instead, and Her Royal Highness graciously assented. The lady started very vivaciously and demonstratively, but had not gone far when she came to the words,

“*Grinding! Grinding!*” to which she suited the action, and came to an abrupt termination, apologized for having forgotten the rest, and disappeared incontinently from the centre of things.

I do not envy her her subsequent feelings, but as the lady is still with us today it might possibly compensate her somewhat to learn that Her Royal Highness still retains a vivid recollection of the *faux pas*. Recently when I was on a visit to England, the Princess recalled the incident, and laughed heartily over it.

Her Royal Highness spent much of her time in Ceylon, in Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, and visited a large number of the historic temples in the neighbourhood. On the eve of her departure the Princess was entertained at a very well-attended and splendid At Home at the King's Pavilion, at which I was present as a member of the house-party. Toward the close of the function the gathering repaired to the flower garden, where Her Royal Highness was invited to plant two pink temple-flower trees in commemoration of her pleasant sojourn in this country. In handing her a silver spade of exquisite workmanship to perform the task, His Excellency said :

“Your Highness, I ask you to accept this spade, designed by my wife, and with it to plant two trees of your favourite flower in commemoration of Your Highness' visit to Ceylon, a visit all too short, but during which you have seen more of Ceylon and its people than any member of your Royal House—a visit that will long be remembered by those who

have had the good fortune to meet Your Highness. These two will be known as Princess Louise's trees, and as they will grow and flourish and in years to come carpet the grass with their beautiful and fragrant flowers, so I pray that God may spare Your Highness for many happy years to shed around you the beauty and fragrance of your gracious presence."

Such an exceedingly pretty speech, and one so eminently suitable to the occasion, naturally affected Her Royal Highness very deeply, and I make no apologies for reproducing it here.

Miss Edith Keane, an aunt of Sir John Keane, who was a guest at Queen's House, spent a week with us at about this time, and her nephew also stayed a day or two before he escorted her back to Colombo.

Our former Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, also landed on his way to England from Tasmania with Lady Havelock. Sir Arthur had been Governor of Madras before going as Governor of Tasmania, but failing health compelled him to retire, and when Captain the Hon. Myles Ponsonby and myself went on board to bring him and Lady Havelock ashore, I noticed how remarkably frail he had become. On landing from the State Barge, several of their friends met them, but Ponsonby and myself were considerably perturbed to find that the State Carriage had not arrived. As luck would have it, my four-wheeled dog-cart in which I had driven up was still waiting, and I drove the Havelocks to Queen's House. It was the only thing to do in the circumstances, for it was later discovered that the order

had not been delivered to the coachman, but I don't think that drive was a comfortable one to any of us. Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock continued their voyage next day.

Towards the close of the year the Duchess of St. Albans, sister to Lady Blake, arrived in the island in the company of Sir Henry and Lady Blake, who were returning to the island after a three months' holiday in England. Captain H. R. Phipps, A.D.C., and the Hon. T. McClintoch-Bunbury, P.S., arrived with their Excellencies. On one occasion Her Grace, with their Excellencies, called at Horagolla on their way from Kandy to Colombo, after they had been considerably delayed by serious trouble with their car somewhere near Ambepussa.

Lady Blake and the Duchess were daughters of that former M.P., Ralph Bernal Osborne, who was well known for his independence and fearlessness. I remember a little incident that was related to me of how he one day absent-mindedly addressed the House as "Gentlemen!"

"Order! Order!" called Mr. Speaker.

"I apologize to the House!" flashed back Osborne. "*I thought* they were all gentlemen!"

The servants at Queen's House had been instructed to address her as "Your Grace," but some of them unwittingly dropped the pronoun, and it was a case of Grace before and after everything. Grace, as it happened, was the Duchess' name, but she was of such a disposition that even had she noticed the omission, she would have appreciated the humour of the situation as much as anybody



[Platé Ltd

SIR HENRY ARTHUR BLAKE, G.C.M.G., GOVERNOR OF
CEYLON (1903-1907).

else, instead of resenting the apparent lack of grace on the part of the servants.

The Duchess' home in Ireland is at Newton Anner, Clonmel, and she has a beautiful London mansion, where I met many delightful people.

In the midst of these numerous engagements I was visited with a grave domestic anxiety when my son, in June, 1905, had a serious illness. He was taken down to Colombo, where the skilful treatment of Dr. Aldo Castellani,* assisted by Dr. David Rockwood and Dr. R. Saravanamuttu, resulted in his ultimate recovery. For nearly a month at this period we stayed in Colpetty to give the child the benefit of a change.

On one occasion I received a State telegram asking me to come up to Nuwara Eliya on receipt thereof, and, on arriving at Queen's Cottage, found Sir Henry very perturbed over the loss of his despatch box, containing not only important official documents but also certain trinkets and curios His Excellency valued very much.

The box, it appeared, had been lost in the course of a railway journey, chiefly through the carelessness of the Staff peons who were in charge, and even the ever-faithful John Arachchi was for the time being in Sir Henry's black books.

I had hardly been on the spot two hours when the lost box was recovered. It was found forced open and thrown on the side of the railway line, but practically nothing was missing excepting a few of the trinkets.

I laughingly explained to His Excellency that

* Now Sir Aldo Castellani, K.C.M.G.

the thief or thieves must have mistaken the case as belonging to a Ratemahatmaya, and thought it contained untold wealth, as the legend on the outside ran: HENRY A. BLAKE, R.M.

Sir Henry had been a Resident Magistrate in Ireland many years before !

Sir Henry Blake will go down to history pre-eminently as our "Agricultural Governor." The Board of Agriculture, first constituted during his régime, was entirely his conception, and the big Rubber Exhibition in 1906 at Peradeniya owed a great deal of its stupendous success to his warm and abiding personal interest. That show was, of course, one of the most elaborate of the kind ever attempted in the East, and competitors entered from the Straits and Malaya, India, the Dutch Indies, England, and also the United States. The venue of the show was the Grand Circle in the Botanic Gardens, which lent itself admirably to an ornamental lay-out, and, quite apart from the commercial aspect, the attractive arrangements provided a first-class excursion for hundreds of people. His Excellency, sometimes at very great personal inconvenience, attended practically every one of the meetings of the Committee which had charge of the arrangements, and in very many difficulties the adoption of his advice proved exceedingly profitable and valuable. On September 13th Sir Henry and Lady Blake drove down in state from the King's Pavilion, attended by their entire Staff, including myself, and declared the Exhibition open. It continued for a fortnight.

At about this time of the Blake régime the Duke

and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Patricia, spent a few days in Ceylon, staying principally at the King's Pavilion, where I also stayed on duty throughout their visit. On one occasion the Duchess and Princess Pat, with Sir Henry and his daughter, Mrs. Arbuthnot, and some of the Royal Party, went on a visit to Sigiri, but had the misfortune when half-way up the rock to disturb a hive of bees. Notoriously no respecters of persons, the bees made a ferocious attack on the party, and the descent had to be made under cover of mosquito-netting requisitioned from the Rest-house. F. Bowes, of the Civil Service, was also one of the party.

Lady Blake and myself had remained in Kandy, where we received news of this apiary *lèse majesté* by telegraph, and we were prepared with all the necessary medicines and palliatives when the party returned, stung to very bitterness.

The Duke himself had meanwhile had a rather unnerving experience. His Royal Highness had been prevented from going to Sigiri through another engagement at Diyatalawa, for which station he left the previous night by special train on a tour of inspection. The railway station-master at Hatton, the late Mudaliyar Spencer Casie-Chatty, deemed it incumbent on him to display his loyalty to the reigning House, and had placed a number of detonators on the lines to act as a sort of Royal salute.

The "special" passed the spot well after midnight, and the explosions as it dashed on naturally caused great consternation among those on board,

the train officers being so alarmed that the train itself was pulled up to a halt, the journey being resumed only when guard and driver felt assured that no assassination had been attempted!

Spencer Casie-Chatty, when called upon to explain why he had not first sought permission for this *tamasha*, and to show cause why he should not be punished for his conduct in disturbing the slumbers of those on the "special," submitted that he regretted the incident very much, but he did not consider it necessary to obtain anybody's permission to show his loyalty to the Royal House! He was honourably acquitted.

Their Royal Highnesses, when they left shortly afterwards, made me a present of their autographed portraits.

Very shortly afterwards, in the third week of May, the King of Cambodia arrived in Colombo, and I was deputed to go and meet His Majesty as a representative of His Excellency. In addition to his personal Staff the King was attended by a number of high French officials, and on boarding the vessel I was received in state and escorted to the Royal presence. The King greeted me cordially in the luxuriously fitted cabin that served him as a drawing-room, and I conveyed to him Sir Henry's message of welcome. After the formalities, I was ushered by the French officials in attendance to a stateroom where champagne was served *ad lib.*, and the toasts of King Edward VII. and the Governor most courteously pledged, and I in return gave the toasts of H.M. the King of Cambodia and the French Republic. The King

and his suite later landed, and went to Kandy by special train to visit the Maligawa and inspect the town, returning to Colombo in the evening.

There were a large number of Cambodian dancing-girls on board, and that evening some fifty of them came ashore, and in the ball-room of Queen's House gave a display of their graceful art. The King of Cambodia and his daughter, who were accommodated on a dais, appeared to enjoy the entertainment quite as much as those of us who were privileged then to witness it for the first time, and I retain lively recollections of that pleasant evening. The visitors embarked that night, and passed through again on their return in August. Subsequently I was decorated with the Royal Order of Merit, Cambodia.

Of the minor Royalties who honoured the island during the Blake régime, I must not omit to mention Prince Ferdinand of Italy, who was a guest at the King's Pavilion, where I was in attendance, for two or three days; nor Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Prince George of Greece, who arrived together, and whom I met at dinner in Queen's House. Prince George was one of the party that came with the Tsarevitch in 1890, and I had come to know him very well. He was a fine type of man—tall, manly and consummately urbane.

George de Saram died in June at Bandarawela of, I believe, a cardiac ailment. He was an old friend and quondam companion in London and Paris in 1895, and by a strange coincidence I happened to travel from Veyangoda to Colombo,

to meet the Chinese Commissioner, in the same train that carried his remains. George was universally popular, and his death inspired genuine regret. Herbert Wace, who was acting as Colonial Secretary, died at about this time, and I formed one of the viceregal suite at the funeral.

Yet another notable death occurred in 1906 when Sir Alexander Ashmore, the Lieut.-Governor, expired some days after he had been operated on by Dr. T. F. Garvin and Sir Allan Perry for acute appendicitis. The State funeral accorded him was attended by a vast gathering, and the Governor and most of the officials were present in full uniform.

CHAPTER X

MY KNIGHTHOOD

IN the next year (1907) I was knighted. On an early morning of late June I received a wire from the Governor asking me to see him at once in Kandy, and went up by the 2 p.m. From the station I proceeded direct to the Pavilion in His Excellency's carriage, which was awaiting me, but Sir Henry was not in, and I had tea with Lady Blake. When Sir Henry returned he told me in his study that he had that day received a cable from the Secretary of State for the Colonies enquiring whether I would accept a Knight Bachelorhood. Sir Henry explained that he had recommended me for my Knighthood, and hence this enquiry. Acting on his advice, and being assured that acceptance of the offer would be no bar to my advancement to the higher honour in the future, I said I would accept it, and caught the night mail down after dinner at the Pavilion. Two days later, on June 28th, I received a telegram from the Governor intimating to me that His Majesty the King had conferred on me the honour of Knighthood, and conveying their Excellencies' congratulations. They were the first of a shower that overwhelmed

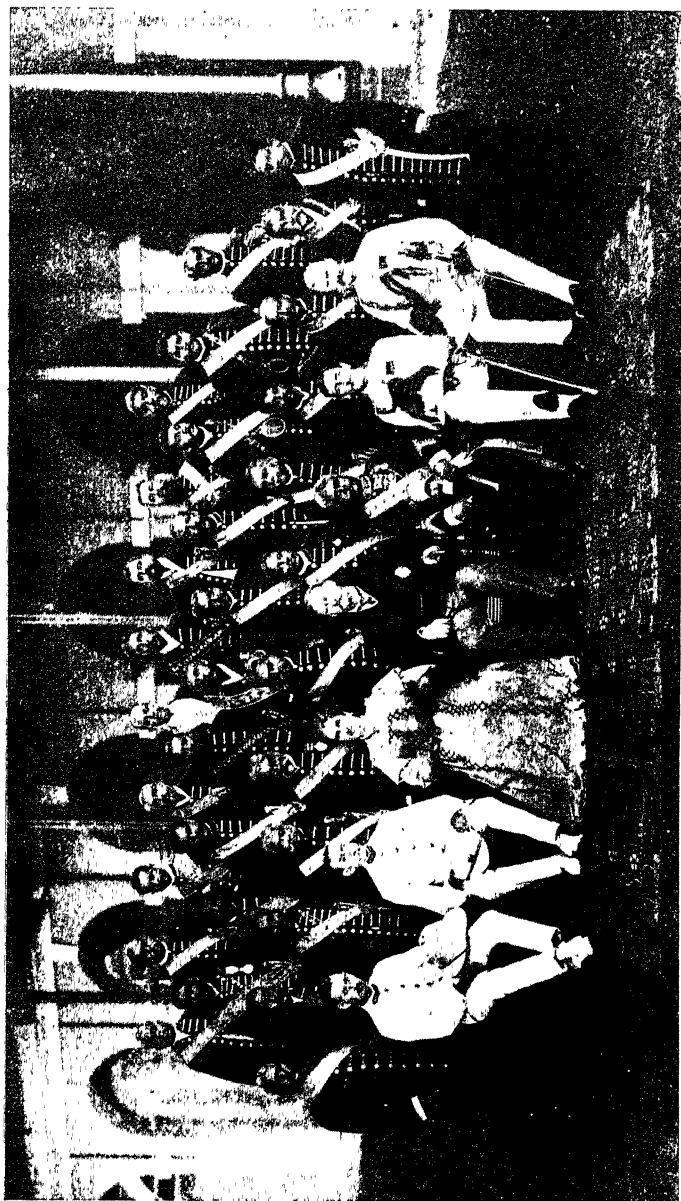
me when the newspapers gave publicity to the official announcement.

At about this time, too, Sir Henry and Lady Blake paid a visit to Horagolla. They lunched here, and in the afternoon visited the historic temple at Attanagalle, rich in memories of Siri Sangabo, afterwards visiting my horse-breeding establishment in the vicinity and my place at Weke. While in the country Sir Henry personally reaped the benefits of his wise veto of Public Works vandalism in cutting down the beautiful shade trees that are so attractive a feature of our country roads. We returned to dinner at Horagolla, and afterwards amused ourselves by witnessing native dances and an exhibition of fire-walking. This last item was uncannily novel to my distinguished guests, and many were the conjectures as to how the performer contrives to walk barefoot over the red-hot burning embers in a pit ten feet long, and full of live coal to a depth of over a foot.

Recently this phenomenon has been the subject of correspondence in some foreign journals, and Lady Blake herself has contributed to the discussion.

Their Excellencies visited the Warana Rock Temple before they left next day, and were agreeably surprised to find so imposing a Buddhist edifice in the low country. Sir Henry and Lady Blake lunched with my sister at Batadola.

Sir Henry's term came to a close a few days later, and in addition to the usual farewell functions their Excellencies held an At Home. The ladies of Ceylon presented Lady Blake with a souvenir, and when they embarked the parting caused mutual



[Plate 12a]

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE PRESENTATION OF A FAREWELL ADDRESS TO SIR
 BLAKE BY THE CHIEFS OF THE WESTERN PROVINCE UPON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CEYLON.
 P 123]

pain to them and to the people of the country. Few of our long line of British Governors have been better liked than Sir Henry, and Lady Blake identified herself whole-heartedly with the interests of the women of the country.

Following their departure the Government was administered by Mr. Hugh Clifford, and I was not so much occupied for a time with official duties. One of my riding adventures falls into a date somewhere here. I happened to be in Nuwara Eliya when one day three of us arranged to ride to Horton Plains and get back the same day. Captain Channer on his famous favourite, Wingfield; a friend of his from India, Mr. Lucy, on my horse Tchokoff; and I myself on Monarch, comprised the trio.

We left at seven in the morning, and Channer, who was playing guide, proceeded to illustrate the truth of the paradox that "there is nothing so long as a short cut." His intention was to take us up the hypotenuse of a triangle instead of along the whole length of the two arms, and all seemed right with the world until my friends suddenly became bogged up to their girths. I was in the rear, and was able to be wise in time; Channer came clear after a herculean struggle, but Lucy had a terrible time of it before he was at last extricated in a sheath of mud and slime.

We were able to reach the Rest-house in time for breakfast, and met a party who were having a hunt breakfast there, C. H. Bagot being Master. Captain Harry Phipps, A.D.C., who was one of them, kindly lent Lucy a change of clothes till his riding togs could be cleaned and dried, and we had a

short rest before starting on our return. On Channer's short cut we had noticed indications of the presence of elephants, for we saw fresh spoor and places where they had been lying down on the Patna grass. One gay dog had amused himself overnight by pulling out a milestone and laying it across the track. But we preferred long cuts this time, and reached town by 7 p.m.

One morning, during a sambhur hunt, I was riding round the Moon Plains with a friend when, on coming out on Upper Lake Road, we were met by Captain Curling, who galloped up hard and called out, "The whole blooming show is in the lake!" We didn't quite understand him at first, but on spurring up we came on the huntsmen stamping about the edge of the water with the whole pack in the middle of it after a great big sambhur who was making for the opposite side. I heard a shouted request to me from the Master of the Hunt to gallop round and try, if possible, to prevent the animal landing. My friend and I dashed round for all we were worth, and succeeded in heading it off into mid-lake. The sambhur next made for a little islet, only to be surrounded and mauled by the hounds before it took to the water again in another desperate struggle for life. It was then and there decided that the pack should be called off and the sambhur rewarded with its life for its gallant fight. On making tracks for the forest the poor thing was hardly able to walk through sheer exhaustion.

Some great friends of mine, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Raalte, whom I had known since my English

tour of '97, paid a visit to Ceylon at about this time with their daughter, and spent a day at Horagolla. They were very wealthy people and had a beautiful mansion in Grosvenor Square, where they showed me unremitting hospitality, and their country-seat was Brownsea Island, Dorset. I remember once going to Ranelagh in their four-in-hand to witness a polo match of more than ordinary note, and at Ranelagh we were the guests of Lord and Lady Hothfield, who also kept open house in town. Another of their guests was a young Prince, a son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (Duke of Edinburgh), and our party attracted not a little attention on the grounds.

The polo itself was most exciting, and those two crack Indians of their day, the Singhs, almost monopolized the enthusiasm of the gathering. "Aren't they like whalebone!" I overheard someone remark as repeatedly one or the other, twisting with extraordinary suppleness, sent the ball spinning across the field.

The Van Raaltes quite enjoyed their visit here, but in India, on their way home, Mr. Van Raalte died of pneumonia. Miss Van Raalte is now the wife of Lord Howard de Walden, one of the wealthiest English Peers.

In August, 1907, Sir Henry McCallum arrived in the island. My first impression of the new Governor was that he would either rule the country or wreck it. Mr. Clifford reverted to the Secretariat, but he was again to do the honours in 1909, when Sir Henry went on short leave.

As Acting Governor he spent a couple of days

at Horagolla, and visited all the places of interest in the district. Captain Theobald, A.D.C., came with him, and E. B. Denham joined the party later.

The compliment was returned by our being invited to Queen's House, and during August week myself and my son were the Acting Governor's guests. There were a number of others, including Rear-Admiral Slade and his Staff. Mr. Hugh Clifford, ever courtly and debonair, made an ideal host, and gave a series of parties.

It was during this stay at Queen's House that I won the Governor's Cup—and lost it. In the opinion of the vast majority of people who witnessed the race, my horse San Xavier, ridden by W. H. O'Neil, was beyond dispute the winner, but the Judge—Sir A. G. Lascelles, Chief Justice—gave the race to Emma Eames, placing Footprint second. San Xavier was not even placed the first time the board was turned round, but a horse named Beaunereau who had run lame and last. As soon, however, as the loud comments of the crowd were heard, the board was turned again, and San Xavier given third instead of Beaunereau.

What happened was that Emma Eames and Footprint were fighting it out neck to neck on the rails, while San Xavier stole the event on the outside edge just under the Judge's nose. O'Neil told me he had won by a head, and came to take the nod, only to be disconcerted. Lascelles apparently focused all his attention on the inside and absolutely neglected the rest of the field.

I knew my horse had won, and the crowd knew



[Platé Ltd.

SIR HENRY EDWARD MCCALLUM, G.C.M.G., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1907-1913).



Photo Ltd

QUEEN'S HOUSE, COLOMBO, 1909

Back Row, Left to Right—Hon Mr. Lascelles, Capt Fitzgerald, Hon Mr Crawford, (M G), Leg-Lieut Wave Su Solomon Randaranaike, E B Denham, P.S.

Centre Row—Capt Theobald, A.D.C., Col, Lewes, Mr. Hoseason, Rear-Admiral Slade (Naval) (ommandet-in-Chief, East Indies), H.E. Mr. Hugh Clifford, Viscount Kitchener, Brig Gen Allen, Miss Lewes, Miss Vigors

Front Row—Mrs Berwick, Mrs Hoseason, Miss Niel Campbell, Lady Hutchinson, Miss Middleton, Mrs Lewes, Miss Lascelles.

it too. The Acting Governor himself rushed up to my wife even before the numbers went up, and congratulated her on San Xavier's triumph, so that all I lost through the Judge's mistake was the Cup itself, and I said nothing. At the same time both Mr. Clifford and I agreed it would have been nice if, while I was his guest, I had lifted his Cup! That night my colours—pink and blue—formed the chief note of the dinner-table decorations at Queen's House.

Sir Henry McCallum did not return till the middle of October. Before then Ceylon was honoured by a visit from Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, accompanied by his secretary, Captain Fitzgerald, and they stayed a few days at the King's Pavilion.

Like many of these great rulers of men, Lord Kitchener was a little shy of women. When asked to sit as central figure in a photograph he resolutely refused, electing rather to stand behind the row of ladies seated in front.

I am told that once in Buckingham Palace, whither he had gone straight on his arrival in London, fresh from almost epic military triumphs and after he had been cheered by throngs along the streets, the Queen had asked him the embarrassing question, after he had received the Royal congratulations: "And now, Lord Kitchener, haven't you yet found the woman you would like to make your wife?" Lord Kitchener, perplexed beyond measure, burst out with terrible seriousness: "There is only one woman in all the world whom I love and adore, and that is Your Majesty!"

The old Queen's laughter led the mirth of all those present, but Kitchener's effort to keep his face ended in his later leaving the room with tears streaming down his cheeks. I repeat the story without comment and as it was told to me.

Many were the demands for his autograph from all quarters when he was in Ceylon, but Lord Kitchener had made it his rule not to comply with requests of this nature. However, through the good offices of Captain Fitzgerald, I contrived to have the favour granted in the case of Miss Etta Van Langenberg, now Mrs. Mack, the daughter of my old friend, James Van Langenberg.

Strangely curious it was that Kitchener and his trusted friend and secretary should have gone down together in the *Hampshire*. The *Hampshire* formed a coffin at the bottom of the ocean for the greatest soldier of our age—perhaps of all the ages—but Captain Fitzgerald's body was found, conveyed to England, and given an honoured funeral.

CHAPTER XI

AN ITALIAN INTERLUDE

A MEMORABLE sojourn in Italy was in store for me when in April, 1910, I sailed for Europe on medical advice, accompanied by my son and attended by my servant Sardial. We travelled on the *Koenigen Louise*, and landed at Naples, where we were met by Dr. Henniker-Rance, and took rooms in a beautifully situated hotel, nestling in a cleft of the hills, the Grand Eden Hotel. In the few days that we stayed here we did all the sights, including a visit to the excavations at Pompeii, and to the famous Aquarium, where for the first time I saw an electric fish. Touching it gives a nasty shock. I know, because it has happened to me.

From Naples we pushed on to Rome, staying there a day to renew my old acquaintance with the place, and proceeded to Florence, where I interviewed Professor Grocco, to whom I carried a letter of introduction from Dr. Aldo Castellani. We experienced a mutual difficulty in conversing, as he did not speak English and I couldn't manage Italian, and we had to use an interpreter as a medium. Grocco was an old man, and put me in mind of the late Dr. W. G. Rockwood. He gave me a thorough overhauling and prescribed the

taking of certain waters at Montecatini, and I remember his telling me *en passant* that Dr. Castellani and Professor Badual, to whom, too, I was armed with an introduction, were his two most brilliant pupils. Castellani's credit stands very high today in Harley Street.

We went on without delay to Montecatini and into residence at the Gran Hotel la Pace, the only first-class hotel in the place, and its director, Signor Milano, to whom I had a letter from Grocco, was all attention. None of the waiters here knew English, and we anticipated difficulties, but, as luck would have it, an English waiter appeared on the scene in search of employment, and was promptly engaged by Milano and put on to our table. The food in this place would have satisfied the most fastidious epicure, and I have never before or since come across such artichokes, for instance, and asparagus.

The treatment at the Stablimento del Tettuccio necessitated my taking two tumblers each of two kinds of waters every morning, spending twenty minutes over each glass, and allowing an interval of about an hour after the last before I tackled breakfast. I must say the treatment was extremely beneficial. During the course of my stay of three weeks, the effect was quite noticeable in numbers of people who came there looking bloated and went away looking slim and fine. I have some excruciatingly funny advertisements illustrating the "before" and "after" stages.

While at Montecatini we took the opportunity of doing all the sights in the neighbourhood. The

Leaning Tower of Pisa was indeed a strange and marvellous spectacle. On the earnest request of my son, I consented to climb to the top. The ascent was rather tedious, but the magnificent view from the summit, though somewhat weird by reason of the angle of observation, well repaid the trouble. Not many months afterwards, I learnt that the authorities had enforced a prohibition against people making the ascent, owing to indications of a slightly more pronounced slant. At the time we went up it stood 13 degrees out of the perpendicular.

Of the other places of interest we visited, one was Pistoia, with its marvellous paintings and exquisite Della Robbia relief work, and another the Grotto Guisti. This was a beautiful geological formation with numberless stalactites and stalagmites in an extraordinary variety of size and shape, some of them hundreds of yards in length and up to twenty yards in breadth. To reach it we had to descend a great depth into the bowels of the earth in some special apparel provided by the authorities. When we reached the lowest stage the heat was intense, waves of heat rising from a bottomless pit that yawned at one extremity. This rather warm place is called by the Italians the Inferno; the middle stage, Purgativo; and the top, Paradiso.

To the small lake in the Inferno—possibly only the visible portion of a vast subterranean expanse of water—a large number of people flock to take the cure. There is a convenient hotel near there where patients generally reside, and all they have to do is to visit the Grotto with prescriptions from

one of the medical men in attendance. Visitors are allowed only a limited time in the Grotto, not being permitted to remain in the Inferno much longer than fifteen minutes.

The cold on regaining the top after a descent is almost unbearable, and blankets and comforters are in great demand and really quite *de rigueur*.

Once a week, while I took the waters, Professor Grocco came over and looked me up and down and all round, and he was very pleased at the progress I made. It was while at Montecatini, on May 6th, that I heard of the death of King Edward. I immediately telegraphed my respectful sympathies to my old friend Sir Arthur Bigge—now Lord Stamfordham—to be conveyed to their Majesties the King and Queen, and received a courteous acknowledgment within forty-eight hours. To us in the North of Italy, to whom even the news of His Majesty's illness had not penetrated, the tragedy came as a great shock.

We then came back to Florence and took up residence in the Savoy Hotel, and I underwent a further course of treatment that lasted twenty days or so at the hands of Professor Badual. Here the treatment consisted of hypodermic injections, and daily electric and other baths at one of the *stabilimenti* considerably benefited me. As a matter of fact, at the end of the course a good deal of my grey hair had actually regained its original colour. I could scarcely believe my eyes—it was my son who first drew my attention to it—but later, when in London, I met my dear friend the late Dr. W. G. Van Dort, and he said the phenomenon

could quite scientifically be explained as a sign of returning health.

Florence itself—La Belle Firenze!—city of fair flowers and flower of fair cities—surely she is the fairest city in the world! Her beauty is a fitter theme for artists and a more suitable subject for poetic tomes than for a volume of wayside memories like this. Even the muddy and uninspiring Arno, catching the reflected glamour, smote Vergil's lips into music! How, indeed, can one describe in mere words the wonder and the beauty of the Campanile, Giotto's Bell-Tower, and of the Duomo, the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, which the Florentines built to exceed in magnificence anything else in the world, and took generations to complete?

The Campanile itself—a symphony in stone—towers beside the Cathedral, and is sometimes named after the architect who first conceived it. It has been described by one of our modern authorities as, if I mistake not, “the model and mirror of perfect architecture.” It is built (it took fifty years to build, in the fourteenth century) of variegated marble, and its 414 steps are well worth climbing to anyone who has the energy to expend. But simply to look at it is a sheer delight. Every morning on my way to the waters, I never pretended to resist the temptation to gaze up at it in rapt admiration. “In the old Tuscan town,” sang Longfellow—

“In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's Tower,
The City of Florence, blossoming in stone,
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builders' perfect and centennial flower. . . .”

Inside it is crammed with masterpieces of sculpture, statues of Prophets and Patriarchs. One walks out of it on to the Casine in a state of awe: from the sublime to the merely beautiful.

The Casine is to Florence what Hyde Park is to London and the Champs Élysées to Paris. At one end of it, where a small rivulet pours into the Arno, stands a beautiful monument to the memory of the Rajah of Kolapore, who died there in 1870, at the early age of twenty, on his way home from England. Just over the spot where he was cremated rises a cupola in Indian fashion, covering canopy-wise his bust. The full title of this ill-fated young Prince is also there: Rajah Ram Chuttraputtu, Maharajah of Kolapore. His ashes, it is said, were collected and taken in a golden urn to a temple in India erected to his memory, but it gives a weird effect for an Easterner suddenly to come up against this elaborate Oriental note after the bourdon of the Campanile. The cost of erecting it was borne by the British Government of India and the family of the deceased Prince.

The thrill of Florence is an emotion that courses perpetually through one's veins, just as it lives again to a past pilgrim in the pages of George Eliot's *Romola*. From my experiences in these Italian towns, I came to look upon the people of the country as exceedingly attractive. Your Italian is as kind-hearted as he is pleasant to look at, and his wife and daughter are divinities. (One night Professor Badual entertained me to dinner, and the Signora played the harp afterwards for our delecta-

tion. She was one of the acknowledged beauties of Florence.)

My sister Amy, who has lived in Italy for a considerable time, is, however, of a different opinion. She accuses the natives of deceitfulness, bad temper, and a lust for alcohol.

Well, all beautiful things come to an end sooner or later, and when we left Florence there was somewhere in each of us a little heartache. We stayed a day at Milan to see what we could of the sights, including the famous Cathedral, and from there we went on to the blue lakes and snow-capped mountains with which Lausanne is girt about. Here we stayed at the Grand Hotel Riche-Mont for a day and a night. I hadn't expected the blue lakes would be really so blue nor the peaks quite so white. Our next stage took us to Paris and the Hôtel de Louvre, and after I had shown my son the sights, we went down to Calais and crossed to England.

It was now June, and my wife and the two girls had arrived in London and taken rooms at 5, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, and Daisy had been received by Queen Alexandra. I took my son and valet, and went again into Jones' Hotel. All the children underwent operations for tonsils, my son at the hands of the late Sir (then Mr.) James Cantlie, and the girls at Welbeck House at the hands of Sir St Clair Thomson.

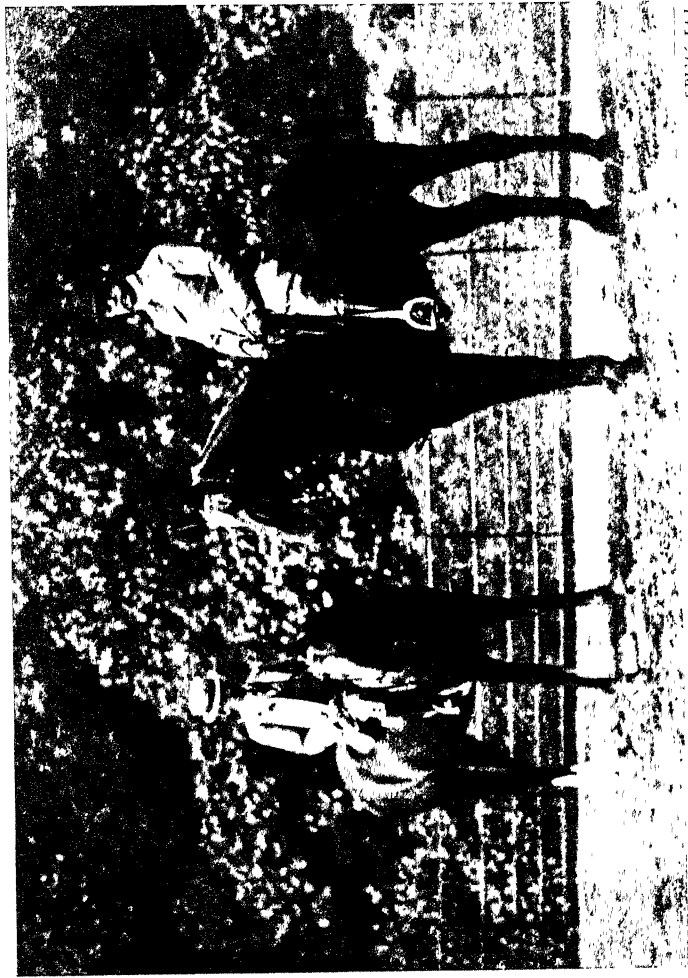
One evening I dined with the Blakes at Queen Anne's Mansions, when the Duchess of St. Albans and Maurice Blake also came. A few days later I lunched with Her Grace, and met a Japanese lady of

liberal accomplishments, Mrs. Asaki. Sir Henry's daughter, Mrs. Arbuthnot, was also there, and extended an invitation to me and my son, which we accepted, to go over to Windsor and lunch with her and Captain Arbuthnot at Datchett House. We also stayed a week at Bexhill at the Metropole.

I took care that Sonny didn't miss the opportunity to take courses in riding and swimming, and very soon he joined me in the Row. His mount was Merry Andrew, a prize-winner at Olympia and a good jumper, whom I had picked up at Tattersalls, naturally not foreseeing that, in spite of all his merriness, he was to succumb shortly afterwards in Ceylon to pneumonia. I rode a saddle-horse named Wild Ruby, which I had purchased at the Milton Stables in Park Lane, with the helpful advice of Bendall, for very many years English coachman at Queen's House. Wild Ruby served me long, and died only a short while ago after winning several prizes in the Show Ring here.

We ran down to Cambridge about this time, and I saw the authorities regarding a tutor for my son. The result of this journey was that Mr. A. C. Radford, whom I saw there, came out in the early winter to us in Veyangoda, and resided here for nearly four years. He was a versatile man, and besides his tutorial qualifications, was an entertaining musician and a first-rate horseman, winning many races as a gentleman rider.

In August we visited Ireland and my second Dublin Horse Show, and I met a number of old friends. Sir Henry and Lady Blake very kindly



[Plate 14]

SIR SOLOMON DIAS BANDARAIKE AND HIS SON IN ROTTEN ROW, 1910.

invited me and my party (Dr. Henniker-Rance was with us) to Myrtlegrove in Youghal for a week, and we had a most pleasant time there. The guests included the Duchess of St. Albans, Lord and Lady Middleton, and Miss Brodrick.

Myrtlegrove has a rich historical association, for here, in the sixteenth century, lived Sir Walter Raleigh, and this is where the first potato was planted and the first cigar smoked.

“The famed Walter Raleigh, Queen Bess’s own Knight,
Brought here from Virginia the root of delight;
By him it was planted at Youghal so gay,
And Munster potatoes are famed to this day.”

It was here, too, that a queer incident occurred, when a footman, who saw Raleigh smoking under the yew-trees for the first time, thought his master was on fire, and flung a bucket of water over him! These very yew-trees are still in existence.

In crossing over to England we took the route through Wales to London, and not long afterwards returned in the *Bremen* to Ceylon, reaching home at the end of October. Daisy and the girls returned towards the close of the year. An English chauffeur we got out on an engagement proved a total failure, and I packed him off to Australia at his own request.

Sir Christoffel and Lady Obeyesekere held an At Home at “Hill Castle” to celebrate our home-coming, and Sir (then the Honourable Mr.) P. Arunachalam proposed my toast.

I hadn’t been back three weeks when the German Crown Prince and Princess (their designations are

slightly altered now) arrived in the island. They took up their headquarters at the Galle Face Hotel, but dined at Queen's House in a large and brilliant company on the night of their landing. Even Little Willie couldn't restrain Sir Henry Mc-Callum's innate bluntness. "I suppose, Sir," he said to the Crown Prince during a conversation after dinner-- "I suppose, Sir, that when King Edward and your august father met, neither of them knew quite who was top-dog!"

Kronprinz only smiled sardonically and nodded his head!

Next day I took the Crown Prince and His Excellency for a motor run round the town in my new six-cylinder Standard car, and dropped our visitor at the Galle Face Hotel before returning to Queen's House. His manner contrasted strangely with that of the English Princes I have seen and known.

His Majesty the King conferred the order of Knighthood on Sir Christoffel in the New Year of 1911, and when Sir Henry informed me of the fact by wire I went over with my congratulations. A few days later the Governor and Captain Theobald, A.D.C., came by special train from Paranthan and stayed a night here. On the following day we had a shoot over my game preserves, and bagged a brace of deer. Sir Henry missed a fine chance of knocking over a spotted stag through keeping his rifle on the ground and holding only his fowling-piece ready to shoot any jungle-fowl, and the stag, though mortally wounded, was not bagged and got away. Its carcass was discovered a few days later in

the forest. During this week I also had the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Count Lutzow, the Baroness de Brien, Sir Archibald and Lady Edmondstone, and the Hon. Percy Thelusson to lunch one day.

CHAPTER XII

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS"

I APPLIED for leave to proceed to England to be present at the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary, but Sir Henry McCallum wrote me a private letter regretting very much that he was unable to grant my request, as he would be celebrating the occasion in Colombo and required my services in that connection. As I was very anxious to be present on account of their Majesties knowing me so well, and, indeed, because I had told them and many friends in London the year before that I would arrange to get back, I made another earnest appeal, only to be told that it was my duty to remain and help towards the success of the local arrangements. Once it was looked upon as my duty, I had, of course, nothing more to say.

I had, I may say, put in my application well in time, and many months had yet to pass before the ceremony in the Abbey took place and was celebrated simultaneously throughout the Empire. Before then I had the honour of entertaining the Governor yet again, when he came up to open the hospital my elder sister built at Watupitiwala and presented to the Government. We all of us dined at Batadola that night, Sir Henry being in excep-

tionally happy vein, and treating us to a rendering of the Eton boating song to his own accompaniment after dinner. Radford also entertained the party with some songs.

I cannot exactly recollect whether it was just before or just after this event that Hanstead, the chauffeur who proved so unsatisfactory, and Gordon Grant, my jockey, took fright at an imaginary rogue-elephant one night on the road, and rushed breathless with the terrible news to the *zealauza*. I sent two men, who found it was two buffaloes chained together and straying !

The late Mr. H. J. Hudson, R.A., stayed with me at this time to do a life-size oil-painting of me which he intended to send to the Academy. He had only just completed it and gone down to Colombo to deliver a lecture or two, when he contracted a virulent type of fever and died at the General Hospital. All the work he did in Ceylon was for sale, including the oil-painting of myself, and I purchased it through Mr. Osmond Tonks, solicitor, who had charge of his affairs. While engaged in painting me, poor Hudson had, unknown to me, done a small portrait of my son, and had very kindly presented it to me before leaving Horagolla as a souvenir of his stay here. Mrs. Hudson later married Mr. Wickwar, one of the sons of Joe Wickwar, who was so well known in Ceylon.

The Coronation celebrations on June 22nd included a State Service, a State Procession, a Levee, and a Review, with a grand fireworks display, which I viewed from the top of the Grand Oriental Hotel, where I dined, to end the day. On the following

night a State Ball was held for the *élite* to trip the light, fantastic toe.

Sir Henry left for England towards the end of this month, and Sir Hugh Clifford again acted for him. This year, too, I was the guest at Queen's House during the August festivities, and presided at the Annual Dinner of the Sinhalese Sports Club, a brilliant and successful function, held at the Galle Face Hotel, where Sir Hugh was the principal guest. In proposing the toast of His Majesty the King, I was able to say a few words instead of confining myself to "Gentlemen! The King!" as the Coronation atmosphere had not yet lifted, and as I had the honour of being personally known to His Majesty ever since he visited the country as a middy in '82.

Sir Hugh proposed the toast of the Club in his eloquent and graceful style, and other speakers were James Peris, Emanuel Jayawardene, Mr. Justice Middleton, K. W. B. McCleod, the late Hector Jayawardene, and the late James van Langenberg. My friend A. C. Abeyawardene was particularly happy in giving the toast of "The Chairman." Being little of stature, he emulated Zacchæus of Biblical memory, only his sycamore-tree was a chair. In the course of his speech he recalled seeing "a Monarch on a Monarch" in the Horse Show Ring. His humorous allusion was, of course, to his seeing me on my old Monarch when he gained the Championship. No one in the gathering that witnessed that hard-earned success was more jubilant than dear old Abeyawardene. On that occasion all the competing animals had

been weeded out barring Monarch and a horse named Jack Spratt, owned and ridden by the late Harold Gordon. The Judges could not make up their minds as to which was the superior horse, and called in an umpire, who happened to be Captain Channer, and who quickly came up, said, "Once round the ring, gentlemen!" and before we had gone half the way round shouted, "That'll do!" and, turning to the bewildered Judges: "Can't you fellows see? Monarch, of course! The other is not in the same street!" Gordon and I cracked a bottle of champagne over this.

The wedding in this year of Mahawaltenne Ratamahatmaya's daughter to one of the Ratwattes united two ancient Kandyan houses, and was celebrated with traditional splendour at the bride's home near Pelmadulla. Sir Hugh and Lady Clifford, with Miss de la Pasture, attended, motor-ing all the way from Nuwara Eliya, and I went down with Sir Christoffel and Forester and his wife. We stayed the preceding night in the Ratnapura Rest-house, and next day were received very cordially when we went up by car to Mahawaltenne. On the return journey my chauffeur, Carter, who had had more champagne than was good for him, drove the car against an embankment and partially disabled it. We got it right to a certain extent, and I took the wheel, but we hadn't covered a hundred yards when we went over a culvert through damage to the steering-gear. Charles Marshall gave Sir Christoffel and Mrs. Forester a lift to Ratnapura, and Forester and I remained to try and get the car up again, but

found it a hopeless task, although we had a number of people to help us, and left it there for the night. In the meanwhile, Mahawaltenne R.M., hearing of the mishap, sent us an invitation to dinner and to stay the night, and we accepted it and had a very pleasant evening, Carbery, of poultry renown, who was then District Judge there, and Mrs. Carbery being among the guests who sat down to a sumptuous banquet. On the following day we returned in Ronald Illangakoon's car, picking up Sir Christoffel and Mrs. Forester at Ratnapura *en route*. My damaged car was brought to Colombo by W. O. Edema, and soon put to rights.

In 1912 another function of this kind took place when Meedeniya Adigar's daughter wedded Francis Molamure at Ruanwella, and I attended it with Sir Henry McCallum.

An interesting visitor we had in 1911 was Grand-Duke Boris of Russia. The Grand-Duke and his suite were cordially received, and the Queen's House party accompanied them to Kandy, where all stayed at the Pavilion, returning to Colombo next day by special train. Boris entertained Sir Hugh, Lady Clifford, Miss de la Pasture, and the Acting Governor's Staff to a luncheon on board his yacht, which was one of the most novel things I have yet experienced. After the usual preliminaries, we were shown into a saloon where we sat at a table and began tackling what we thought was the lunch. But in a few minutes the Grand-Duke stood up and led us into another room to start the luncheon proper. The first lap was evidently after the nature of *hors d'œuvre*.

The menu was, of course, entirely in the Russian manner. The wines came round in astonishing abundance and variety. Beer, burgundy, champagne, and claret were continually served round during the course of the meal. The liqueurs were equally bewildering, and I had sampled three different brands when an officer came round with a fourth. When I told him I had already had three and wouldn't have any more, he laughingly admonished me, shaking his head the while: "Never-r-r count!"

But Boris loved other things even better than the wine when it was red, and I have heard of numberless practical jokes he perpetrated in St. Petersburg. Afterwards I learned that his grand tour had been enforced by circumstances, and how he had lost a bet with a pretty French actress whose sense of modesty hadn't a chance against her sense of the value of money!

T.S.H. Prince Alexander of Teck and the Princess of Teck and a number of other Royalty also passed through Colombo this year on their way to the Coronation of the King of Siam as representatives of their respective countries, and were nearly all of them received at Queen's House. Their Serene Highnesses changed their designation during the war to Earl and Countess of Athlone, and are now in South Africa, where the Earl succeeded Prince Arthur of Connaught as Governor-General of the Union.

On their return from Siam on this occasion their Serene Highnesses spent some time in Ceylon, but I missed the opportunity of accompanying

them on their visit to Sigiri, Polonnaruwa, and the other show-places, as I was laid up with fever. This indisposition prevented me from seeing very much of Signor Edouardo Roversi, who arrived on a short business visit, and I only had one conversation with him, in the presence of Mr. F. J. de Saran, before he returned to Rome.

The great Delhi Durbar was also approaching, and Sir Henry returned from England and remained in the island only three or four days before he left to be present. Sir Henry himself had a penchant for local durbars, and they studded his régime with daubs of colour. But beyond this picturesque-ness I do not believe they served any useful purpose. Indeed, the suggestions submitted were rather on the picaresque side.

His Excellency was happily able to get back early in the New Year just before the Tecks left, and give a big official luncheon in their honour. A day after the departure of their Serene Highnesses, Sir West Ridgeway, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Charlie Ward-Jackson and a nephew, arrived on his way to British North Borneo. Sir Hugh Clifford went on board and met him, and the party stayed at the Galle Face Hotel. On his way back in April, Sir West was entertained to a luncheon by his friends.

At a dinner later in the year in honour of General Sir Ian Hamilton, the Chief Justice had to preside in place of His Excellency, whose health had begun to break up.

1912 was a year of exodus. In September, Sir Hugh left us to go to the Gold Coast as Governor,

and a series of farewell dinners took place. I attended the Public Dinner as well as the Public Service Dinner, and at each there were lively expressions of regret at his departure that were something more than formal courtesies. An able, fearless, and energetic administrator, as Sir Hugh Clifford had proved himself to be, could not but find himself at times a target for hostile criticism from quarters whence it is a habit for such criticism to emanate. But his departure was a decided loss to the Colony, and it was a matter of great joy to many when he came back as Governor.

Several old residents also retired to England during this year, including that great sportsman Frank Hadden. He was one of my oldest and best friends on the Turf, and his sporting *confrères* organized a farewell dinner in his honour. Frank Hadden acted for a number of years as handicapper, and once at least taught a gentleman who attempted to dictate to him as to how he should handicap in a particular race the lesson of his life. He died a few years ago, to the sorrow of all who knew him.

I was very pleased to meet his son last year at Nuwara Eliya, and he seems to be every inch as keen a sportsman as his father was. He rode that wild mare of mine, Stewardess, in a Gentlemen Riders' race up there, and I met Mrs. Hadden and Miss Hadden on this occasion, too. Stewardess reminded me of Tattago, a fast racing mare of Frank Hadden's who died in one of my paddocks after dropping twins.

In the year of which I am writing I had some small successes on the Turf. On the day previous

to the farewell dinner to Hadden, Suffragette won the Matele Cup for me at Kandy. In May my colours got in first in the Victoria Stakes. And a horse named Hotspur won the Club Stakes in Colombo with Radford up.

My son sat for his Junior Cambridge at Kandy in this year, and some of us went and stayed at "Arthur's Seat" while it lasted. We managed to get in some delightful rides there, Radford and my son very often going out with Felix Dias and myself. On one occasion we were fording the Mahaweli Ganga at Halloluwa, with Radford leading, and my son, myself, and Felix behind in that order, when Radford on Hotspur got into a whirlpool in mid-stream and nearly disappeared. Hotspur, however, contrived to struggle clear of his difficulties and clamber up the further bank, and I shouted to Sonny to pull up. Had his little pony got caught in the whirl there is no knowing what mightn't have happened. As it was, we sent a man ahead to guide us away from the danger spot, and crossed without further ado.

Sir Henry McCallum gave a series of dinner-parties at Queen's House to gentlemen who came under different categories—one was to the J.P.'s of Colombo, a queer gathering, when it took Arthur Hedgeland (private secretary) all he knew to keep John Abeyakoon, Mudaliyar, from rising to make a speech during the course of it. Indeed, Hedgeland had to keep putting him off by saying he would tell him when the proper time came, and he kept on saying this till we left the tables! At another dinner of this series, when gentlemen other than

J.P.'s were entertained, one guest, overcome by champagne or the importance of the occasion, fell as gracefully as a lily at the feet of His Excellency in the billiard-room, and Sir Henry at once declaimed with appropriate gestures and tremolo :

“ Take him up tenderly,
Lift him with care,
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair ! . . . ”

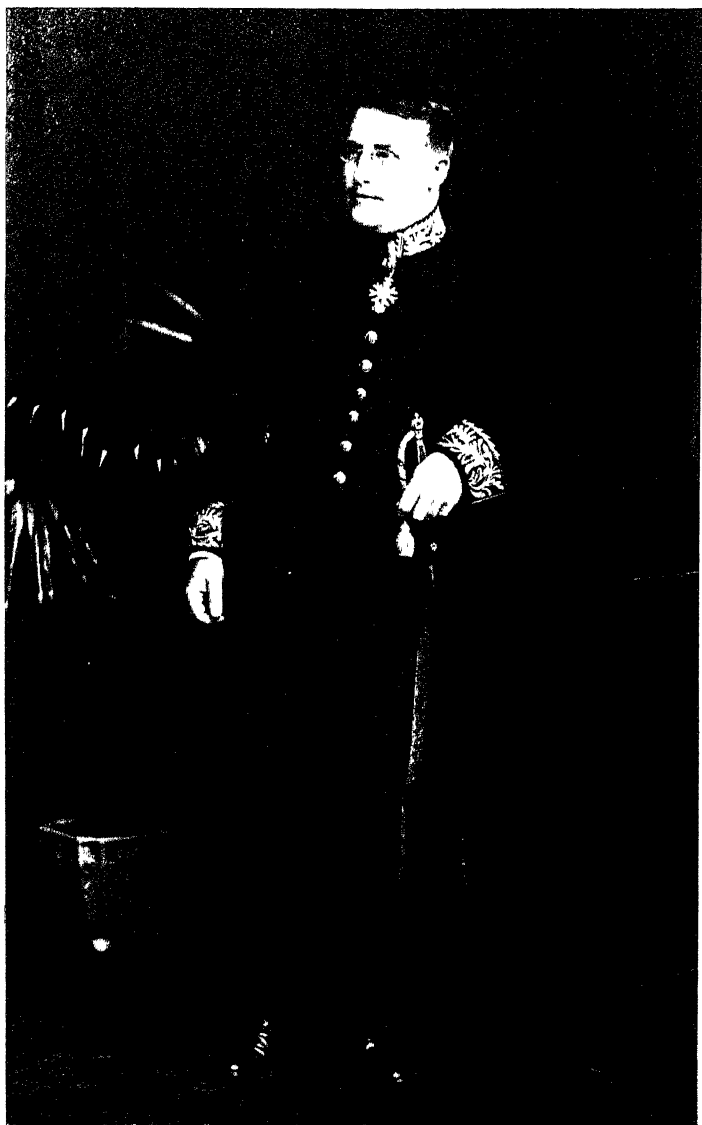
CHAPTER XIII

SOME SPORTING EVENTS

VERY early in 1913 Sir Henry McCallum retired on the score of ill-health, and Mr. R. E. Stubbs, the new Colonial Secretary, who had been scarcely a week in the country, was called upon suddenly to assume the arduous responsibilities of its chief office. The unexpectedness of Sir Henry's departure was underlined by the fact that Lady McCallum had returned from England only a fortnight before.

Mr. Stubbs was youthful and fresh from the Colonial Office, but his subsequent promotions are alone a proof of the high capacity he displayed. More often than almost any other Colonial Secretary of Ceylon he found the administration of the Government devolve on his shoulders. He may have taken the wrong attitude once or twice on important questions, and certainly many more times than once or twice vitriolic criticisms made him a target. But one of his chief assailants, Ponnambalam Ramanathan, was forced to admit, and then admitted with a generosity exceeding expectations, that Sir Reginald had been efficient and sincerely devoted to his work.

My favourite saddle-horse, Monarch, died at about this time. He was the best saddle-horse in



[*Platté Ltd.*

MR. REGINALD EDWARD STUBBS, NOW SIR REGINALD
EDWARD STUBBS, K.C.M.G.

Ceylon in his day, and although I have purchased many hacks both here and in England, I have never been able to fill his place. He was a magnificent jumper. Later in the year died John Mohandiram, who was attached to Queen's House as head of the staff of peons. I represented His Excellency at the funeral. He was a living encyclopædia of Queen's House events for over a couple of decades, and held the esteem of every Governor under whom he had served. It was John Arachchi (as he was better known) who went with me to England in the Jubilee Year, and who was honoured on that occasion with a token from Lord Stanmore.

An elderly lady, Mrs. Williamson, who had come out from England and had been my sister's (Mrs. Obeyesekere) companion for over twenty-five years, died in the following January at Batadola, and was interred in the churchyard of St. Mary's. One night I was on my way to Queen's House for dinner when, right up Silversmith Street, a car driven by Carter, my late chauffeur, came at a desperate pace from one of the cross-roads and caught mine broadside on, damaging it considerably. The accident is amusing—in retrospect—for it was Carter who had crocked my car after the Mahawaltenne wedding, and he seemed fated to go on crocking them whether in my service or not. But I escaped luckily with only a severe shaking, and got Carter to drive me to Queen's House. The offending car being one of Walkers', they repaired all damages without charging me a cent.

Some months later the most disastrous floods we have had since 1872 visited the country and wrought

terrible havoc. We had had a sensational experience in '72 which I might relate here. At the time the floods began to rise we were all staying in the bungalow in Paradise Garden. The waters inexorably rose and rose and surrounded us, and we had to get off in a *padda* boat stowed up to the steps of the bungalow, and take refuge in "Deweni Walauwa" at Barber Street. At about midnight news was brought to us that half the bungalow had been swept away. We had left in the nick of time.

At the August Races in 1913 Merry Manook, with Radford up, won the Kalutara Cup, and Morris won the Gimcrack Stakes for me. I also secured a first prize at the Horse Show when Miss Chamberlain rode Merry Manook in a ladies' hack class. In October I was elected a Steward of the Turf Club. I don't think any other Ceylonese has held that office.

A slight attack of colitis necessitated a course of treatment, and I was fortunate enough to obtain the services of Dr. Philip Bahr, son-in-law of the late Sir Patrick Manson, who was so well known throughout the world for his research in connection with tropical diseases. Dr. Bahr himself had come out under the ægis of the London School of Tropical Medicine to investigate sprue, and the treatment I received at his hands in Nuwara Eliya did me incalculable good.

Sir Robert Chalmers arrived to take up the Governorship in October, and Mr. Stubbs and myself and other members of the Staff went on board and met him. His tall and stately figure made a striking picture in his uniform, and their Excellen-



"MURRY MANOOK" WINS THE KAUTARA CUP BY TWO-AND-A-HALF LENGTHS (MR. A. RADFORD TP).

cies drove in the State Carriage to Queen's House through densely packed streets, accompanied by Captain Ralph Chalmers and myself. I stayed on at Queen's House for a few days.

A Civil Servant of long standing, Mr. L. W. Booth, was one of the departures from the island in 1913, and was fêted at a number of farewell dinners—one at Queen's House, one at "The Maligawa," and another at the Galle Face Hotel. The Booths had been great friends of ours, and Mrs. Booth had, as Miss Amy Von Dadelzen, tutored my sisters for some years when Booth himself, one of the smartest young civilians of his day, was Magistrate here at Pasyala and Avisawella. Poor Booth was spared only ten years for his *otium cum dig.*, and died some months ago at Lausanne, where he had gone for the benefit of his health.

The Chalmers gave their first At Home at Queen's House towards the end of October, and the second was at the Pavilion a few weeks later, where I stayed with their Excellencies and accompanied them on their drives. They had never been in the East before, and all to them was new and wonderful.

The Colombo function was a garden-party, but it was a day of many mishaps. First, down came the rain and compelled us to take refuge in the ball-room; and then an electric main in Prince Street fused and exploded, and I had to read the names of the guests and announce them with the help of carriage lamps!

The day after the opening of the Legislative Council and the State Dinner, I left by car for Nuwara Eliya to be present, as I had promised, at the

wedding of Major Phipps, at one time A.D.C. to Sir Henry Blake, who had come out expressly to marry Lorna Campbell, the daughter of my old friend Neil Campbell, of Mahagastotte. All went well till within a dozen miles of Nuwara Eliya the car began to give trouble, and after some snootering refused to budge. Finding that I was already rather late, I set out on foot, with my luggage following in charge of Sardial and some coolies, leaving the car with my chauffeur Fernando. After a few miles of walking I reached Labukelle Estate, and called on the Superintendent, N. C. Rolt, who very kindly offered me the choice between his rickshaw and his horse. I preferred not to rick up such a gradient, and took the horse—not so very comfortable a job either, since it was pouring with rain and I was clad only in an ordinary lounge suit! When I reached the top of the pass a motor-car came dashing along from the Nuwara Eliya direction, but with all the blinds down owing to the rain. Just as it reached me someone inside exclaimed, “Poor Maha!” and the car was stopped. I rode up alongside to find it was Phipps and his bride off to Kandy on their honeymoon. I explained my plight, and after I had made my congratulations and we had exchanged greeting we went our different ways. I reached Nuwara Eliya at 5 p.m., drenched to the skin, and had to get a change of underclothing from Cargills, as my luggage would not arrive for many hours. Taylors sent a car down, and fetched mine up and attended to it, and I was able to come down with it on the following afternoon.

Sonny sat for his Junior Cambridge a second time in December, at Kandy again, and my party stayed at Frazer Lodge as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Dias. It was a pleasant interlude, and pleasanter in recollection for the fact that some time later in January we heard that Sonny had gained Second Class Honours and a distinction in Latin.

Towards the close of the year, the Rev. E. F. Waddy's team of Australian cricketers arrived in Ceylon, and though some artificially stimulated ill-feeling was imported into the atmosphere, their tour in the island was a great sporting success. I was President of the Reception Committee, and took the chair at a big dinner held in honour of the visitors at Galle Face. I also lunched them here, and they had a gay time among the elephants and sundry side-shows I arranged for their delectation.

The first important event to take place locally in the year that was to prove so terribly eventful was the opening of the Indo-Ceylon Railway. The ceremony on this side was performed at Talaimanaar, and His Excellency and party, including myself, crossed over to Dhanushkodi and had a bumper luncheon with Lord Pentland, the Governor of Madras, and several Indian Rajahs. Both Governors delivered brilliant speeches, and afterwards we did some sight-seeing and visited the ancient temple at Rameswaram. On our return the Rajah of Pudukotta travelled down to Colombo with us.

The appointment of my nephew, J. P. Obeyesekere, as Mudaliyar of our Korle was in a sense unique (and is likely to remain so), for I believe it

was the first occasion on which a Cambridge graduate and a barrister signified his willingness to accept the post of a Chief Headman. A few days after his appointment he married the daughter of Gate Mudaliyar Walter Dias Bandaranaike.

CHAPTER XIV

LONDON AND THE WAR

TOWARDS the end of June, 1914, I sailed for Europe, and Gate Mudaliyar E. R. Gooneratne, of Galle, was selected to act for me. I travelled in the Orient liner *Otway* with Sonny, Radford, G. E. Cooke, and Sardial, and there were a number of friends on board, including the late Mr. Eustace de Saram on his honeymoon trip. We touched at Port Said and Naples, where my old guide Cimmino accompanied us over the town and to see the damage recently caused by eruptions of the Solfatara volcano.

We left our ship at Toulon, and after spending a night and a day at Marseilles we went on to Paris and into the Hôtel de Louvre for a couple of days, where we had enjoyable drives in the Bois de Boulogne and did the sights again. At the tomb of Napoleon—a spot I never weary of visiting—we came upon an old veteran in uniform who looked as if he wanted to attach himself to us. We didn't really require anyone's services, but he promptly told us he didn't want any payment, but would be glad if we permitted him to show us round. He led us into a room full of portraits which, he said, he took peculiar delight in exhibiting

to German visitors, as the sight riled them. The old soldier added: "The Germans have robbed us of Alsace and Lorraine, but we shall never be contented till we have regained them." Rather prophetic this, considering the Great War that broke out within a few weeks and ended in France's recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. But France can scarcely be said to be contented with that!

After a couple of days we went on to London, where we all went into residence at the Hotel de Vere, with the exception of Radford, who went to his people at 25, Park Crescent. Distinctly there was apprehension in the atmosphere. The Austrian Archduke had been assassinated at Serajevo, and although no one dreamt that Europe and the world were on the brink of the greatest catastrophe in history, still there was the imminent possibility of a bigger thing than anyone had visualized in the Balkans. Even when the trouble had become European it was touch and go—or so it seemed to me—whether England would deliberately become involved. But in those first days of August, history moved with a terrible inexorability, and on the 4th Grey made his great speech and Britain sent her ultimatum to Germany. From then onwards a change came over London. All the parks and open spaces were packed with horses and soldiers in the making.

As His Majesty said to me when I was received in private audience in November of that fateful year at Buckingham Palace: "When we declared war we were not prepared for it, whatever the Germans may try to make out. They say we

provoked the conflict—and we still unprepared! Well, anyway, we are in it now, and our last man and our last shilling will go before we want to stop!” I was in luck’s way on this occasion, for His Majesty’s Staff consisted of some of my old friends—Lord Herschell, who had been private secretary to Sir Henry Blake, being Lord-in-Waiting; and the others in attendance being Lord Stamfordham, the Hon. Derek Kepple, and Sir Charles Cust.

Very soon after the outbreak of war a war fund—the Prince of Wales’ War Fund—was opened, and both myself and my son sent in contributions. Of course, we were not yet aware that in Ceylon the Government had placed a limit for the maximum sum contributable by any one individual to the fund, and ours was a little in excess of this. I also placed the new six-cylinder Studebaker I had just purchased at the disposal of the Government.

Almost simultaneously Sonny underwent two operations at the hands of Mr. Tilley, of Harley Street. This and the electrified atmosphere in London rather upset my holiday; or, rather, I was forced to the conclusion that the time was ill chosen for holiday-making. And on the top of all this, on August 10th I received a cable: “Father dead. Mark.” I puzzled this out for a while, and the only construction I could put on it was that Mark Gooneratne was informing me that his father, the Acting Maha, was dead. I could scarcely believe it, for the old man had seemed perfectly hale and hearty when he saw me off only six weeks before. I therefore cabled to my secretary asking him

whether the news was true, and received a reply in the affirmative.

I lost no time in writing to Sir Robert Chalmers on the subject, but heard from him in a very kind letter that he did not intend making any acting appointment, and asking me to return as early as convenient.

We had some very nice people at the De Vere, among others the Earl and Countess Tankerville. Their place was Chillingham Castle in Northumberland, standing in an estate of over 30,000 acres, which pastured, among other droves, the only herd of pure-bred wild cattle in Great Britain. A brace of these were presented to the Zoo. The Countess is *une belle américaine*.

One evening before dinner I related to Lord Tankerville an adventure I had had at Horagolla with a wild-boar that had got in one night amongst the domestic sows. Hampered by great difficulties—it was dark and the slightest light or rustle would have sent the old fellow bolting—I took aim and fired what I thought would be a fatal shot, but the boar shot up into the air, regained earth and spun round like a top, and then made off into the forest all in a twinkling. I had to go down to town next morning, so the servants tried to track the beast, and found a trail dotted with blood and bits of bone. When they did come upon him he charged them so furiously that some of them scuttled up trees and others fled, leaving their guns behind. On my return I was told the story, and set off with a few dogs, who, after an extended search, came upon the wounded boar in a swamp.

The hounds soon brought him to bay, and, making sure not to hit one of them, I managed to get a shot in behind the shoulder-blade. The boar immediately turned in my direction and came a few steps, but before I could give him the contents of my left barrel the dogs pulled him over and he was stone dead. My shot that night had blown his lower jaw off, having hit a little below the spot I tried to get at between the eye and ear.

Lord Tankerville laughed heartily at the story, and while I was dining that night a waiter handed me a menu-card, which I didn't take, because, I told him, I already had one. But Tankerville shouted across : "Look at its back." I looked, and found this limerick, written by him :

"There was a young man in the East,
Who shot at a ravenous beast.
He hit him in the jaw,
He hit him in the paw,
But the beast didn't mind in the least."

I still preserve that menu-card autographed by Tankerville.

One evening George Cooke strolled out, and, not coming in for dinner, gave me an anxious time, as he was a stranger to London. I began to conjure up all sorts of calamities that might have befallen him, and informed the Kensington police of the matter, but they assured me that he would return all right, and that, if he had not done so by eleven, they would "circulate him." Of course, I gave a full description of Cooke, which was entered up in the books.

True to the opinion of the police, he was seen passing the De Vere on the top of a bus at about ten-thirty. As soon as I received this information I jumped into a taxi and followed, and when he alighted I picked him up and took him to the police-station just to show them that the prodigal had returned. Cooke was greatly interested in reading the description of himself as given by me.

What had happened was that he had made some congenial friends and been carried away in their pleasant company.

The De Vere itself was very handy for me, as it was very close to the Row, where I rode regularly. Samet, the manager, was a foreigner, and went in fear and trembling lest he should be arrested at any moment as an enemy alien. He was married to a charming Englishwoman—a Miss Callaby—whose father was a horse-breeder at Hunstanton. I once visited his establishment, travelling by car from London and back the same day, and saw some splendid hacks. It was worth having gone all that way if only to see his renowned stallion *The Leopard*.

I also paid several visits to Windsor in search of a good saddle-horse, and it was at Vivian Gooch's that I spotted General MacLellan. Lenana, too, was purchased on this occasion.

I met both Sir West Ridgeway and Sir Henry Blake frequently during this stay. C. J. Marshall and Dan Jayetilleke, and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beven and family, were also in London at the time.

But the shadow of war lay heavily on the land.

Many of my friends went over the top for the last time—four of them, at least, men who had been with me on the Queen's House Staff at one time or another—Colonel Marker, Captain Theobald, Captain Myles-Ponsonby, and Captain Ralph Chalmers.

Dear old Warden Miller, too, wrote a distressing letter to me saying he would be very pleased to see me if I could possibly run out to his place, as his health was very precarious. I motored some fifty miles to his home at Parkstone in Dorset, and both he and Mrs. Miller received me most affectionately. The Warden's health did certainly seem very poor, but both of them were full of Ceylon reminiscences. Miller died in 1920.

We left England some time in December. Radford, of course, had his duty to perform and could not return with us, and we were delayed somewhat by the difficulty of obtaining passages out, as well as by the horse-play of the daring little *Emden* in Indian waters. My English friends chaffed me by saying that if our ship were held up I would be one of the first to be taken prisoner by reason of my holding a British title.

But after some weeks we heard that the *Sydney* had put paid to the plucky little German's account. No one could possibly have been more proud then than an Australian woman, a Mrs. Davies, who was staying at the De Vere. No sooner did the news come through than she went straight out and bought a flagstaff contraption, and arranged it on her table in the dining-saloon with the Australian flag flying top-mast. I took a wicked delight in

running it down to half-mast whenever I passed that way.

We embarked shortly afterwards in the *Osterley*, and reached home in the first days of the New Year. We had to proceed very cautiously at sea, with no lights or smoking on deck. Once in the Channel, when we were at a standstill for the night, a collier barged into us, but fortunately there was no damage. The rest of the voyage was uneventful.

To be more exact, we put into Colombo at 6 p.m. on January 9th, and after a thanksgiving service at All Saints' Church, Hultsdorf, I called at Queen's House and saw His Excellency Sir Robert Chalmers and party. The rest of the day I spent in receiving a large number of callers who were anxious to know all about the war, and whether it was true that I had been taken prisoner by the enemy, and had spent some time in Germany baking bread and turning out sausages! This was the substance of a rumour that actually gained much credence among rural folk!

On the next day I lunched at Queen's House, and was able to relate all my experiences from the fateful August 4th up to my embarkation; and Sir Robert in turn told me all that had been going on here, and showed me a neatly framed chart depicting the various positions taken by H.M.A.S. *Sydney* and the *Emden* off Cocos Island when the Australian battleship demolished the plucky and the elusive enemy raider. Von Müller, the *Emden's* Commander, was before everything else a gentleman, and treated all taken on his ship from other vessels in what was described as a most humane and



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SIR ROBERT CHALMERS, G.C.B., NOW LORD CHALMERS,
GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1913-1916).

courteous manner. He escaped being blown to pieces, and was taken prisoner and lived to return to Germany. It was pretty well known in London that Von Müller's mother was an Englishwoman.

Two days after I landed in Ceylon, Gate Mohandiram Peter Dias Bandaranayake, the only surviving son of my father's only brother, died, leaving no male issue.

It was in the middle of this month that I had arranged with Warden Stone to send my son to St. Thomas' College as a boarder. This was the first time he was to go out of my immediate supervision and control, and the parting was a bit of a pang to me. I had no reason, however, to regret this step, as, under the careful guidance of that great scholar Mr. Stone, Sonny did exceedingly well, and, like myself, is, as a result, able to claim St. Thomas' as Alma Mater. Up to this time he had been educated privately at home, his last tutor being Mr. A. C. Radford, a Cambridge graduate, whom I have already referred to earlier in these pages. Sonny secured a First Class in the Cambridge Senior at the end of this year, and also gained distinctions in English and Latin. It was considered a rather good performance, as he went up from the Sixth Form and had only a year's preparation.

Towards the end of January dengue fever was raging in Colombo, and I came in for a sharp attack of it, from which I made a speedy recovery under the treatment of Dr. David Rockwood. Just about this time, too, Sonny had to undergo an operation at the hands of Dr. S. C. Paul at the General Hospital, and curiously enough in the same

ward lay Mr. Lewis Walker, who was also operated on by the same surgeon for the same trouble. This operation caused me some worry, especially after the fate of young Eknelligoda on the eve of his marriage not very long before.

Sir West Ridgeway, passing through in a P. & O. boat on one of his periodical visits to British North Borneo, I went on board and greeted him on the morning of January 30th. He looked young and buoyant as ever.

Some months later I was up at Nuwara Eliya, when I received telegraphic news that my youngest sister, Mrs. Solomon Seneviratne, was seriously ill and lying in a critical condition. I went down by the night mail to Colombo, Sir Christoffel and Mr. J. Andrew Perera, who were also at Nuwara Eliya, accompanying me. On the following day, April 28th, at noon, my sister died. The funeral took place in Colombo on the 29th, and I returned to Nuwara Eliya by the mail train that night. On arrival there the following morning I was shocked to hear of the death of my friend Jim Van Langenberg in Colombo on the previous evening.

Nothing very exciting occurred for a few months until the opening of the Chalmers Granaries. The rice merchants rose to the occasion under the inspiration of Mr. Suntheram, and made a very grand and brilliant function of it. The Governor—Sir Robert Chalmers—accompanied by Lady Chalmers and attended by his full Staff, including myself, drove down to the Racquet Court in state, the gubernatorial party being met at the entrance by the Government Agent (Mr., now Sir John, Fraser),

the Mayor of Colombo, and a host of other officials, and there was a grand display of frock-coats and top-hats that had not seen the light of day for many a long year. Addresses were read and presentations made to His Excellency, who performed the actual opening by very deftly cutting a heaped bushel of the choicest imported Indian rice with a special ornamental ruler that was handed to him for the purpose. A newspaper gossip who signed himself Vasconcel, writing in one of the following morning's papers, perpetrated this rather amusing paragraph :

“Next my attention was caught by the tall and statuesque figure of the Maha Mudaliyar. What a fine presence he makes ! We have no other Sinhalese in the same street with him in the skill of society pose. He looked solid, substantial, massive, and imposing, from his nicely groomed hair down to his boots. The two Aides-de-Camp looked a bit bewildered and nervously restless. They might well be. The thing was beyond them. Behind the nervous reader of the address was arrayed a solid mass of Chettydom, all trying hard to look as if they understood.”

CHAPTER XV

DARK DAYS

NEARLY everybody who was fit had by this time proceeded to take part in the Great War, and in May, 1915, I was invited to go up to Nuwara Eliya and take up the duties of Aide-de-Camp. I did so on May 23rd, and three or four days later the sad news came through that Captain Ralph Chalmers, eldest son of the Governor, was wounded and missing, to be followed almost immediately by the still more tragic intimation that His Excellency's other son, Captain Robert Chalmers, had been killed in action. The state of grief of Sir Robert and Lady Chalmers and Mrs. Malcolm Stevenson, their only daughter, can well be imagined. Guests who were expected at Queen's House were put off by telegraph by me, and while Sir Robert strove manfully to bear up under the terrible blow, Lady Chalmers and Mrs. Stevenson were prostrated with grief. I had started for Colombo to be present at the last day of the May Races, but I did not attend them, and returned at once to Nuwara Eliya. On the way up I noticed at Gampola and one or two other places signs of the progress of the deplorable riots that had broken out on May 28th at Kandy and were swiftly spreading.

On June 1st His Excellency received a telephone message from Kandy that his presence there was urgently required. Sir Robert left within half an hour on receipt of this, attended by Mr. W. T. Southorn, private secretary, having given me instructions that I was not to leave Queen's Cottage, where Lady Chalmers and Mrs. Stevenson were, and asking me to take command of the body-guard and put them to whatever use I liked towards the protection of Nuwara Eliya from riots.

My orders to the Jemadar were that he was to take the guard out in full uniform, with their lances, and exercise the horses in the town twice a day. Fortunately, chiefly owing to the indefatigable work of Mr. A. W. Seymour, A.G.A., and some of the planters of the neighbourhood, there was no disturbance, although there were indications of unrest more than once, especially after the murder of a police-constable in broad daylight in the town.

On June 16th I received instructions that I was to proceed with Lady Chalmers and Mrs. Stevenson to Colombo, and we went down by the ordinary morning train on the 17th, Lady (then Mrs. Anton) Bertram accompanying us. I dined and stayed at Queen's House that night, and after four or five days in Colombo returned to Horagolla, where I made full enquiries, taking down the statements of all the servants employed in the establishment.

A gentleman, who called himself the "Officer Commanding the base at Veyangoda," also visited me and had a long interview, in the course of which I was able to tell him who exactly were the leaders and principal rioters of Pattalagedera,

Veyangoda, and Tihariya in the light of the information I had received in the course of my enquiries. He made a careful list of these, and went away promising to arrest them promptly and deal with them; but some days later I met him again, and, on enquiring as to what he had done with these men, I was told that his instructions were only to deal with the Mohammedan complaints. The Mohammedans were, of course, playing the game of blind-man's buff. They bolted from a place at the first indication that an attack on them was brewing, and in a large number of cases "identified" as the demolishers of their *boutiques* and looters of their property either people against whom they had grudges or the wealthiest villagers, so that they might claim and get compensation. Of course, one could not help having some sympathy with the Mohammedan refugees hiding terror-stricken in jungles and under culverts and other curious places. But the pity of it was that the actual rioters and looters escaped, whilst innocent, law-abiding people were taken up and punished.

An official on one of his visits to a village here, accompanied by Punjabis and a well-known medical practitioner of this district, actually fired at a woman who was running for dear life at the imposing sight of the stalwart Punjabis in their war-paint, the vigorous protest of the medical gentleman being of no avail to curb his martial ardour. His marksmanship was not, however, anything like approximate to what might be called the Bisley standard, and the woman fortunately escaped unscathed, although frightened almost to

death. The medical gentleman was able to prove on the spot that the person fired at was a woman, and not, as the official insisted, a riotous villager.

At about this time I had several interviews with His Excellency the Governor regarding what I believed flagrant miscarriages of British justice daily occurring. Sir Robert was, of course, all for justice, but the country being under martial law from June 2nd to August 30th, the military, under the command of the Officer Commanding the troops in Ceylon and his subalterns and subordinates, Special Commissioners and Town Guards, were responsible for the wrongs against which I believed I had reason to complain.

I cannot refrain from mentioning a rather amusing incident in connection with the riots. I had a Eurasian superintendent named Wyllie on one of my estates, and some Mohammedans of the Moorish village of Kahataowitta complained to the authorities that he, armed with a gun and accompanied by hundreds of Sinhalese villagers, entered their hamlet and attempted to demolish their mosque. Upon this a telegram was received by my private secretary, Mr. A. Wambeck, who was residing at Horagolla, from the O.C. Troops, Veyangoda, asking him to instruct Wyllie to report himself at the military base forthwith. My secretary wrote in reply that Wyllie had left the previous day on leave of absence. Wyllie's whereabouts were then quickly traced, and he was arrested at Kandy and kept a prisoner for nearly six weeks, being marched from one court to another in manacles before his trial was taken up. His

sufferings during this period must have been considerable, and he very nearly died of dysentery in hospital. Eventually he was brought to trial at Weke before a Special Commissioner, the charge against him being "that on June 2nd, you, armed with a gun, led some hundreds of villagers to Kahataowitta, and there attempted to demolish the mosque." Wyllie's answer was simple. He said he was not even in the province on that date—he was away in Kandy—and his witnesses were the Mother Superior of the Kandy Convent (where his sister was), Mr. L. E. Blaze, the Principal of Kingswood College, the manager of a bank where he cashed a cheque that day, and the manager of an outfitting establishment where he had placed an order for a suit of clothes. Mr. Evan Koch had been retained to appear for Wyllie, but he was unable to appear, as it was a court martial. When the record was forwarded to the Attorney-General, however, Wyllie's discharge was ordered.

On the other hand, two village headmen who had been charged with the same offence by the same pair of Mohammedans were convicted and sent to gaol for long terms of imprisonment, as perhaps they were unable to put up an alibi as Wyllie did. The grudge of the Mohammedans against Wyllie was that he did not permit their cattle to trespass on the estate of which he was in charge.

Mr. O. Crozier, of Veyangoda, also came over to see me, and placed in my hands certain papers which went a great way to prove the innocence of A. P. Goonetilleke, who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life on the charge of leading the

rioting at Pattalagedera. With these I saw His Excellency the Governor, and strongly urged that if the facts as stated in these documents were true, Goonetilleke should be discharged at once. One of these documents was a telegram sent from Beruwala by the principal witness against him to a co-religionist at Pattalagedera, which clearly proved that his evidence was false, and that he was nowhere near Veyangoda at the time, although he swore to his having been here and seeing Goonetilleke at the head of the rioters.

His Excellency promised to make enquiries and let me know, and when I saw him a few days later spoke of imposing a heavy fine on Goonetilleke and releasing him. I maintained that he must either be guilty of the charges and should remain in gaol, or he was innocent and should be discharged without being kept in gaol a minute longer.

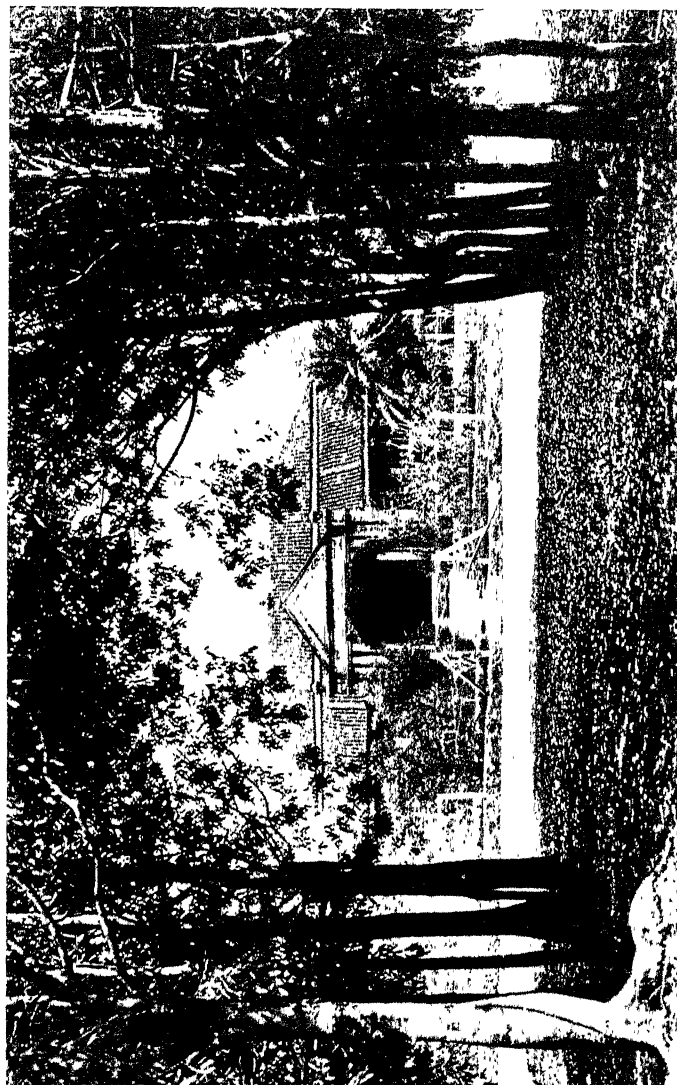
Sir Robert eventually agreed to discharge him, and this was done on the day following, His Excellency himself informing Goonetilleke's mother of the release here at Horagolla, where the Governor lunched that afternoon. Goonetilleke was accordingly discharged, but not before he had suffered a great deal in mind and body in the Jaffna prison.

Before I came down from Nuwara Eliya I had received a long letter from Felix Dias, who was District Judge of Kandy at the time, on the subject of the riots, their causes and their course. I showed this both to the Governor and the Attorney-General, Sir (then the Hon. Mr.) Anton Bertram. There is no vestige of doubt that there would have been no widespread upheaval had the authorities at

Kandy been alive to their duty in the first instance and suppressed the first spark with a firm hand.

Some of the ignorant were actually under the impression that they were doing a service to the Government by thrashing the Mohammedans out of the Colony, as their co-religionists, the Turks, were waging war on Britain and the Allies! It was also suggested—and I record it with due seriousness—that His Excellency's two sons had fallen in a battle against the Turks, and that, therefore, those in the seats of the mighty would connive at riots by way of revenge!

The worst was soon past, though the severity of the martial law sentences cast a gloom for many months over the island. But Sir Robert Chalmers did not altogether escape. He was attacked by a section of the community which showed no iota of respect to the terrible sorrow his double bereavement must have meant to him. He had come out with great schemes taking shape in his mind for the welfare of the people he was to govern. Then came the war and the tremendous contribution it extracted from him for the Empire. And on top of that, before he had time to recover from that blow which took away his young sons almost at one stroke, the riots! Few people knew as intimately as I the great hopes and liberal sympathies Sir Robert nourished. And his régime ended with, on his part, a passionate regret, and abuse on the lips of the people whom he loved. It was an abominable spectacle.



THE WIKI MALIGAWA.

E. 1807

Plate I

CHAPTER XVI

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

ON the afternoon of June 29th I received a wire to the effect that my cousin, W. Chapman Dias, had died at noon. I went into Colombo the same afternoon, and attended his funeral on the following day. I was named as one of the trustees in his will, and there was a great deal to do to get matters shipshape, as his death was rather sudden and unexpected.

I was also compelled to go to law at this period as a result of some differences with H. O. Beven, who was the lessee of my Weke Estate. I was very sorry, as we had been friends for a long time. The late Mr. W. Wadsworth tried the case (which was decided in my favour, with Beven cast in stiff damages), and I was represented by Mr. E. J. Samarawickrema (now K.C.), instructed by Messrs. F. J. and G. de Saram, while Mr. E. W. Jayawardene (also now K.C.), instructed by Messrs. Mack, appeared on the other side. The case went up in appeal, and the damages were a little reduced.

At the August Races this year I had an extremely fine record when General MacLennan won the Civil Service Cup and the Channer Stakes; Lenana annexed the Police Cup, and came second for the

Governor's Cup and the Turf Club Plate; a horse named Morris won the Kalutara Cup; and Vera, in my colours, came third in the Ridgeway Stakes. Later on, at the October Meeting, General MacLennan won the Stand Stakes.

At the August Meeting in the following year Lenana, it is interesting to note, again came second for the Governor's Cup, but this time won the Turf Club Plate. On the same occasion my Mushtarak won the Farewell Plate. In the October Races of 1916 a horse of mine named Mimosa secured the Lawn Stakes, and the same animal won the English Foal Handicap and the Medium Stakes at Galle in December. It was fair weather after foul.

Later, in November, 1915, Lord (then, of course, Sir Robert) Chalmers, attended by me, paid a farewell visit to the High Priest Sri Subhuti, a monk profoundly versed in Oriental lore, at Waskaduwa. Approaching the temple the route was decorated for many miles, and immediately our car drew up at the temple a certain chieftain stepped forward and besought His Excellency not to alight for a minute or two till he had changed his upper garments! This he proceeded to do (much to His Excellency's secret amusement and my own subdued horror) by getting behind our car and quickly rigging himself out in a smart green necktie, a fancy waistcoat and a frock-coat, and then came briskly round and announced: "I am ready, Your Excellency!" We then left the car and walked in state to the temple, led by this chieftain. High Priest Subhuti received His Excellency with due

respect, and at the close of a long conversation, presented him with an ancient carved coconut-shell beautifully mounted in silver. His Excellency took it into his hands, and after a minute or so courteously asked the High Priest to accept the shell as a gift from him to be added to the treasures of the temple, explaining beyond any misunderstanding that his position made it difficult for him to accept so valuable a present.

A few days later the departing Governor invested the faithful Karumaratne Arachchi, of Queen's House, with the rank of Mohandiram of the Lascoreen Guard; and on December 4th His Excellency and Lady Chalmers embarked on the *Mongolia*, and Mr. Reginald Stubbs assumed duties as Officer Administering the Government.

A week later I received a telegram announcing the death of Sir Hector Van Cuylenberg, and attended his funeral.

For the Galle Races this year, at which, as I have already remarked, I met with moderate success, Felix Dias and myself, accompanied by my son, made the Hikkaduwa Rest-house our headquarters, and enjoyed to the full a very pleasant holiday. Sonny made good use of his leisure by writing a storyette with Hikkaduwa as the background, which was printed in the *St. Thomas' College Magazine*.

Early in April, 1916, Captain Livingstone-Learmonth, the new Aide-de-Camp, arrived in Ceylon, and on the 15th the new Governor, Sir John Anderson, arrived, and was received with customary pomp. I have recorded previously how I had met

and conversed with Sir John when he visited Ceylon in the suite of the Duke of Cornwall and York in 1901, and my business with him at the Colonial Office towards the end of 1914, and we knew each other very well.

Sir John paid his official visit to Kandy on May 11th, and I accompanied him. There was a proposal that he should leave his car and walk the last half-mile to the Pavilion in a procession behind elephants and dancers, rather like a tail-piece to *the tambourines, the cymbals, and the bones!*

But His Excellency positively declined to do anything of the sort, and rode in state in his car, attended by his Staff in the wake of the procession. On arrival at King's Pavilion he thanked the chiefs for the reception they had accorded him, and a few minutes later addressed the minor headmen and others who had assembled on the lawn opposite, and thanked them similarly. This address was interpreted by me into Sinhalese, standing alongside Sir John, and at the end he turned round and thanked me very much for improving on the speech he had made!

Some weeks later, one day I happened to call at Queen's House to learn that the news of Lord Kitchener's tragic drowning at sea had just been received. I have already in these pages related how the body of his trusted friend and secretary, Major Fitzgerald, was recovered and given an honoured burial, Lord Kitchener finding a resting-place with the "old tarred Great Captains."

Sir John Anderson had been busily engaged since his arrival in personally going through the



[Photo Ltd

THE FIG'S BENJAMINI TREE AT HORAGOLLA.

records of riot cases with infinite labour, and on the King's birthday 800 riot prisoners, who had been sentenced to terms of a year and less, were released. Three or four days later the formal opening of the Legislative Council took place, and on the same day there was an investiture at Queen's House.

At about this time His Excellency Admiral Wemyss, attended by his Flag-Lieutenant and Captain Livingstone-Learmonth, spent the day here at Horagolla and did some shooting, and succeeded in bagging a brace of deer. I must be excused here when I note the irrelevant—but to me, as an agriculturist, important—fact that at about this time the planting of rubber on a block of my Montecatini Estate was taken in hand.

The famous Kegalle Shooting Commission, which enquired, after a fashion, into the alleged atrocities committed in that district by the military during the martial law period, was to commence its sittings at Kegalle on November 9th. Sir Anton Bertram, the Attorney-General, had already gone up, and Chief Justice Sir Alexander Wood-Renton and Mr. Justice Schneider, with Mr. R. H. Whitehorn, Secretary to the Commission, were motoring up the previous evening when their car was disabled in the vicinity of Horagolla at about 7 p.m., and they turned in and had a whisky-and-soda with me till the defect was repaired. They then resumed their journey, but hadn't gone a quarter of a mile before their car came to grief again, and Schneider came back and reported the circumstances to me. I lent them my car, driven

by my man Sardial, and they reached their destination at 10.30 p.m.

The findings of this Commission were later quashed by the historic despatch in which Sir John Anderson vindicated the good name of the Sinhalese nation and referred to certain gentlemen in vitriolic phraseology.

In this same year I attended Sir John when he went down to Kalutara to unveil a statue of King George V. presented to the town by the Padikara Mudaliyar, and I declared open a Buddhist school in Nittambuwa village which is now flourishing with a long roll of boys and girls.

I also recollect Captain Fraser, some time towards the untimely close of Sir John Anderson's régime, performing the noteworthy route ride from Kandy to Colombo with the Governor's body-guard. The cavalcade halted only for short intervals at Polgahawela and Ambepussa and here at Horagolla, and horses and men arrived in Colombo in good condition, though the animals had a pretty high temperature, which, however, was restored to normal with the usual care and attention.

Towards the end of this year my secretary, Arthur Wambeck, was suddenly taken seriously ill, and was sent down in charge of Dr. Gunasekera, of Wathupitiwala Hospital, to be entered as a patient in the Planters' Ward of the General Hospital, remaining there three weeks.

At the beginning of 1917 a whole shipload of mules the like of which had not been seen in this country were landed at Colombo owing to some



THE "MIGHTY ATOM" WHEN A FOAL.

trouble on the ship in which they were being conveyed for war purposes. A large majority of them were reshipped, if I mistake not, in the same vessel, and the remainder were auctioned. I purchased three or four pairs to see whether they were capable of replacing cattle for work on the estate, but the experiment proved a hopeless failure. They were, for one thing, very expensive to keep, as they required a lot of food, and the leeches and ticks also played havoc with them. One of them used in my *tappal* cart, however, gave satisfaction, which seems to prove that mules are more suitable for use on roads rather than estates—in this country, anyhow.

Some of this lot were quite fifteen hands, and people unfamiliar with mules of those proportions mistook them for horses!

I also had a visit from the well-known entrepreneur “Colonel” Fillis and Mrs. Fillis. They were after my country-bred Shetland pony, the Mighty Atom, but the price I quoted staggered them, as, indeed, I wanted it to. They admitted, however, that my animal was the prettiest pony of the kind they had seen. I bred him on the estate, and in due course taught him a few tricks. He is still alive and going strong, although nearly twenty years old.

Apropos of this I must here record how one morning my superintendent of the Attanagalla Estate sent a jazz letter post-haste to my secretary: “The yellow mare was brought to bed of a red colt last night.”

The east window of All Saints’ Church, Hults-

dorf, which had been materializing for so many years that it seemed it would never be an established fact, was at last imported and duly set up, and dedicated by His Lordship Bishop Copleston on March 11th, 1917. The window is a memorial of Canon Dias, and is a perfect masterpiece, and I was glad to undertake the task of selecting the design, importing the window, and having it erected on behalf of the subscribers. A matter for some anxiety was the danger of the window—it was fairly expensive—going down at sea as a result of some German submarine's activity.

Advocate L. H. Samarakkody married Miss Samaradiwakara about this time, and the wedding took place at my town house. Mr. J. G. (now Sir John) Fraser performed the ceremony, and when he was experiencing some difficulty in tying the thumbs of the couple together, I prompted him to roll up the ends of the piece of cotton after the fashion of the binding of a Jaffna cigar!

These were naturally the days for various funds, bazaars, and entertainments in connection with the war, and in August a great fair in aid of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild was held in the grounds of Queen's House and over Rs. 30,000 was realized. A year later another big fête, the "Cries of London" Fair, was held in the same grounds, when a remarkable necklace, composed of the most costly gems of Ceylon and described as Queen Mary's Neck Chain, was put up to auction, and after some very brisk bidding knocked down to the lucky buyer, Mr. P. H. Fradd, for the handsome sum of Rs. 37,000. The stalls were all beautifully arranged, and the fair

itself was a great success. "My Lady Nicotine" was a striking figure, and a successful seller.

At this time my old friend W. E. Davidson, of the Ceylon Civil Service (later Sir Walter Davidson), was appointed Governor of New South Wales after a few years' service in other parts of the Empire. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson were very popular during their time in Ceylon, and on the death of the latter the people of the Kegalle District erected an imposing *Ambalam* of Kandyan architecture in her memory at Ruwanwella. Later he married again. It is a sad circumstance that Sir Walter should have died in Australia on the eve of his retirement about a year ago.

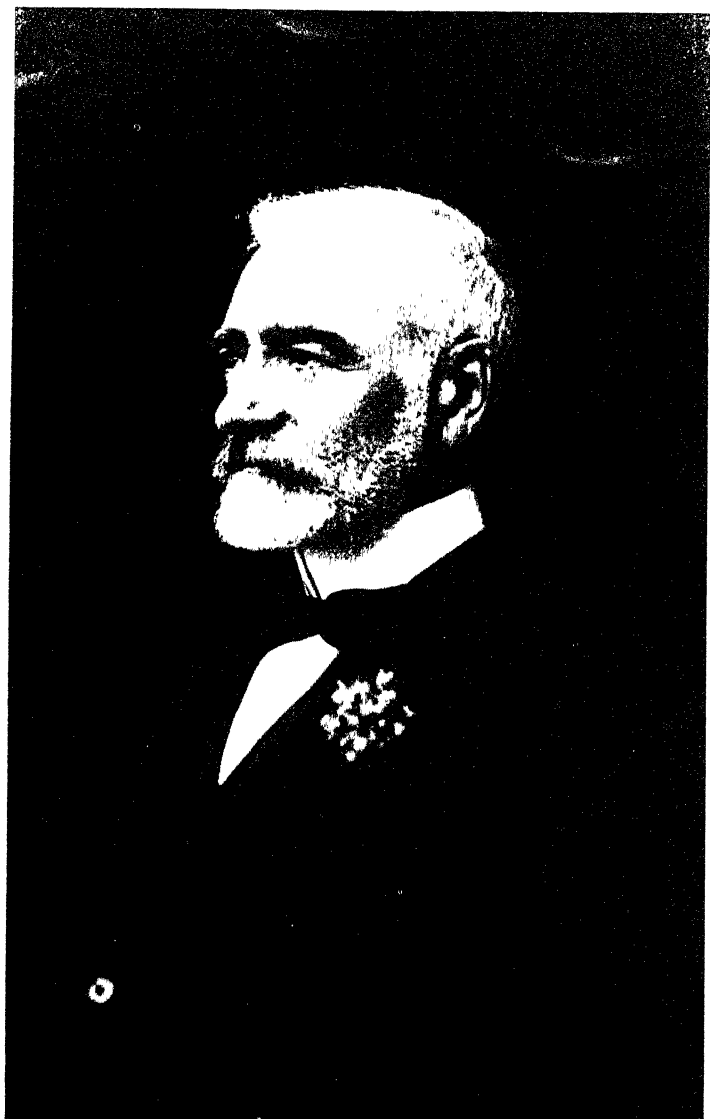
CHAPTER XVII

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN ANDERSON

SIR JOHN ANDERSON had been sent out to this country at a critical time, having answered the call of duty when he must have known that another period of service in the tropics would be fatal to his weakened constitution. He had hardly been two years here when in March, 1918, he fell dangerously ill.

I was in constant telegraphic communication with Queen's Cottage as to His Excellency's condition, and being informed on the 23rd that he had reached a critical stage, I hastened to Nuwara Eliya. Everything possible, of course, was done to make Sir John comfortable. I remember Captain Fraser that night improvising an air-cushion to be placed under the patient's mattress by inflating the inner tube of a rubber tyre. When it was taken into the sick-chamber Sir John threw a glance at it, and with a pathetic smile on his face exclaimed: "No more joy rides for me!" A few hours later, at five o'clock in the morning of the 24th, Sir John Anderson breathed his last.

The cause of his death was an obstruction, which I believe was later ascertained to be a cancerous growth, in one of the internal organs. An opera-



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SIR JOHN ANDERSON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1916-1918).

tion was performed by Dr. Paul, helped by Dr. Prins, then District Medical Officer at Nuwara Eliya, and in the presence of His Excellency's son, Captain A. C. Anderson, who had arrived a few days earlier and was himself a medical man. Captain Anderson's wife and a staff of nurses were also assiduous in their attentions. But the operation did not appear to bring Sir John any relief, and he sank steadily.

The remains were taken by motor-car to Nanu Oya, where a special was waiting to convey them to Colombo. Captain Fraser, Captain Anderson, and myself travelled in the special, which reached Colombo at dawn on Monday, the 25th. The body was lying in state during the whole of Monday and Tuesday at Queen's House, and thousands of people filed past to pay their last respects to a great and good Governor.

The funeral arrangements were fittingly elaborate, the coffin being borne to the General Cemetery from Queen's House on a gun-carriage drawn by four chargers and escorted by the body-guard, Captain Anderson and I following in the car just behind. The route from the Fort to Kanatte—a distance of about three miles—was lined on both sides by dense and reverent crowds, and the gathering at the cemetery was enormous. On a cushion on the Union Jack which draped the coffin were arranged the orders and the insignia of the dead Governor, and during the service, which was conducted by Revs. D. MacMichael, A. Faulds, and David Tweed, of the Presbyterian Church, I had the great honour of bearing them. I might add that

the police and military arrangements were perfect, and Captain Fraser indefatigable in seeing that everything was conducted as it should be. Sir John was the first Governor of this country to die while his term of office in Ceylon was as yet unfinished, and every circumstance combined to make his death a matter of genuine and universal grief, so that it seemed almost a personal loss. It will remain, I regret to add, a standing reproach to the Sinhalese people in general, and those who initiated the movement in particular, that no tangible memorial to his great sacrifice has been raised, although there was much talk about it at the time, and, as a matter of fact, a subscription was started in the cemetery itself, and over a lakh of rupees put down on the spot. This was what an evening paper had to say on the day after the obsequies :

“At a meeting informally got together at the General Cemetery yesterday after the funeral of the late Governor, it was decided to collect subscriptions for a public memorial to Sir John Anderson. A lakh of rupees was subscribed on the spot.”

Sir John had at least the satisfaction of knowing that he had accomplished faithfully and honourably the task set him by his Sovereign. No whit less than any of the millions who died on the battle-fields was he a warrior who gave his life in the service of his country.

CHAPTER XVIII

A CURE FOR SNAKE-BITE

At about this time one of the most extraordinary cases of death by snake-bite came under my notice when out riding one morning. The name of the victim was Sinchi Appu, a villager of Webodagalla, and to this day the people round about hold to the conviction that his horrible death was a retribution for the murder of a young lover whom he had killed and gone scot-free.

It appeared that on the previous evening Sinchi Appu went as usual to his vegetable and betel enclosure. When he failed to return for an unduly long time, the other inmates of the house went in search of him and found him lying dead. On closer examination it was discovered that he had been thoroughly bitten—not once, but many times—by a snake, presumably a cobra.

I rode up to the house, which was a little distance from the road, and, dismounting, examined the dead body. The man had been bitten on both legs, both hands, and practically all over the face. Evidently in the dusk he had trodden on the reptile, which bit him on one leg and then on the other. He must in desperation have attempted to ward off the snake, which then inflicted the bites on the

hands, causing him to fall down in exhaustion, pinning the viper beneath him. While in this position the bites on the face could have been inflicted before the cobra succeeded in wriggling out and escaping into cover close at hand.

The villagers concluded that this was Nemesis. Three or four years earlier a young man from a distant village had been paying court to Sinchi Appu's daughter, but all her people looked upon the suit with strong disfavour. The young man, as is the way of lovers, persisted in his attentions. One day he was found hanging to a *jak* tree not very far from his sweetheart's home and within fifty yards of the betel enclosure where Sinchi Appu came by his terrible end. The verdict was suicide, but the circumstances were extremely suspicious. For one thing, the young man had on his visiting clothes, and the body itself hung on a very low branch, with the feet just off the ground. What other conclusions than that the murdered lover had come in the form of a cobra and avenged the dastardly act! Such is the remorseless logic of the rural mind. . . .

Some time later an interesting experiment was tried with the object of discovering a cure for snake-bites. The well-known native specialist Mr. Bandara Beddewela offered to give a demonstration of his cure, and then to divulge his secret in return for a reward of, I believe, some Rs. 5,000.

A date was fixed, and I sent down a cobra to Dr. Nicholls, the bacteriologist, and a number of us assembled to watch proceedings. The cobra was chloroformed and its venom extracted. As this

was too thick for use through a hypodermic syringe, it was diluted with a saline, and each of six rabbits injected with a lethal dose that would kill it in forty-eight hours. Mr. Beddewela was then invited to select any three of the six for the purposes of his demonstration, and he naturally selected the toughest-looking specimens. The other three were locked up in hutches as controls.

Mr. Beddewela's operations then commenced. He made each of the three rabbits he had selected swallow a pill, poured some concoction into their nostrils, gave each a medicated bath, and finally made a small slit on their foreheads, and there-through introduced some other preparation.

This, if I remember rightly, constituted the treatment, and these three specimens were also carefully put away under lock and key in three different hutches, Dr. Nicholls promising to send me a report at the end of the forty-eight hours.

Unfortunately—I say it with genuine regret—the result was a failure, the treated rabbits actually succumbing before any of those not treated. Two of the latter also died, but the third and strongest-looking survived the period, and I think ultimately recovered. I might mention that the cobra itself was the first to go under—from the effects of the chloroform!

Mr. Beddewela's explanation was that the rabbits were too fragile for a successful demonstration of the efficacy of his medicines. He had brought a man with him who was prepared to allow himself to be bitten by the cobra to enable the experiment to be tried on him. But of course we could not

accept the suggestion, as in the event of failure we would have been collectively guilty of manslaughter!

Dr. Nicholls was of opinion that although Mr. Beddewela might have knowledge of some bush remedy potent to neutralize the venom of snakes, his lack of knowledge of dosage and scientific adjustment rendered his remedy liable to be generally inefficacious, and in this case had, in fact, contributed to the death of the victims. But my friend Major Noyes once told me his personal experience was that the only sure and certain cure for snake-bite, and one by which he has saved human lives as well as those of dogs and horses, is a serum derived from animals inoculated with graduated doses of extracted venom of increasing strength, until snakes of any species can bite them at their leisure and with a full injection without any ill effect ensuing to the horse, mule, or whatever animal it is that will presently be sacrificed for the good of humanity; and that every native cure, such as herbs, specifics, snake-stones, has been most carefully analyzed, tested, weighed, and found to be wanting and, indeed, purely empirical. Permanganate of potash is effective only in mild cases, and then if only instantaneously applied. He also informed me that the discoverer of the serum cure, or at least the pundit who has perfected the process of its manufacture, is a Dr. Fitzsimons, of the Snake Farm, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, whose successful research work should, I think, be wider known.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MANNING RÉGIME

THE new Governor, Sir William Manning, arrived in September, and I went on board with the Acting Governor, Mr. R. E. Stubbs, and accompanied the gubernatorial party ashore. I was invited to stay at Queen's House a few days, and got to know His Excellency and the Hon. Robert Trefusis (his private secretary) and Mrs. Trefusis very well. When about three weeks later Sir William paid his first official visit to the hill capital, the special was stopped at Veyangoda, and I went up with them. Shortly afterwards the Orient Club entertained the new Governor. On this occasion, as one of the oldest members, I was, of course, one of the hosts.

Sir William, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Benson, Major Tonks, A.D.C., and Sir Henry Gollan, the Attorney-General, later spent the day with me here, and after a visit to Weke Maligawa in the afternoon returned to Colombo. While going over the estate, seeing what there is to see, my little country-bred Shetland pony, Mighty Atom, was brought out, and on my asking the pony to bow (as he had been trained to do, while I held his reins and stood in front of him), he turned

abruptly round so that his tail pointed at me, and bowed vigorously to His Excellency, to the great amusement of all present.

Some time earlier an extensive infant school at Kirindiwella (Weke) was formally opened by Mr. (now Sir E. B.) Denham, then Director of Education, and I entertained a party to luncheon at Weke before the function. The party included Mr. Denham, the Hon. and Mrs. Trefusis, the Evans, and my sister, Mrs. Obeyesekere, and her party. A very unfortunate incident occurred during the progress of the procession from the Maligawa to the school, one of the numerous elephants composing it—a tusker—getting out of control and fatally injuring two men, one a headman. One of them died on the spot, and the other at the Wathupitiwala Hospital. This tusker is a notorious man-killer, and undoubtedly the only pachyderm in all my experience who has a penchant for killing people, having disposed of quite a number in his time. A bull elephant “in must” doing damage and killing people is quite a different thing. This tusker, however, is now, I understand, put to hard work and never taken out on the roads or in processions.

Sir William Manning had arrived shortly before the Armistice, and some months later when peace was signed, the local celebrations took the form of an investiture, levée, and dinner at Queen’s House, and a parade and fireworks on Galle Face. A most unpleasant incident took place on this day which seriously reflected on the good name of the English community in this country, owing, I may add, to



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SIR WILLIAM HENRY MANNING, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B.,
GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1918-1925).



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AVENUE OF "NA" OR IRONWOOD TREES AT WEKE.

the irresponsible action of a few nincompoops. I had occasion to address a very long letter on this subject to the Aide-de-Camp to the Governor for the information of His Excellency and the edification of those responsible for it. I cannot, unfortunately, reveal the details, as I said at the time I wouldn't talk about them, but I cannot help quoting the following extract from a letter I received from the A.D.C. :

QUEEN'S HOUSE, COLOMBO,
23/7/19.

MY DEAR MAHA,

I have your letter of the 21st, which I have carefully read, and as you said I might do what I liked with it, I showed it to H.E. H.E. has asked me to tell you he entirely agrees with everything you have written, and is intensely disgusted with the treatment accorded to you and Bawa on the 19th.

I need hardly write here what my own feelings are, as I think you both know them after what I said on the 19th, but I should like you to know that there are others that share these opinions with me.

I can only tell you, Maha, that I have never felt so ashamed of my own people before, and only thank you and Bawa for the extremely generous and kind way you have told me you would treat the matter. It is very nice of you to mention, as you do, my attitude, but personally I hold a very high idea of what an Englishman is, or, I should say, ought to be.

I can only add that I have never been so humiliated before, and express to you both my sincerest and deepest apologies for the incident.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,
A.D.C.

Much interest was centred in the Governor's marriage to Miss Olga Sefton-Jones, of London, at Queen's House in December. It was, of course, the first time a Governor of Ceylon had entered the matrimonial state here—all the others had been married before they arrived and didn't risk it again—and getting married in Queen's House was in itself an occasion. The Registrar-General performed the ceremony, and the function was very largely attended, all sections of the community being present. Both Sir William and his bride received the hearty congratulations of all Ceylon, in spite of a certain amount of political discontent at the time, and were also the recipients of a large number of presents. One of the group photographs taken consisted of the Governor and Lady Manning with the whole of the Queen's House Staff.

The new châtelaine of Queen's House charmed everybody, and there is no doubt that she contributed largely to the great success of her husband's régime. Her mother, Mrs. Sefton-Jones, who came out with the bride, returned shortly afterwards to England.

CHAPTER XX

BACK IN ENGLAND

TOWARDS the end of October, 1919, I left for England on a holiday in the s.s. *Derbyshire*, accompanied by my elder daughter and Miss Church, her companion, and Sardial, my valet. Contrary to schedule, the *Derbyshire* had to put in to Bombay to take in troops, and there was a delay of some days in that port. I did not miss the opportunity of seeing a good deal of Bombay—reputedly the second city of the Empire—and its neighbourhood, accompanied by Mr. Dubash, a Parsee gentleman of great wealth, who was introduced to me by the late Mr. Dadabhoy Nusserwanjee—that dear old man who once, gazing up at an exceptionally tall and narrow building rising in the Pettah, exclaimed, “My, what a skylark!”

I took rooms at the Taj Mahal Hotel, and among other noteworthy places visited the caves at Elephanta with their sculptures of Siva and Parvati. I was also shown over the Bombay Race-course by Captain Crawford, and with him visited some of the stables where Arab horses are kept. The prices asked were fabulous. For one particularly beautiful creature they asked Rs. 30,000, and another good-looking animal I picked out was priced at

Rs. 10,000, although it had never been tried out.

We eventually set sail from Bombay after taking in about 800 troops. The war-time regulations were still being strictly enforced, much care being exercised in the scrutinizing of passports, and the official on the landing who examined mine critically compared my physiognomy with my photograph, and wound up by asking me what my profession was.

I promptly replied: "There it is on the passport. I am the *Maha Muddy Liar* of Ceylon!" This fairly staggered him, and he quickly folded the passport and handed it back to me, those just in front and behind who overheard me bursting into peals of laughter. The initiated will comprehend the joke: for the benefit of *les autres*, and in case it should fall flat, I will add the correct pronunciation—"Mood-e-leeyer."

We picked up 450 more troops at Aden, and the ship was packed like herrings, although we on the upper deck were not much inconvenienced. When we had swung half-way up the Red Sea, however, influenza broke out and went round the ship in a trice, in spite of the efforts of the ship's doctor and the medical officers in charge of the troops. My daughter had the misfortune to catch it badly, so much so that the captain and others seriously considered leaving us behind at Port Said. This contingency, however, did not arise, though several of the troops had to be disembarked there.

The rest of my party and myself did not contract the ailment, largely as a result of regular

doses of a specific which I had taken on board with me. This, by the way, is a sovereign remedy against influenza, colds, and kindred troubles, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr. Frank Grenier.

We landed at Tilbury in tempestuous weather early in December. My daughter and Miss Church went off to a friend's, where arrangements had been made for them, and I with my valet repaired to rooms in the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington. The first person I met on arrival at the hotel was Mr. A. J. Wickwar, the Ceylon Surveyor-General, who was also staying there at the time. It was rather nice meeting a friend, as the hotel was at that time a strange one to me.

I might remark that my son had preceded us and joined his college at Oxford. His period at the University was long overdue, the delay being caused by war conditions. Even after the Armistice there was considerable difficulty in securing a passage for him. At last he succeeded in obtaining a passage in the s.s. *Lancashire*, but at the eleventh hour a small committee that was appointed to decide priority of claims cancelled this, as in its opinion there were others who for health reasons deserved preference, and it was not until some eight months elapsed after the Armistice that Sonny embarked in the s.s. *Derbyshire*, the same boat in which I and my party were, later, voyagers. On June 24th I presented my elder daughter at a Court held by their Majesties at Buckingham Palace. It was a very brilliant function, the like of which is not to be witnessed anywhere else in the world.

At the Royal Palace Hotel there was some commotion during the festivities on Christmas night when close upon midnight there rose an alarm of "Fire! Fire!" A stampede ensued, and some of the ladies in endeavouring to rush upstairs to their children stumbled in the general crush and fell. A few of them even fainted, and one lady in particular, whom I knew, didn't come to for some time. I therefore quickly sent off Sardial to my room to bring an eau-de-Cologne spray that was lying on the table, but he tore back with an article of quite a different description, the mere sight of which sufficed to bring the lady, who was just reviving, completely to her senses!

The fire itself was nothing much, having been due to a carpet being set ablaze in the grill-room by some irresponsible girl throwing down a lighted cigarette-end. The fire brigade, however, was much in evidence, and successfully flooded the rooms.

A few days after meeting Wickwar, his father, old Joe Wickwar, some time of Nuwara Eliya and secretary of the Hill Club, travelled up all the way from Brighton, in spite of his years, to see and talk to me. I remembered him perfectly, and best in connection with lottery nights at the Club, when he well knew how to keep the turbulent section of the planting community in order.

CHAPTER XXI

I AM SUMMONED BY HIS MAJESTY

EARLY in the New Year I was summoned to Buckingham Palace, and had a fairly long audience with the King. His Majesty's first and foremost enquiry concerned our late Governor. "Tell me all about my old friend John Anderson, and what he died of," he said. I told him of Sir John's illness and death, and when I mentioned that I was by the bedside when he passed away, His Majesty seemed pleased.

His Majesty went on to recall incidents during his visits to Ceylon in 1882 and 1901, and questioned me in connection with the riots and the reforms in our constitution then engaging the attention of the Colonial Office. Before I left, the King instructed me to see Colonel Clive Wigram, and ask him to arrange for me to see the Prince of Wales and also the Royal stables at Newmarket.

A few days later I received a letter from Sir Godfrey Thomas to say that His Royal Highness would receive me on the next day. I went accordingly to York House, St. James' Palace, and was given a very cordial welcome. The Prince talked to me on a variety of subjects—hunting, flying, and his contemplated tours in Australia, India, and

Ceylon among other places. He also gave me intimate accounts of the "stunts" he used to perform in the air—looping the loop, etc.—and added regretfully that his august father had now prohibited such adventures.

His Royal Highness' engaging bonhomie—for which he has gained the soubriquet of Prince Charming—struck me very forcibly when he said to me: "Come into the next room, we'll be more cosy in there," and led me from the main sitting-room to his own special room near by.

The Prince attended the Horse Show at Islington that afternoon. I was there too, and was pleased to see him winning his own Gold Cup for the best hackney stallion in the Show with his horse Gray Shales. The Royal Military Tournament and a circus at Olympia were also great attractions, and I paid them several visits.

In the course of my peregrinations I met Maurice Blake, son of our quondam Governor, and renewed the friendship formed when he was out here on his father's Staff. I also met Harry Phipps, who had been Aide-de-Camp to Sir Henry Blake, and he spent an afternoon with me at the hotel.

A few days later I received an invitation to the Colonial Office, and went there and had a lengthy conference with Colonel Amery, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. The agitation for a more advanced constitution was then at its height in Ceylon, and Sir William Manning himself arrived in London in March, and stayed five months conferring with Downing Street on the subject. I met him and his party at Paddington, and also later



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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

the Kandyan deputation, consisting of the Hon. Mr. T. B. L. Moonemalle and Messieurs G. E. Madawala and J. A. Halangoda, whose views were at variance with those of the Congress on the question of Kandyan representation. The Ceylon Association in London entertained Sir William at a dinner at the Prince's in Piccadilly, at which I was also present, and many flattering references were made to me by different speakers. I had the opportunity at this function of meeting old friends I might otherwise not have seen.

Among many I was glad to meet in London was Mr. A. J. Denison, lately of Ceylon, and his wife ; and one evening I dined with them at 26, Albert Court, when I met Miss Birch, granddaughter of Sir Arthur Birch, a former Colonial Secretary of ours, and a lot of nice people. I had also the pleasure of meeting that great actress Lilian Braithwaite at a tea-party given by the Duchess of St. Albans.

One day when I was free of engagements I went, at the special request of my son, to watch a boxing match in the Albert Hall between Bombardier Wells and the Frenchman Jourmay. This was my first experience of a fistic contest, and I must confess that I was greatly shocked, for not long after the fight commenced the floor of the ring was drenched with blood ; and although the Frenchman put up a gallant fight, he was mercilessly punished by Wells, who won the contest.

The sight was a most gruesome one, and how in Heaven's name ladies could attend and apparently enjoy such a show, I cannot comprehend. The way

in which the contestants were washed and douched and fanned at the end of each bout and before the next set-to put me strongly in mind of cock-fighting in Ceylon. I heartily approve of boys being taught boxing for the purpose of self-defence, but certainly not for brutal shows such as the one I witnessed.

A few nights later a disconcerting incident occurred, when a lady by the name of Mrs. Pappa, who was also staying at the hotel, rushed downstairs and asked me for help, as her husband was seriously ill and dying. I hurried upstairs and despatched my valet in a taxi with a letter to Dr. Castellani, asking him to be so good as to come over and see the patient. Castellani, however, 'phoned that it was not possible for him to come, as he had not been asked by the doctor usually in attendance on the Pappas. I 'phoned back that they were hunting high and low, but were unable to get at their medical adviser, and entreated him to come, as the patient's life was in danger. Castellani finally consented as a favour to me, and came round and remained with the patient till the early hours of the morning, administering oxygen for over two hours. Pappa recovered, and the family adviser was very grateful when he came on the scene for all that had been done.

I may mention that Mr. Pappa was a Greek, with big business connections in the city.

But death was busy among my own people at home, and one day I read in the Ceylon papers of the death of my brother-in-law, J. Louis Perera. I cabled my sympathy to my sister, only to receive a few days later a cable from her son intimating

her death, too. Naturally the sad news upset me not a little.

At about this time, too, died my old friend Henniker-Rance, who passed away suddenly at his office in Duncan Terrace. He had been seeing me very frequently at my hotel, and dining with me once or twice a week—a pleasure he gave me only three days before his life was cut short. I attended his funeral—the first funeral I ever attended in England.

I saw a good deal of Lord Chalmers during this visit, and one day lunched with him at Cornwall Mansions, Kensington Court, and we went together to the College of Arms, where they granted me my armorial bearings and crest. I also went to a sale of race-horses at Newmarket, and bought two animals named Irish King and Dandini. The former I sold, having received a tempting offer soon after I made the purchase, but Dandini, sired by Lemberg, I brought out, and he is still racing. I also bought a thoroughbred named Best Boy from a Mrs. Chapman. He was a horse that ran fourth in the Derby, but he did not do anything when I brought him out here, his age being against him.

At Tattersalls, in the same year, I bought a beautiful harness pony, as well as a hack named Bob, which I sent to Dr. Saravanamuttu. I also took the opportunity to visit the famous kennels of Lieut.-Colonel Richardson, and saw some very fine specimens of Airedales there. Colonel Richardson, of course, is the greatest authority on Airedales and the best trainer of police-dogs.

To the Derby in June I went with Noel Richard-

son and Norman Ebsworth, and met Sir William Manning in the luncheon-room there. By a coincidence we had both backed the same horse, and the horse that turned out to be the winner—Spion Kop. A curious incident occurred on the run home, Abbot's Trace, ridden by the redoubtable Steve Donoghue, describing a complete somersault within fifty yards of the winning-post. Luckily neither rider nor horse was hurt. Donoghue nimbly crept outside the rails before he could be trodden on by the other horses, and Abbot's Trace got up and stood stock-still until somebody got hold of him. Donoghue subsequently rode at least two winners that afternoon, and but for that mishap Abbot's Trace would certainly have been very much in the picture.

Later I went to Ascot, where I had a voucher for the Royal Enclosure. There is no race-meeting I enjoyed so much in England as this, one reason perhaps being that it is far and away the most fashionable event of its kind, and another the fact that my Club—the Sports—has a tent where, as in other Club tents, lunch is provided and members made very comfortable. The lawn is, moreover, just opposite the Royal Enclosure, so that I had only to walk across the course to get to it. Her Majesty the Queen, noticing me on the lawn, was pleased to send Sir Derek Keppel to ask me to step up into the Royal Box, and I speedily responded to the summons. Her Majesty was very gracious, and engaged me in an interesting conversation in the course of which she was kind enough to express pleasure at seeing me there and in England.

The cream of the world's racing is to be found at Ascot, and naturally objections are extremely rare. This year (1920), however, an objection was lodged in no less an event than the race for the Gold Cup. The Stewards didn't take five minutes to decide, and Buchan, owned by Lord Astor, which came first, was disqualified for crossing, and the trophy awarded to Tangiers, which came second, an animal owned by Sir W. Nelson. A French horse named Juveyneur and Keysoe were given second and third places. Lady Astor looked keenly disappointed.

I watched the race carefully and noted the crossing. It was, of course, not deliberate, but was the result of Buchan tiring towards the end and bearing to one side.

An old friend I met at Ascot was Captain Richard Gooch, and he was my guest at the luncheon in the Sports Club tent. I also met Duggie Williams and R. J. Farquharson.

C. J. A. Marshall, of Avissawella, and F. L. Daniel arrived shortly afterwards in London and took quarters close at hand. My time, however, was up, and at the end of September I sailed home from Tilbury with my party, which included my daughter, Miss Church, Miss Hallam, and my valet. After some stormy weather in the Bay, we touched at and "did" Gib., and, panting through the Red Sea, reached Colombo on October 20th. I should mention here—since the trouble was shortly to take me to England again—that my eyesight caused me some concern while in London, and I saw a Harley Street specialist, Mr. Bishop Harman.

About this time Mr. (now Sir Reginald) Stubbs was appointed Governor of Hong-Kong, and several farewell dinners were given to him and Mrs. (now Lady) Stubbs. Sir Reginald had served most efficiently here, having to bear the whole burden of the Administration during several periods, and, young as he was, he never did anything foolish, although in the complicated situations he had to face he perhaps sometimes did what was unwise. His successor was Sir Graeme Thompson, K.C.B., one of the war officials who came out to us from the Ministry of Shipping.

Sir Graeme has a fine record, and a record that has been crowned by the manner in which he has acquitted himself in the uncharted seas of the Colonial Service. A qualified barrister, he entered the Admiralty, and at the outbreak of the war was Assistant Director of Transport. Before the end of 1914 he was made Director, and three years later was appointed head of the Ministry of Transport and Shipping. While there he won the reputation of being the "greatest transport officer since Noah"! In 1922 he left us to become Governor of British Guiana.

CHAPTER XXII

I GO TO HARLEY STREET

MR. BISHOP HARMAN had said that my eyes required attention without delay, and after my return I was in constant touch with Dr. Nell and Dr. Gabriel on the subject. Their advice, too, was that I should return to London to undergo an operation.

I therefore left Ceylon in March, accompanied by Dr. Gerald de Saram and attended by Sardial. Two days before I sailed the Crown Prince of Japan arrived in Colombo, and was given a splendid reception at Queen's House. On my return from England I found that His Highness had left a present of a pair of sleeve-links for me.

Our voyage from Colombo to Marseilles was uneventful, except for an enforced halt for about three hours off Suez on account of a sandstorm—the first I ever experienced. After a day or two at Marseilles, where we stayed at the Hôtel du Louvre and visited all places of interest, including the palatial residence of the famous actress Gaby Deslys, we went on to Paris. Here we stayed at the Grand Hôtel du Louvre, where I always stay when in Paris; and after doing some of the sights we crossed over to London and took rooms at the South Kensington Hotel.

I lost no time in seeing the specialists and arranging for an operation, which I elected should be performed, in consultation with Dr. Castellani, by Sir Anderson Critchett, Bart., to whom I carried a letter of introduction from Sir William Manning. For this purpose I entered a nursing home at 24, Cavendish Street, on the recommendation of Sir Anderson, who performed the operation on the following day. Things went well for a day or two, but then hæmorrhage set in and gave considerable trouble. Sir Anderson, who was most attentive and concerned, thereupon ordered the matron to apply a couple of leeches round the eye.

The leeches were duly brought, but when I learnt that the matron's intention was to apply them by holding them with a towel, I suggested to her that the special glass tubes made to facilitate the application of these creatures would be preferable. She said she had never heard of such tubes, but promised to enquire at the chemist's, and ultimately a set was procured. She then put a leech into one of the tubes and stuck it on the spot where the bite was to be inflicted, but the leech would not bite, and a long time, during which I was most uncomfortable, was spent trying to make it do so. I suggested more than once to the matron that she might have got the wrong end of the leech foremost, and though she protested she hadn't, this turned out to be the case! The application was then postponed, and I took care that on the next occasion Sardial was in attendance to show the good lady the business end of the bloodsucker! When the leech did bite, it made no mistake about it, giving

me considerable pain. It was at first expected that I would not be in the nursing home for more than a fortnight, but, on account of the hæmorrhage, I was an inmate there for five weeks.

A large number of my friends in England called to see me while I was laid up, including Lord Chalmers and Sir West Ridgeway. While I was still in the nursing home Gerald returned to Ceylon.

On my recovery, after a few days at the hotel, I left for Deepdene, near Dorking, accompanied by my son, and there spent a very pleasant fortnight. Deepdene was at one time a noble domain, and its most recent private occupants were Lily, Duchess of Marlborough (an ancestor of Mr. Churchill's), and Lord William Beresford. A most magnificent mansion, it stands in very extensive and ravishingly beautiful grounds, and is famous also as the spot where Disraeli wrote *Coningsby*. The place has lost little of its charm under its new proprietors, in whose own interest it is, of course, to preserve its pristine grandeur and comfort, and all the servants still dress in the livery of a nobleman's mansion. Deepdene really epitomizes all that is most beautiful in English scenery, and my blood still quickens at the thought of it.

I met some delightful people while staying there, especially a Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie from the States ; and old William Taylor, an ex-Ceylon planter, had made the hotel his home, and although advanced in years, was in perfect health.

The rest of my stay in England was spent in London, and I had the opportunity of meeting a

large number of my friends. I went down to Lewes one day and bought Glenrose and Isleta Filly. The filly I passed on to my nephew, Stanley Obeyesekere, and the animal ran here as Illustrated and had an untimely end; but Glenrose's achievements are too well known to need repetition, the mare winning all her three races at the big meet in 1922, including the Channer Stakes.

One evening during this period Mr. and Mrs. Sefton-Jones, the father-in-law and mother-in-law of Sir William Manning, entertained me to dinner at a ladies' club. I went there with a certain amount of trepidation, as I had never been in a women's club before, but there was nothing very novel about it, except that all the waiting was done by maids. After a very sumptuous repast, at which champagne flowed, we went to a theatre and witnessed John Drinkwater's remarkable play *Abraham Lincoln*. That was a very pleasant evening indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Benson also entertained me many times. Their daughter Daphne, who spent some considerable time in Ceylon when Mrs. Benson was acting as hostess at Queen's House, is an artist of no ordinary merit, her pictures having been hung in the Royal Academy. She was a great horsewoman, too, and I used to enjoy getting out for rides with her. Daphne is now married to H. M. M. Moore, late of the Ceylon Civil Service and at present Colonial Secretary, Bermuda.

At about this time I lost a ring set with a valuable brilliant, which had dropped from my finger. I was most anxious to recover it, owing to its associations, and had recourse to Scotland Yard,

who told me that if I had dropped it in a taxi there was every likelihood of its being traced, but the chances of its being found if dropped on a pavement were very remote.

In addition to this I went to every place I had been on the day of the loss and gave them information about it. On the following day I was rung up on the 'phone from Weatherby and Sons, and told that a ring had been found on their premises.

I called at their offices and found it was mine. It had been picked up by a maid when sweeping the premises, and handed to the head of the firm. I gave the girl a small reward, and was told by the head through whom I gave it that this meant an application by the maid for a fortnight's leave! I lost no time, of course, in informing the Yard of my good fortune.

Shortly afterwards, early in September, I left for home via Paris, being met in the French capital by Noel Richardson, who was already there. A few days later I embarked at Marseilles on the *Leicestershire*. Stanley Obeyesekere and his wife and two little daughters had come all the way round on the same boat, but were very nearly left behind as a result of their going ashore to see some of the sights. They arrived at the pier just as the steamer was leaving, and luckily the cries of the children attracted the attention of some of the ship's officers, and the captain very kindly stopped, while my nephew and his family put out in a little boat and scaled on board by means of a rope-ladder—a performance that was very amusing to the onlookers.

We reached Colombo on September 29th, after an uneventful voyage.

A few days later Marshal Joffre passed through, and was entertained to dinner by the Governor; and Sir West Ridgeway, touching here *en route* to Borneo, was the guest of Queen's House at luncheon.

We had a curious experience here one night when a stray dog came in at about 3 a.m. and attempted to fight my pack. The wretch was not only severely mauled but also fired at by one of the watchers before he made good his escape. Notwithstanding, he returned about three hours later and started a second *mêlée*, only to be killed.

Having my doubts as to the mongrel's sanity, I sent his carcase down to the Bacteriological Institute, and learnt that it was a positive case of rabies. I was to destroy any useless dogs in my pack and keep only the valuable ones after a course of inoculation. I elected, however, to have the whole pack inoculated, and this was done every day for fourteen days, a man coming down daily from Colombo with the serum. The result, I am glad to say, was that I lost none of my dogs.

Much more recently another unwelcome quadruped of this description trotted in at my gates with a chain draggling behind it. The lodge-keeper and his assistants immediately turned out in hot pursuit, and the creature bolted helter-skelter into a large pigsty inhabited by about twenty wild-boar. Pandemonium ensued, and the intruder was getting very much the worst of the encounter when one of the labourers contrived to pull it out by its chain,

and secured it to a fence post. During the uproar I, seated indoors, recognized the squealing of one or two of the pigs, apparently in intense pain, and as soon as I was informed of what was wrong I suspected that the dog must be rabid. I had a gun sent down at once for its despatch, but unfortunately before this could be done, the very man who had rescued the creature from the sty went to make its chain more secure and got badly bitten in the hand.

I had the unfortunate fellow's injury washed without delay in pure iodine—it was for his own good, whatever agony he felt at the time—and early the next morning I sent him as well as the carcass of the dog to Dr. Nicholls, who in due course reported a positive case of rabies. Nicholls is frequently twitted, rather unfairly, with declaring every specimen sent down for examination as giving positive results. In this instance there was no doubt as to the perfect accuracy of his diagnosis, for the two pigs found to have been attacked by the dog succumbed, while the man, who went through the full regimen at the Pasteur Institute, came back fully recovered.

I subsequently learnt that this dog was a pariah—a village mongrel suspected to be mad, which had been chained up as a precaution by its owner. It had, however, broken away with its chain after developing rabies, and had strayed for nearly two days before it honoured me—and, alas, my poor swine!—with its disconcerting presence.

Rabies is very prevalent in Ceylon, and its frequency calls for the most stringent remedial measures. In my opinion, a campaign should be

launched by the police for the destruction of the numerous ownerless and starved pariahs one comes across at every turn. Otherwise the evil will continue, if not increase. I am not a believer in the theory that the jackal is a carrier and a means of infecting dogs with the virus of hydrophobia. In all my experience I have never come across nor heard of a rabid jackal, although there are plenty of jackals round about here.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CEYLON

As the date of the visit of the Prince of Wales drew nearer, a series of meetings was held to make arrangements to accord a fitting welcome to His Royal Highness. There was some difficulty with regard to the presentation of an address by the chief headmen of the Western Province, owing to the necessity of keeping the number of addresses within reasonable limits. This difficulty was happily overcome, and I was deputed by the chiefs to read the address on their behalf, and did so.

I might mention here in parenthesis that some time earlier the chiefs of the low country made representations to Government asking for a better form of head-dress, as the hats they then wore when in uniform were grotesque and open to ridicule—some people called them *padda* boats. In response to this request the Government appointed a committee consisting of myself as chairman, and the late Attapattu Mudaliyar Karunaratne, the late Hon. Mr. O. C. Tillekeratne (who was also a Mudaliyar), and Gate Mudaliyar C. H. A. Samarakody, to enquire into the matter and submit suggestions for a new form of head-dress. After several sittings we forwarded a report to Govern-

ment, together with the pattern of a hat we recommended, and the present head-dress of the chiefs was the outcome.

The Prince arrived in the battleship H.M.S. *Renown* on March 21st. His Excellency the Governor, with his private secretary and Aide-de-Camp and myself, went on board to welcome His Royal Highness, and apparently I was the only one of the party the Prince recognized—no doubt by reason of my visit to him at York House the previous year.

After the presentation of addresses on the jetty, the Prince and his suite were taken for a route drive round Colombo, the party proceeding in motor-cars. The fleet of automobiles, which had been provided by the Eastern Garage Ltd., were all painted and decorated in the same fashion, and the procession consequently made a very pretty sight.

In the afternoon there was a well-attended garden-party at Queen's House, followed by a dinner. On the following day there was a general parade, to which the Prince went down in the uniform of Colonel of the Ceylon Light Infantry; and in the afternoon His Royal Highness visited the All-Ceylon Industries Exhibition on his way to polo on the race-course. I was in attendance on him, and witnessed a nasty accident to one of his Staff, whose pony tripped and rolled twice over him. The mishap occurred on the further side of the field, and the crowd evinced considerable anxiety, thinking it was the Prince's pony that had come down.

The injured player was quickly taken by ambulance to "Temple Trees," the residence of the

Colonial Secretary, Sir Graeme Thompson, where medical men were quickly in attendance, and the Prince on his way back called and made enquiries.

At Queen's House that night there was a dinner and a ball.

The Prince and his suite and the Queen's House party left for Kandy by a special train on the 23rd, and the Royal motor-car, a Crossley, after leaving him at the Fort Station, started off by road to Kandy with the chauffeur and Lord Mountbatten, in order to meet His Royal Highness on arrival there. *En route* they had a curious experience at the level-crossing at Peradeniya, where the gates were closed and the gateman in charge refused to open them under any circumstances whatever. This was particularly annoying to Lord Mountbatten (who told the story to me that night), as there was no time to be lost if a fiasco was to be avoided, the Prince making a point of not travelling in any car but his own. All attempts to explain this to the gateman proving futile, and even the exhibition of the Prince's coat-of-arms and crest leaving him unmoved, Lord Mountbatten as a last resource was compelled to hold him down firmly while the chauffeur released the gates and crossed over. They then got away, and were just in time at Kandy Station.

A garden-party and a dinner were given at the King's Pavilion that evening, and at night a beautiful *Raja Peraherra* (procession) wended its glittering way through the streets.

On the following day the Prince and the rest of us left Kandy, motoring down to Peradeniya, where

His Royal Highness planted a *munamal* tree (*Mimusops elengi*) in commemoration of his visit to the Royal Botanic Gardens, and then entrained in a special for Colombo.

In the afternoon of that day there were races—the “Prince of Wales Race Meet.” There was a suggestion that the Prince should ride in one of the events, but it did not materialize, though Lady Manning humorously suggested that His Royal Highness might be asked to ride County Cricket—an animal that was notorious for being left behind every time he faced the starter—the implication, of course, being that there would then be no risk to the Royal person.

Before the Prince left on the 25th he summoned me to his apartment at Queen’s House and made me a present of a beautiful scarf-pin. He was very pleased to see that I was at the time wearing the sleeve-links his father the King had given me in 1901.

On his return voyage three months later His Royal Highness revisited us, landing from the *Renown* at Trinco, and coming overland to Colombo, where he spent a couple of quiet days before going back and rejoining his ship. Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince’s private secretary, was very anxious to procure a pair of mongooses to take back to England as a present to one of his friends, and I succeeded in obtaining them for him.

The Prince’s two visits to Ceylon caused much happiness among the population, whose reception of the Royal guest contained no jarring note as in India, where, notably in Bombay and Madras, the

disreputable mob element made his arrival the signal for disorderly and lawless hooliganism. As far as I was personally concerned, the year was marked by a lot of unfortunate happenings. In January, for instance, I had a worrying time over the abrupt breaking-off of the engagement of my daughter to J. L. Perera at the eleventh hour, when practically all arrangements were completed for the wedding, over an ordinary lovers' quarrel. Then in April—the major part of which I spent at Nuwara Eliya—I had just been for a canter at Hakgalla Gardens and back, when a telegram was received announcing the sudden death of Solomon Seneviratne at Kandehena, his property in Veyangoda, and I had to take the night mail to attend his funeral. To make matters still worse, just a day or two before I was to leave Nuwara Eliya for Horagolla, my wife was taken seriously ill, and I was compelled to defer my departure. Dr. Prins was in constant attendance, and Dr. Paul came up in consultation from Colombo, and happily under their able treatment she recovered sufficiently to be removed to “Thalassa” at Mount Lavinia, the railway authorities doing everything possible to make her journey comfortable. She had been in Mount Lavinia for only a few weeks, however, when all the family jewels (of very great value) were stolen one night from her bedroom, and not a trace of them has yet been found.

I had hardly got over the shock of these misfortunes, when I was startled by a taxi dashing under my porch at midnight on September 6th, and a short note was handed to me stating that Lady

Obeyesekere had died that evening. I had not been aware of her being ill at all, and was greatly upset. I went down early on the next day and attended the funeral.

Not long afterwards another misfortune occurred, Mrs. S. M. Ilangakoon, Lady Obeyesekere's daughter, being taken suddenly ill of an obscure brain complaint. Subsequently, however, she completely recovered.

In June of this year the wedding of my elder daughter to Mr. Abraham de Livera was solemnized at All Saints', and there was a large gathering of friends and relations at the church and at the reception at Udugaha Walauwa.

CHAPTER XXIV

LOCAL AND GENERAL

For the Kandy Races in 1923 I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Forester Obeyesekere at the "Hermitage," and motored to and from Peradeniya for the sport. One night, one of our premier planters, Mr. Frank Wright, entertained the officials of the Race Club and a number of other friends to a sumptuous dinner at the Queen's, when His Excellency the Governor was the chief guest. Wright proposed the toast of the Governor in a brilliant speech, to which Sir William Manning responded in equally notable fashion and gave the toast of the Club. To this "Father" Turner responded in his own inimitable style.

Several old friends from England visited me during this year, including Mr. Seager of Richardson's, who called with Felix Dias and lunched at my seat. He is one of the hardest-worked men in Richardson's establishment, and I have known him for very many years. I once had a dispute with W. J. Smith, the famous horse-dealer, about the purchase of a horse, and Seager, who accompanied me to interview Smith, gave a glimpse of the stuff he is made of by the way in which he tackled the man.

The Hon. and Mrs. Percy Thelusson, who were

on a visit to this country, also dropped in on their way to Colombo from Nuwara Eliya, and lunched and spent an afternoon here. Mr. and Mrs. Selton-Jones also lunched here one day with Lady Manning. Later, one day on returning from Negombo, I found Mr. and Mrs. Armitage-Moore waiting for me. They, too, were on a short visit to Ceylon, and were determined to see me before they left.

The function that took me to Negombo was a farewell at the New Rest-house to Mr. McGarigle, who organized the Ceylon Motor Cycling Club. I, as President of the Club, presented McGarigle with a gold watch on behalf of the members. We had a very pleasant time in that delightful spot.

In April of that year I opened the first Cottage Industries Exhibition organized locally, and also participated in the great Agricultural Show got up at Gampaha by Mr. J. G. (now Sir John) Fraser. A number of historical pageants were shown in a sort of stadium, and a variety of sideshows and other attractions drew large crowds from every corner of the province. I won several gold and silver medals at the Exhibition, including the awards for the best bull and country-bred horse.

I also went down to Mirigama when the Bishop laid the foundation-stone of the new church there. Another interesting place I visited was Great Western Estate. I went there one day with Felix Dias from Nuwara Eliya, and my old friend A. A. Bowie* was most hospitable. I was particularly interested in Bowie's dairy. He has since turned

* News of whose death, I deeply regret to say, reached me whilst these Memoirs were in the press.

out a race-horse owner, and owns today the champion race-horses in the country, Cloughane and Nightjar.

At about this time, I believe, Walter de Livera and myself went down to Kuruwita for the Elapata-Rambukpotha wedding. We had a most enjoyable time, breakfasting at the bride's house and motoring back in the evening. My younger daughter's marriage to Leo G. de Alwis, of Mount Lavinia, took place in October. I had also during this year the honour of becoming a grandfather, my elder daughter having a baby girl.

A State Ball was given at Queen's House during August week, that being thought a convenient season with most people in town. The experiment, if I may so term it, was highly successful. Unfortunately it has not been possible since that date to trip the light fantastic toe under gubernatorial auspices, owing to the ball-room floor refusing to co-operate.

His Excellency subsequently visited the North-Western Province, and I went in attendance on him. We stayed at the Chilaw Rest-house, and Nat Martin had both an At Home and a dinner in honour of the visit of the Governor and Lady Manning. His Excellency and Lady Manning also gave a dinner at the Rest-house to which all the officials, as well as the Martins and others, were invited.

Two very serious railway accidents occurred this year in January and in March. The first was between Madawatchie and Anuradhapura, where the usual midnight train dashed at a high velocity on to

a stretch of lines from underneath which the sleepers and earth had been washed away by a sudden flood due to abnormal rains. The accident was one of the worst recorded locally, twenty passengers being killed and about forty more injured, and the fact that it occurred in an uninhabited area and at night accentuated the sufferings of the victims.

The other mishap, in which seven persons were killed and about twenty-five injured, occurred near Alagalla, where a runaway bank-engine careered down the lines on the incline, and, a little this side of Sensation Rock, crashed into the night mail train from Colombo. Had the impact occurred a hundred yards higher or lower down, the result would have been appalling, as the whole train would have been hurled down the yawning precipice and smashed to atoms.

Poor O. C. Tillekaratne met with an unfortunate accident at a suburban railway station, which cost him his life, in April of this year. I was in Nuwara Eliya, and came down to attend the funeral. In October, Francis H. Perera, my old schoolmaster, died at a ripe old age. In latter years I always recalled to him whenever we met the fact of his giving me my first flogging, causing the old man much amusement not unmingled with confusion.

I received rather a disturbing telegram one day from Richardson to the effect that Sonny was down with an attack of paratyphoid at Oxford. I promptly cabled to Dr. Castellani and to Richardson himself to be kind enough to do all that was necessary. They were both most awfully good about it, Richardson seeing my son twice a week

and sometimes spending a week-end up there, while Castellani visited him several times in consultation with the local doctor at Oxford. Sonny had to be in bed for weeks before he recovered, and then went to Torquay for a change. Just at this time Carlo Zanetti, a retired irrigation officer, came out from Australia from the leisurely existence he had tired of, to be visiting agent of my estates.

Ceylon's War Memorial, the Victory Column on Galle Face, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens of the Cenotaph and New Delhi fame, was unveiled by the Governor towards the end of the year, and I accompanied Lady Manning to the ceremony, which was most impressive. Lady Manning also organized a first-class concert at Queen's House in aid of the sufferers in the Japanese earthquake.

The Wembley Exhibition was also approaching, and Sir (then Mr.) Theodore Owen, who had been appointed Honorary Commissioner-General for Ceylon in that wonderful organization, arrived in Ceylon and attended a special meeting of the local Executive Committee appointed in connection with the Ceylon Pavilion. It was on this occasion I first made his acquaintance.

I wish to make mention here of a rather painful incident which resulted in a man from the neighbouring village being fatally shot at midnight by one of the estate watchers. The man was a regular labourer on the estate, and had borne a good character throughout, but on this ill-fated day—perhaps, for one reason, because the Sinhalese New Year Festival was then close at hand—he was tempted to steal over the boundary to pick up a

few coconuts he had noticed lying on the ground in the evening.

Unfortunately for him the watcher was on his rounds, and when challenged, the man said, "It is I," and ran towards him, probably to prevent his firing. In the darkness, however, the watcher, still unaware of the man's identity and suspecting an attack, shot at him, and he dropped. The man died in hospital on the following day.

I was at Nuwara Eliya when this incident occurred, and was personally greatly affected by the news, as I had known the man for years and had thought him the best workman on the estate. The least I could do was to see that his family was well provided for, and there is no likelihood of their ever being in want.

One day an old clerk of mine broke his arm between his elbow and shoulder by merely making a backward movement of it. Being very much averse to the Western system of medicine, he put himself in the hands of *Vedaralas*, but his arm went from bad to worse, and he also developed a temperature. His condition then became rapidly serious, and I sent the District Medical Officer to see what could be done for him. He reported that it was too late even for amputation, the whole arm from elbow to shoulder being one huge abscess.

At this stage the famous Banduwa Veda, of Attanagalla, was sent for, and the patient put under his care. To my astonishment, the old man soon showed signs of improvement, and eventually recovered. I am not in a position to describe the

line of treatment Banduwa adopted, but he appears to be a sort of local Sir Herbert Barker.

When we were up at Nuwara Eliya for the holidays we had an amusing, but at the time rather inconvenient, experience. A crate of prawns was sent up by a friend in Colombo, and we enjoyed eating them, but on the following day all of us went down with ptomaine poisoning, my younger daughter being the worst sufferer. My late private secretary, Arthur Wambeck, was also so bad that I thought his time had arrived. Dr. Van Rooyen, however, by his careful treatment, brought us all round.

CHAPTER XXV

ASCOT AND WEMBLEY

SIR PONNAMBALAM ARUNACHALAM died early in January, 1924, at Madura, of pneumonia, which he apparently contracted from a chill caught while bathing in the Ganges. Sir Ponnambalam had had a brilliant career in the Civil Service, and was a man of extraordinarily keen intellect. When he retired he turned his activities to the political sphere, where he displayed his propensity for mesmerizing mass-opinion. One of the less contentious projects of which he was an ardent and foremost advocate was the proposed Ceylon University. He was past seventy, but with mental vigour undiminished; when the end came he was on a pilgrimage.

The remains were brought to Colombo and cremated with full Hindu ritual at Borella. The funeral was very largely attended, and I was instructed to represent the Governor at it, and did so.

I sailed for England on March 5 by the s.s. *Yorkshire*. Sardial again went as my attendant, and among my fellow-passengers were Messrs. W. Shakespeare, W. Forsythe, and R. G. Coombe. On the eve of my departure Carlo Zanetti came into residence here from Weke.

The outgoing Bishop of Colombo, the Rt. Rev. Dr. F. A. Copleston, was also returning home with Mrs. Copleston on this boat. His successor, Dr. Mark Carpenter-Garnier, had been elected at a rather stormy session of the Synod held a few weeks earlier. The other candidate was A. G. Fraser, now of Achimota, West Africa, and personalities were indulged in to an extent that seemed outrageous, especially in the sacred precinct of St. Peter's Church. In London, later, I attended the consecration of the new Bishop at St. Paul's Cathedral, a profoundly impressive ceremony. At the garden-party which followed, at 84, Margaret Street, I met a large number of Ceylon people, including Miss Callendar.

At Marseilles I was met by Richardson, but Sonny, who had also come to meet me, was laid up in the Hôtel du Louvre with a fairly high temperature, a Dr. Hawthorn being in attendance. On the third day Richardson himself fell a victim, and the same doctor prescribed. By about eleven o'clock next morning I, too, suddenly developed a temperature of 103° , and at once got into bed and telephoned to Hawthorn, who arrived almost immediately and attended to me. He diagnosed all three cases as influenza, and there is no doubt I contracted it from Sonny, on whom I was in constant attendance, although I had no idea at the time that he was suffering from anything but simple fever.

My temperature kept pretty high, being 104° on the following day; and for nearly twelve days, during which Richardson recovered and left for London, I did not get rid of the malady. After the influenza

had left me I had myself thoroughly examined by a specialist named Professor Arnaud, in consultation with Dr. Hawthorn, as my health was generally far from satisfactory. As a consequence a written report on my condition was handed to me. It was also found essential that I should have a nurse to attend on me, but not one was available in Marseilles with a knowledge of English, and ultimately a French nurse had to be requisitioned. There was considerable difficulty at first in conveying my wants to her, but she soon got to know my requirements and did exceedingly well. She was also an expert at cupping, which was ordered by Dr. Hawthorn. This was done both on the chest and on the back between the shoulder-blades—a somewhat painful operation! Once or twice a day an English nurse named Davis, who was already engaged elsewhere, also dropped in to see how things were getting on. As soon as I was able to move I went for a change to Hyères with Sonny, and was attended by Sardial. There we took rooms at the Hôtel des Îles d'Or and spent a few restful days before returning to Marseilles by car. By a curious coincidence the manager of this hotel was a man who had been in the Colombo office of the Messageries Maritimes Co., and he recognized me at once. I also met at Hyères an old Colombo resident in Mrs. Block, widow of the late Captain Block, who was at one time stationed in Ceylon.

On the day after our return to Marseilles we left for Paris, Lady Collins being the only other passenger in our compartment, and proving most agreeable. In Paris we stayed a few days at the

Hôtel d'Iéna, and proceeded to London, where I was met by Mr. Amos of Richardson's and shown to my rooms at 14, Half Moon Street, Sonny going off to the Kensington Palace Mansion's Hotel before returning to Oxford.

Two days after my arrival I had the misfortune to catch another cold, and was confined to my room for wellnigh six weeks. Dr. Castellani, who sent in a nurse named Thompson, was in attendance, and on his advice I had a course of massage at the hands of Sister Bissett, of the Putney Nursing Home. This undoubtedly did me a lot of good, but one great event I missed in consequence was the opening of the British Empire Exhibition, for which Mr. T. C. Owen had obtained me a ticket. Owen, however, called later to enquire after my health, and gave me all the news of Wembley's wonders. I might mention that the King made him a K.B.E. in recognition of his services in connection with the Exhibition, but he did not live long to enjoy it. He was a most affable and courteous man.

Afterwards, following my recovery, I went down with Dr. Nell to the Exhibition, and was greatly impressed. A few days later I went again with a party for the opening of the Rodeo shows. The daring and the skill of the cowboys and girls was beyond description, and must have excited the admiration of all sportsmen who witnessed them. Some goody-goodies, however, affected to discern cruelty to animals in the lassoing and throwing down of the wild steers from horseback, and the performers were actually charged in the courts. Sir Edward Marshall-Hall defended them and got

them off, bitterly remarking in the course of his address that "a woman dressed as a lady had been shameless enough to call him a brute, when he was leaving court the previous day, for defending those brave and courageous lads."

At about this time I motored one day to Oxford, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Bandaranayake and attended by Sardial, and we were Sonny's guests at 6, Pembroke Street. Sonny also had as guests at lunch to us two of his friends, J. H. S. Wedderburn and Godfrey Nicholson. We had tea at Christ Church Reading Rooms, and after dinner attended the Presidential debate at the Union, when Sonny spoke and all the speeches were of a very high order. We returned on the following day to London.

I later attended the Ascot Races, for which I had received a voucher from the Lord Chamberlain for admittance into the Royal Enclosure, and had the uncomfortable experience of being mistaken for that other—and very distinguished—lover of the horse—the Aga Khan. The race for the Gold Cup was this year a real triumph for French stables, the winner being the French animal Massine, the second another French entrant, Filibert de Savoie, and the fourth yet another competitor from France, Le Capucin. The only English horse in the picture was Inkerman, which came third; and among the also rans was Poisoned Arrow, trained by my old friend Dick Gooch. The fact of all the animals from across the Channel faring so remarkably well in this long race clearly indicated the need for breeders of thoroughbreds in England to pay closer

attention to breeding animals with more stamina than at present.

At about this time I purchased my new Armstrong-Siddeley car, which proved very useful to me in getting about. I had tea one afternoon with the Duchess of St. Albans, and had the very pleasant experience of meeting several nice people, including Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, sister of Hilaire Belloc—herself a well-known novelist, and her son.

I also attended a big garden-party at Buckingham Palace, where the Queen, noticing me in the crush, stayed her progress to make her way through and speak to me very graciously. Her Majesty said she had seen me at Ascot, and went on to talk of the Ceylon Pavilion at Wembley, where, she said, she had purchased some gems.

Two days later Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, gave a garden-party at Hampton Court, at which I was present. A most striking contrast was afforded at this function by the Labour Premier in his lounge suit and Trilby, while many of his guests wore long coats and silk hats. At this function I met, among other people, Lady McCallum and her daughter; and one day at Lord Chalmers' house I met Sir Malcolm Stevenson, one time of the Ceylon Civil Service, and Lady Stevenson.* I was also a guest at the annual dinner of the Ceylon Students Association at the Hotel Cecil, when the chief guest was Colonel the Right Hon. J. C.

* Sir Malcolm, since the above was written, died at Cyprus, where he was Governor and Commander-in-Chief in November, 1927.

Wedgwood, and Sonny, in a very humorous speech, gave the toast of "The Guests." Later I attended the annual dinner of the Indian Social Club at the Cecil, having been specially invited by Sir M. M. Bhowndegree, who presided, and I was called upon to reply to a similar toast, to which a lady guest named Mrs. Giles and an Indian guest also responded.

One day at Wembley the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Kingston-upon-Hull entertained a large party to lunch, and I again replied to the toast of "The Guests," to which a representative from India also responded. After lunch I attended the Rodeo as the guest of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Walker. Walker, I gathered, is a famous man in Hull.

Subsequently I was again the guest of the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of Hull when they entertained the Prince of Wales to lunch at the Lucullus at Wembley. I was the only representative from Ceylon at this brilliant assembly.

The Duke of Connaught also gave a garden-party, to which I was invited, and Princess Pat (Lady Patricia Ramsay), who played hostess, was very amused to be reminded of the bees of Sigiriya! The Duke recognized me the instant he saw me. At this function I met, among others, Princess Marie Louise, Lord and Lady Willingdon, Lady Clifford, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, and the Bartletts of Ceylon. At a luncheon-party at Mrs. Arbuthnot's I met my friend Sir John Keane, the able and genial private secretary of Sir Henry Blake when he was here, and the Hon. Mary Hughes, who had

visited Ceylon as Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Louise. I also visited the country-seat at Enfield of Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis, being accompanied thither from London by Miss Reg. Milne, Lady Orr-Lewis' sister.

At this time Mudaliyar A. C. G. S. Amerasekara gave an exhibition of his work in London, and I went there with Sonny and had the quite unexpected pleasure of declaring it open in the absence of the eminent personage who was expected to perform that task.

Mrs. J. W. R. Ilangakoon arrived in England at this period, and had her little baby operated upon at Guy's Hospital for cleft palate. It was a most delicate operation, but was, happily, successfully performed.

Although I had had an operation only three years earlier, I took the precaution of again having my eyes examined by my ophthalmic surgeon, Sir Anderson Critchett. After a careful examination he said that their condition was much the same as in 1921, and that in his opinion no further operation was needed at this stage.

In order to make assurance doubly sure I consulted a few other specialists, including Mr. Herbert Fisher, Sir William Lister, and Lieut.-Colonel Elliot. Mr. Fisher concurred in Sir Anderson's opinion, but both Sir William and Colonel Elliot were emphatically of opinion that an operation was advisable. After giving the matter my full consideration, I deferred to the view of these two, and entered a nursing home at 23, Bentinck Street, where Colonel Elliot, assisted by Colonel Kirk-

patrick, performed a very successful operation. While I was laid up I had the services of two private nurses, one named Marjory Watt for night work, and the other, L. Gould, for day duty. The doctors and nurses, as well as the matron, Miss Barber, did all that could be desired for my comfort, and I recovered and left the institution in ten days. Several friends called to see and enquire after me, and Lord Chalmers wrote almost daily from Peterhouse, Cambridge, to the nurse for news of my condition.

Sir Anderson Critchett had been for more than a quarter of a century the doyen of ophthalmic surgeons, but he was at this time well past the threescore years and ten of the prophet, and had, in the reason of things, to yield priority of place to the younger men whom he himself had inspired, and who were the first to acknowledge that inspiration. It was this circumstance, and no other, that led to my seeing and ultimately adopting the advice of other leading eye men. Nevertheless, the medical, and more especially the ophthalmological, world had, up to the time of his death recently at the age of eighty years, the greatest respect for his technical skill, and as a man and a gentleman I held him in the highest regard. He gained the deep affection of all his patients, and his kindness to his junior colleagues was proverbial.

When I had fully recovered from the effects of the operation I went down to Harrogate for a change, Savage, my chauffeur, who had gone on ahead, meeting me at the station and driving me to the White Hart Hotel, where I had booked

rooms. I immediately placed myself in the hands of Dr. Bernard Foster, who prescribed a course at the Royal Baths, taking the waters and undergoing electrical treatment and massage. I also did a lot of motoring, seeing the surrounding country, and visited Harewood Castle among other places. It was a most attractive spot. Sir West Ridgeway was also undergoing a course of waters at the time, and we naturally saw a great deal of each other. I might here mention that it was on my way to Harrogate that the news reached me through a daily paper that Sir Hugh Clifford was appointed Governor of Ceylon. My joy was unbounded, but I did not know then how cruelly brief his stay amongst us was to be, before he went again to his first love.

One autumn morning in Bond Street I tripped against a step, hurting my thumb pretty badly, and went to Sir James Cantlie, who put it right after some trouble. Sir James, whom I had known for many years, won his knighthood for services during the war, when, I believe, he organized a corps of Indian medical students with himself at its head.

But Cantlie was much better known for his connection with the remarkable Chinese revolutionary Sun Yat Sen. Sun Yat Sen was a doctor, but his zeal for reform got him into extremely bad odour with the authorities at Peking, and he was forced to fly from China with a price on his head. He went to London via Honolulu and America, and was living there quietly with Cantlie, who had taught him at the Hong-Kong College of Medicine and knew him very well, when one day he was kidnapped

by two of his countrymen and made a close prisoner on the top storey of the Chinese Legation in Devonshire Street. There, whence of course he had no ostensible means of communication with the outside world, Sun Yat Sen learnt, with terror, that he was to be shipped to China, and there put to all sorts of tortures, the least and the last of which was to be decapitation. He tried every means to have a note taken to his friend, but failed, until at last he touched the heart of one of the English servants, who smuggled a note concealed in a handkerchief to Cantlie and another friend, Dr. Manson. The two doctors lost no time in getting in touch with Scotland Yard, and after many disheartening experiences succeeded in putting the Government machinery in motion and effecting Sun Yat Sen's release. Sir Halliday Macartney, the English adviser to the Legation, came out of the affair with a by no means enhanced reputation, especially as the captive's presence in the Legation with his cognizance was totally denied by the Chinese Minister, and Sen was eventually released only under extreme Foreign Office pressure. He wrote a book entitled *Kidnapped in London* giving an account of his experiences on this occasion.

Sun Yat Sen, of course, lived to be a great figure in China, but both he and his rescuer, Sir James, are now no more.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOME TERRIBLE CRIMES—THE ILL-STARRED ENRIGHTS

I MUST not omit to make mention here of two ghastly murders which created a tremendous sensation in England during this visit of mine. The first was the grim bungalow horror on the Crumbles at Eastbourne, which will always, I think, rank as one of the most repulsive in the annals of crime. The murderer, Patrick Mahon, who was thirty-four, was a man of education and attractive appearance, but had lapsed into crime at an early age. At the time he met his victim, Emily Beilby Kaye, however, he was holding a remunerative employment and was married.

Miss Kaye was thirty-eight years old, but looked much younger, and was said to have possessed considerable charm. She formed a passionate attachment for Mahon, and allowed him to handle money she had saved while engaged in her profession of shorthand typist. They quickly drifted into a compromising position, and, according to Mahon, the girl proposed that they should go to South Africa. They, however, for some reason engaged a lonely bungalow on the Crumbles for two months, and here Miss Kaye's dismembered body was subsequently found. Mahon had, it transpired, killed

the girl, sawn up the body, and burned various portions in the grate, finally attempting to dispose of them in various places on the railway journey to London, an attempt which led to the detection of the devilish crime. The woman had been about to become a mother at the time. Mahon snarlingly protested his innocence in the dock, although he had made virtually a clean breast to Scotland Yard, in the course of which he exclaimed: "We quarrelled, and I saw red!"

Mahon was duly executed at Wandsworth Prison, crowds surging up to the gates at the hour of execution.

A revolting feature of the case was that Mahon had been so callous as to entice another London girl, named Ethel Duncan, to the Crumbles, and lived with her for some days in the room next that in which the dismembered remains of Miss Kaye's body were hidden. He was sentenced by Mr. Justice Avory, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., conducting the prosecution, and Mr. J. D. Cassels, K.C., defending. When the case went up to the Court of Appeal, the Judges did not even call upon the Attorney-General, and the Lord Chief Justice said: "Only the fact that this is a capital case prevents me from saying that it is a frivolous appeal and a waste of the time of this Court."*

The other case was reminiscent of the Ilford tragedy, though in an important respect it was

* An illustrated book entitled *The Trial of Patrick Mahon*, giving a full report of the trial, with an introduction by Edgar Wallace, has been published in the "Famous Trials Series," edited by George Dilnot and issued by Geoffrey Bles.

different. Jean Vaquier, a Frenchman, who was the villain of the piece, fell violently in love with the pretty wife of an innkeeper, and conceived a diabolical scheme for getting rid of the obstacle in his path, with strychnine for his weapon. A great deal of sympathy went out to the Frenchman, for whom Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, K.C., conducted a vigorous defence, as it was considered that the woman was at least as much to blame. She, however, was a witness for the Crown, for which the Attorney-General appeared. Vaquier created a scene when sentence was delivered.

A shocking murder also occurred in Ceylon at this time, Mr. John Enright, a retired surveyor, being slain while asleep in his bed in a particularly horrible manner. Enright had, after his retirement, purchased small coconut lands in various districts, which he used to visit periodically to dispose of the crops and generally keep an eye on things. One day he went to a property of his in Dambadeniya, a rather lonely and wild bit of district, realized a sum of Rs. 400 from the sale of nuts and other produce, put it under his pillow, and after an early meal went to sleep in the only room of the only shanty on the land.

The only other occupant of the hut was his servant, Singhappu, a man who had been in his service for wellnigh twenty years. Shortly after midnight this man raised a tremendous outcry, shouting out that his master had been murdered by a gang of thieves. A crowd of neighbours—all villagers, of course—quickly collected, and Singhappu, in the flickering glare of torches,

narrated a vivid story of how he heard his master cry out, and entered the room to find him murdered and a number of thieves clearing off after ransacking everything.

The same story was related to the police, who were completely baffled in the absence of the faintest clue. Anyhow, they took the servant into custody and kept him locked up. On the strength of scraps of information gathered here and there, they next arrested the coolie on the estate, a man named Banda. The Inspector in charge of the case (Mr. Peiris) then tried a clever ruse which proved entirely successful. He quietly informed Banda that Singhappu had been overheard calling in his sleep to him (Banda) and relating the doings of the terrible night. Banda collapsed in abject terror, and forthwith divulged all the facts, also conducting the police to the spot where the stolen articles lay hidden, including a watch and chain, a gun, and the Rs. 400. These were all secreted under coconut husk and other débris on the land itself.

The motive for this foul deed was that the servant wanted to leave Enright's service, but Enright was determined not to let him go, and retained a part of the man's salary. No doubt, also, the greed for money played a large part in steeling the villains to do their sleeping master to death by smashing his head with a crowbar.

The two men were brought to trial in due course, and both were sentenced to death. The servant, however, died before the sentence could be carried out. The other went to the scaffold.

In this connection it is of more than passing interest to sketch the tragic history of the Enright family. The father of John Enright was Patrick Enright, Quartermaster-Sergeant of the regiment stationed here in the early seventies. He had the misfortune to be drowned off Mount Lavinia in 1872, and the widow, getting together her few worldly possessions, left with her two children, John and Jane, aged six and two, to join some relatives in India. There she was robbed of everything she possessed, and, in absolute poverty, returned to Ceylon and threw herself and her children on the mercy of the Government.

The Government sent the boy to the Industrial School at Kandy, and Mrs. Enright was made a small allowance by the Friend-in-Need Society, which, however, was not quite sufficient to maintain herself and the little girl. She therefore sought and obtained employment under my parents as a general help in the house. A few years later—in 1877—however, the poor, heart-broken woman became ill, and died in the General Hospital. On her deathbed she made a fervent appeal to my parents to take charge of, and do what they could for, the children.

My father soon afterwards removed the boy from the Industrial School and entered him as a boarder at St. Thomas' College, where I then was, and the girl was boarded by my parents at St. Paul's School, Kandy. After his school career Enright was Superintendent of one of our estates for a while, and afterwards my private secretary for a short while, before joining the Survey Depart-

ment, where he rose to be a first-grade surveyor before retiring owing to ill-health. He had been born in Co. Limerick, Ireland, in 1867. His sister, who is now the wife of George Ebenezer Cooke, was born in Ceylon in 1871. She lived with us until her marriage.

To get back to where I was before I became entangled in these fearful happenings; my time was up in England in October, and I left for Paris, Richardson accompanying me. From Paris, where we spent three or four days before Richardson left us, I travelled most comfortably in a *salon-lit* to Marseilles. Here, among other things, I lunched at a restaurant called the Elephant, run by a Ceylonese named Suwaris Gintota Hewage, and enjoyed very tasty curry and rice *à la* Ceylon, a skilful Sinhalese cook being principal chef of the establishment.

At the beginning of November I sailed on the s.s. *Lancashire* from Marseilles with my valet. The usual fancy-dress ball was held, and P. B. Nugawela, the present Diyawadana Nilame, who was also returning from England, was awarded the first prize. The award was, however, not very popular, many contending that it was *trop de zèle* for him to have palmed off the uniform he wore on State occasions as a fancy costume, although, of course, his donning it added lustre to the function. The day before we put into Colombo, the Ceylon contingent on board entertained all the other passengers, the skipper, and all the ship's officers to what was called an "At Home," which, however, I preferred to call a "garden-party on board ship"!

The function went off very well, with a liberal flow of drinkables and plenty of eatables. I had the honour of being made spokesman on the occasion.

A Queen's House car was sent to meet me on arrival in Colombo, where Captain Holbech, the Aide-de-Camp, and a large number of friends came on board to meet and greet me, and I went ashore and had tea with the Governor and Lady Manning. They very kindly placed the car at my disposal until mine was landed and ready for the road, and that afternoon I called at the General Hospital and saw old Wambeck, my private secretary, who had been very ill there for many months, but whom I found exceedingly cheerful. He died, I am sorry to say, a little after, having served me faithfully for well-nigh thirty years.

Unfortunately, on the day of his death I happened to be up at Nuwara Eliya for the races there, and heard of it too late to be able to attend the funeral. I wired all instructions for the carrying out of the funeral arrangements, and at the graveside I was represented by Walter de Livera and Zanetti.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE KING IS PLEASED TO HONOUR ME

ON the first day of the New Year I was in my town house after Divine Service at All Saints', when, about ten o'clock, I was rung up on the 'phone by Captain Holbech, who informed me that His Excellency had already telegraphed to me to Veyangoda that His Majesty the King had been pleased to raise me to be a Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. Shortly after, the telegram itself was received, having been redirected, and read as follows :

"I have much pleasure in informing you that His Majesty has been pleased to confer on you the honour of K.C.M.G. Heartiest congratulations. GOVERNOR."

I lost no time in calling on His Excellency and thanking him very much for his kind congratulations, and for what he had done in obtaining for me this distinction. I then sent a few telegrams to some of my closest relatives and a few friends informing them of the event, and in the afternoon, accompanied by my cousin, Felix Dias, went the usual round of New Year visits. During the next few days I was the recipient of congratulatory telegrams from all

parts of the island, and also from a good many friends in England.

The congratulatory letters were couched in such beautiful language that I almost feel inclined to quote a few of them here, but if I were to start doing so it would be difficult to avoid invidious distinctions, while, on the other hand, their complete reproduction would expand this volume to extremely unwieldy proportions, and I decide, therefore, to refrain from doing so.

In the early part of 1925 Sir William and Lady Manning and party, including Captain Holbech, left Ceylon for good. Some little time prior to their departure His Excellency and Lady Manning were entertained at a big farewell dinner by the members of the Legislative Council. Sir James Pieris presided, and there were a large number of guests, including quite a troop of women.

Sir William Manning's long administration of this country—only exceeded by, I believe, the Ridgeway régime—was conspicuously wise and statesmanlike, and his memory will always be cherished as that of the man who gave Ceylon, for better or worse, a very far-reaching measure of constitutional reform. The Reformed Council, in which there is an unofficial majority of 34 to 15 members, met on October 15th, 1925, and on the following day elected Mr. (now Sir James) Pieris as its Vice-President. Yet at one stage the omniscient newspaper prophets would have had you believe that Sir William was a doctrinaire reactionary!

On the King's Birthday following, prior to the

time-honoured investiture of ranks, Sir Cecil Clementi (then the Hon. Mr. Clementi, C.M.G.), who was the Officer Administering the Government, handed me the Letters Patent and the Ribbon and the Star before a large assemblage of chiefs and officials. In handing over the Insignia under the Royal Seal, His Excellency said :

“ For thirty years you have filled with distinction the high office of Maha Mudaliyar, and your career has been throughout marked by conspicuous loyalty to the British Crown, and by many public-spirited acts towards your countrymen in this Colony. In recognition of your services, and as a special mark of Royal favour, His Majesty has conferred upon you the honour of Knight Commandership of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. You are, I believe, the first of your fellow-countrymen to win this honour, and, in investing you with the Insignia thereof, I wish you many happy years in which to enjoy the dignity you have attained, and by your example to encourage the people of this Island in devotion to their King and their Country.”

Shortly afterwards the Orient Club entertained me to dinner in honour of the distinction His Majesty had been pleased to confer on me. Very nearly a hundred sat, the chair being taken by Mr. Justice Schneider. Besides him and myself, the speakers were Mr. E. W. Jayawardene, K.C., Dr. Bridger, and C. J. A. Marshall.

My son had returned from England by this time, having arrived by the *Lancashire* on February 24th, when I and a large party of friends and relations went on board and met him. A Thanksgiving

Service at All Saints' Church followed, after which numbers of our people called at 42, Silversmith Street, to welcome him after about five years' absence from the island. He had spent most of his time at Christ Church, Oxford, and was, just before leaving, called to the English Bar. About a fortnight later his home-coming to Veyangoda was made the occasion for great demonstrations of welcome by the inhabitants of Siyane Korle.

At the end of 1926 he stood for election to the Maradana Seat in the Colombo Municipal Council, and the opposing candidate being Mr. A. E. Goonesinghe, the Chairman of the Labour Union, the contest naturally excited considerable interest in the whole of Colombo. The result of the poll was that Sonny was returned by a majority of 615 votes. My old friend, C. P. Dias, the veteran City Father, who has just retired, told me that it was the keenest contest he had ever witnessed, and the biggest majority in his recollection of these civic tussles.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ROYAL AND OTHER GUESTS AT HORAGOLLA

DURING the early part of April, 1925, a very exciting and rather unfortunate incident occurred as the result of my bull elephant Gomaraya killing his keeper and clearing out to the nearest forest. He was in a state of must, and the keeper knew his condition perfectly well; but being tempted by an offer made by a villager to drag some timber for him, and the Sinhalese New Year festival being close at hand, he took the risk without any authority whatsoever for taking the animal to do this work and earn some money. The elephant did all he was asked to do, and, at the completion of his work, was taken to the water, the last place an animal in this condition should be taken to; and on his disobeying for the first time the order of the keeper to lie down (*hitha*), the latter attempted to force the beast to do his bidding. Gomaraya then lost all hold on himself, struck the keeper down, and killed him on the spot. Then, having tossed the mutilated corpse about in the water for some considerable time, he hied his way slowly through plantations into the closest patch of forest.

News of this was brought to me late in the



[Photo by M. A. C. Radford]

ELEPHANTS IN THE GROUNDS AT HORAGOLLA.

evening, and I quickly sent instructions to the villagers and a former keeper of this very beast to keep an eye on him and watch his movements.

Early next morning I proceeded to the scene, and was horrified to hear that the animal had, in addition, killed a woman. It appears that the beast had emerged from its cover quite early, and was roaming about various plantations in search of food. Hundreds of villagers soon collected, and the already insane creature was terrorized to such an extent that a tremendous hullabaloo was raised. A woman who was in a little hut, hearing the noise, took up her child, and hurriedly attempted to cross the village path to seek shelter in a more substantial house over the way. Unhappily, she stumbled right in the path of the angry elephant, and was instantly killed. The child in her arms tumbled into the drain, and even in its demoniacal mood the beast, with a momentary human impulse, went up, patted the child gently on the head with its trunk, and proceeded on its way.

When I arrived on the spot and realized the serious state of affairs, I immediately sent for assistance to Meedeniya Adigar. His son, Hercules Meedeniya, the Ratamahatmaya, promptly came on the scene with a number of tame elephants and professional mahouts, and set to work to capture the truant. Gomaraya, who had by this time again sought refuge in the forest, came out at this juncture; but, seeing the formidable array of tame elephants, which included the Attanagalla tusker, he evidently thought dis-

cretion the better part of valour, and, turning tail, bolted for all he was worth, with the tame elephants and mahouts in hot pursuit. Eventually, after a run of seven miles, he was cornered and captured, to everybody's intense relief, Hercules Meedeniya observing ruefully that Gomaraya ran "faster than a race-horse." But I was really much beholden to him for the successful capture, which terminated a thrilling, but rather dangerous, form of excitement.

In due course the beast that had been the cause of all the trouble regained his senses when the period of must was over, and became as docile as possible. It must, of course, be understood that the keeper had lost his life as the result of his own rashness. An elephant in must is quite insane for the time being, and not responsible for what he does. All mahouts invariably know when an animal is getting into this condition, whereupon the proper thing to do is to tie it up securely, and keep it tied up during the whole period. Generally an animal is in must for a month or two at a time, and during this period its food has to be brought up to it by another elephant.

Quite in another class are the habitual man-killers, whose behaviour is quite different, and who are dangerous to keep.

The August Races this year did not bring me much luck, but my horse Pomfeins, ridden by Fozard, won the Channer Stakes in a large field. I was indisposed, and did not see the race run, but the news was conveyed to me over the 'phone from

the race-course immediately after the event. Glenrose ran into a second place on the last day.

At about this time I remember attending a most enjoyable dinner, at which the members of the first Reformed Legislative Council—who showed a remarkable avidity for social relaxations, cricket matches, picnics, *et hoc genus omne*, like schoolboys glad to get away from hardwood benches—entertained the Hon. Mr. Cecil Clementi, the Officer Administering the Government, on the eve of his departure to Hong-Kong as Governor there. Sir James Picris, the Vice-President of the Council, presided, and there were many guests, including ladies.

On October 21st their Majesties the King and the Queen of the Belgians arrived in Colombo on a short visit to the island after a tour of India. I went down for the reception, and saw them off to Kandy at the Fort Station. A few days later their Majesties and their suite, accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Alexander, who was administering the Government between the departure of Sir Cecil Clementi and the arrival of Sir Hugh Clifford, and Mrs. Alexander, honoured me with a call here on their way to Colombo, and had tea. Their Majesties, who were most genial, spent quite half an hour here, and recalled the reception given by my father to the Duc de Brabant, afterwards King of the Belgians, in 1868. King Albert was in the act of stepping into his motor-car when he turned round and said to me: “Sir Solomon, I haven’t said good-bye to your son. Where is he?” My son then stepped forward, and His Majesty said

“Good-bye” to him. This struck me as a very graceful act on his part.

The Queen took a particular delight in feeding a baby elephant with plantains, and as the rain, which had poured in torrents all day, very considerably kept off while their Majesties were with me, we all had a very pleasant time. The only presentations I made to their Majesties on this occasion were Mudaliyar J. P. Obeyesekere and my son.

A few days later Rear-Admiral (now Vice-Admiral Sir Herbert) Richmond and Mrs. Richmond visited me with their son, and stayed to lunch.

Miss Alexander’s wedding with Mr. T. B. Worthington, the Kelani Valley planter, took place at Queen’s House on November 21st, 1925, and the arrangements were on a magnificent scale, Alexander being at this time Acting Governor. Unfortunately Queen Alexandra died a day or two before the event, and most of the attractions had to be modified suitably.

Nine days later Ceylon welcomed back Sir Hugh Clifford, who came as the Governor of the Colony. His Excellency and Lady Clifford, accompanied by their Staff, Captain G. L. Matthews-Donaldson and Lieutenant F. D. Bingham, R.N., arrived by the *Yorkshire* on the morning of the 30th, and were met on board by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. E. R. Sudbury (private secretary), and myself. I stayed at Queen’s House until the next day, and then returned to Horagolla.

Viscount Allenby and Lady Allenby arrived in Ceylon about the middle of December, and I took them out for a motor run round Colombo and

to Mount Lavinia. Lord and Lady Allenby, who were guests at Queen's House, lunched with me at Horagolla on Christmas Eve, when I had several other guests.

Lord Allenby struck me very forcibly as a born leader of men. I had no idea whatever, until I later read Savage's *Allenby of Armageddon*, that he was a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell. Little wonder that he is possessed of the finest soldierly qualities. I recommend this book to the readers of these pages as one that gives a very vivid description of this great man's remarkable career.

About this time I had to give evidence, in a case arising out of a motor-bus accident, before the Police Court at Gampaha, and later before the Supreme Court. I was out riding one morning near Pasyala when I met a bus full of passengers going towards Colombo at a furious rate. I signalled to the driver to stop, and warned him against further recklessness. I then allowed him to proceed, advising him to drive very carefully. He hadn't gone more than seven or eight miles, however, before he ran into a hackery (bullock sulky), killing the bull and the carter as well as one of the passengers in the bus, which turned completely right-about before turning over.

My evidence was, of course, to show that I had seen the man driving the bus recklessly, and that I had warned him. He was sent to prison for four years.

Just a few months later an equally painful accident occurred a few miles from here, when

young Conrad Peiris, a son of the late Mudaliyar J. L. Peiris, was killed on the spot, his body being horribly mangled. He was riding his motor-bicycle to town when a bus driven at a high speed on the wrong side of the road crashed into him. The Supreme Court sent the bus-driver to prison for four and a half years.



[Photo by Major Herbert Voys

MRS. HERBERT VOYS PETTING "MIGHTY ATOM."

CHAPTER XXIX

A TURF CLUB COMPLIMENT

EARLY in 1926 I was staying at Queen's House with the Governor and Lady Clifford, and during my stay there Mr. Fletcher, our new Colonial Secretary, and Mrs. Fletcher arrived on the s.s. *Macedonia*, and were also guests of His Excellency. During this time Sir James Pieris, Mr. Stockdale, Mr. Morgappah, and Mr. White were invested with the Orders which His Majesty had been pleased to confer on them.

I had some interesting visitors during the subsequent weeks. Major Noyes, R.A., the big-game hunter and a cousin of the famous poet, Alfred Noyes, called here with a letter and with kind messages from the Duchess of St. Albans, and stayed to lunch with Mrs. Noyes and two other friends, and we met again at Nuwara Eliya. Another visitor I had was Lord Westbury, a great sportsman, whom I had met in England at a luncheon-party given by my old friend William Forsythe at his residence in Putney. Lord Westbury, who also stayed to lunch, has, I believe, a considerable interest in some of the estates in this country.

I had also the great pleasure at this time of receiving again at Horagolla, after twenty years,

Richard Ponsonby-Fane, at one time private secretary to Sir West Ridgeway. Ponsonby had developed a long beard, and looked quite venerable when I saw him on this occasion. He came with Rosamund Viscountess Ridley and Mrs. Roberts, who were attended by Captain Macartney, Aide-de-Camp. Ponsonby had practically made Japan his headquarters on account of his health.

The foundation-stone of a new Anglican school, attached to the Gampaha Church, was laid during the summer of this year by the Bishop of Colombo, Dr. Mark Carpenter Garnier. I attended the ceremony, and was one of the guests at a sumptuous breakfast which Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dias Bandaranayake gave in honour of his lordship. A few days later Zanetti, my visiting agent, left for Australia, where all the members of his family are in permanent residence.

I had also the honour, towards the close of this year, of meeting the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden. His Excellency and Lady Clifford entertained a large party to meet them, and in the course of conversation after dinner her Serene Highness told me that Sir Henry and Lady Blake had been very well known to her, and was greatly amused to hear that their son Maurice had married an Australian and settled down in, of all places, Corsica. On the following day their Serene Highnesses halted here on their way to Kandy, and had a look at my collection of animals, and I think thoroughly enjoyed a refreshing drink of king-coconut water.

At this year's Art Exhibition an oil-painting of

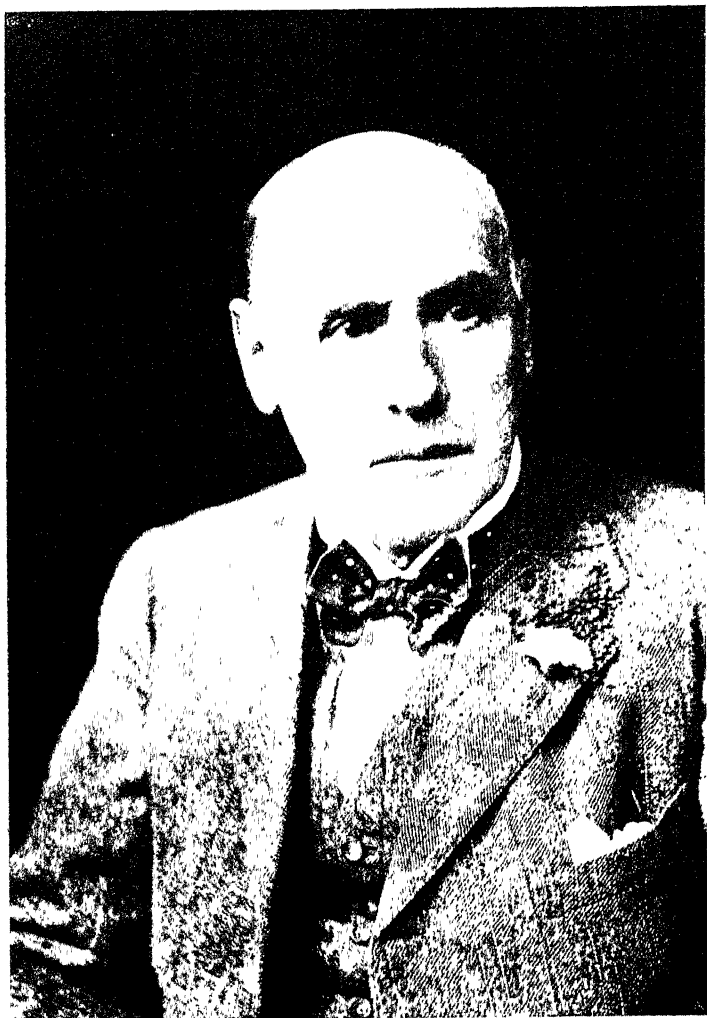
myself, by Mudaliyar A. C. G. S. Amarasekera, was hung, the artist's work being greatly admired. This was in August, when the Turf Club paid me the very high compliment of presenting a cup, valued at £50, to be called "The Bandaranaike Cup," to be run for annually at the August Meeting, Rs. 5,000 being added in stakes. The first of these trophies was won by California, belonging to W. Coombe. The Turf Club paid me the further compliment of electing me Vice-President, the first time a Ceylonese has ever held that position. These marks of honour were no doubt in recognition of my long connection with the Club, my colours first running over forty years ago. I was again a guest at Queen's House during the August festivities this year.

In November, 1927, the members of the Kandy Race Club paid me the very high compliment, too, of electing me their President, the Vice-President being my friend Mr. A. Thorp, of Lochnagar Estate, Matale. I attended the next meet at Peradeniya from Mount Colville, Kadugannawa, where I was the guest of Felix Dias, the other guests being Walter de Livera and J. Stanley Percera. Grobeck, who had been showing a great deal of improvement recently, won the Queen's Hotel Cup for me on the second day, beating quite a good field of seven. I was especially glad to win this trophy, which was given away by Lady Stanley, as it was the first time that a cup manufactured in Ceylon was presented at a race-meeting. It was a fine specimen of the craftsmanship turned out by the Kandy Art Association.

I also attended the Galle Races in December, 1927, myself and Felix Dias being the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Dias Abeyesinghe. I was present at a dinner at the New Oriental Hotel which the members of the Galle Gymkhana Club gave in honour of His Excellency Sir Herbert Stanley. When Sir Herbert in return entertained the officials of the Club to dinner at the Residency, Lady Stanley was unfortunately, through indisposition, unable to appear, and I occupied her chair and played hostess!

Felix and I took the opportunity at the time of visiting Matara, Tangalle, Hambantota, and Tissamaharama.

In August, 1927, a Fruit Growers' Association was formed, chiefly through the enterprise of Mr. H. L. de Mel, C.B.E., and I was elected its President. If agriculturists only co-operate with it, I am sure this Association will do an immense amount of good, as the local supply of fruit is at present far, far short of the demand, in spite of the fact that indigenous varieties capable of extensive cultivation are just as, if not more, delicious than many imported from abroad.



[Plâté Ltd

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, G.C.M.G., G.B.E., GOVERNOR
OF CEYLON (1925-1927).

CHAPTER XXX

SIR HUGH MAKES AN IDEAL HOST

EARLY in the New Year, which I opened at Hora-golla, and not, as usual, in Colombo, the new Chief Justice, Sir Stanley Fisher, arrived with Lady Fisher and assumed duties. Before I went up to Nuwara Eliya for the races I, one afternoon, entertained His Excellency the Naval Commander-in-Chief, Rear-Admiral W. M. Ellerton, C.B., and Mrs. Ellerton and party to luncheon here. I only got a second with Pomfeins, and a second and two thirds with Grobeck, this January—very disappointing when the class of these animals is taken into consideration. I might mention here that one afternoon in between race-days the officials of the Turf Club were the guests of the Governor at lunch.

During the Agricultural Conference in March, I was invited by Sir Hugh and Lady Clifford to stay at the King's Pavilion. One night His Excellency entertained a large party to dinner, after which he gave a ball. Hundreds of guests were present, and the function proved a very brilliant one. An attractive feature was the provision of a cinematograph show on the back lawn, screening, among others, a film depicting the great boxing contest

between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney for the world's championship. Large numbers of the guests showed their appreciation of this item of the entertainment, the weather, which had been unusually bad on the preceding days, fortunately clearing up wonderfully.

On the last day of the Conference, His Excellency handed to the Press representatives a document entitled, "Some Reflections on the Ceylon Land Question," which embodied his views on the land problems of this country, and suggested ways and means in which they might be solved. The document was a masterpiece of lucid reasoning and showed a close study of the subject, and although it aroused some criticism, the passage of time will, I am convinced, prove its true worth. Certainly the country cannot but derive incalculable benefit from the contact of so galvanic an intellect as Sir Hugh's with a problem that has become more and more complicated with every succeeding generation.

An All-Ceylon Motor and Engineering Exhibition was also one of the big events of the first few months. A piece of reclaimed land opposite the Public Hall was transformed into a veritable miniature Wembley, and all the latest motor and engineering models were splendidly displayed. Every night for two weeks the Show was a blaze of lights, and beautiful women, clad like dreams, fluttered about the many interesting and amusing side-shows that were there to lend a diversion. The Show was formally declared open by the Governor, after a festive luncheon at which the Automobile Club of Ceylon entertained a brilliant assemblage in the

“Palais de Joie”—which corresponded to the “Lucullus” of Wembley. Major-General Higginson presided at the luncheon, at which there were several speeches, and, as usual, Sir Hugh charmed his hearers with a peroration rich in wit and humour, one of his anecdotes concerning a young cavalry officer who, after a week’s experience in the riding-school, summed up the horse as being “dangerous at both ends and damned uncomfortable in the middle”!

Socially, and to a small extent financially, the Motor Show was a great success, and my friend Hew Kennedy, the honorary organizer, and his helpers fully deserved all the congratulations they received. The atmosphere of a carnival during this period was heightened by the fact that Mr. Gilligan’s team of English cricketers were also playing a series of matches in Ceylon at the time.

An interesting visitor I had in March was George Bistany, a collector of live specimens of birds and beasts for the New York Zoological Gardens. He brought me a macaw and an Amazonian monkey, and in return I gave him a fine specimen of a domesticated *cabaragoya* (lizard) and a rock-squirrel. Before taking his departure he also very kindly promised to send me a lion from the Sudan. I do not know whether the explanation of Mr. Bistany’s failure to despatch the lion is that the lion despatched Mr. Bistany. But there the matter stands.

In the same month I was at the Peradeniya Races with Felix Dias, when, to my utter consternation, I heard that Sir Hugh Clifford had been appointed Governor of the Straits Settlements and

High Commissioner of the Malay States, my informant being Mrs. Greer, the wife of the genial Irishman, Major Greer, who was at one time an Extra A.D.C. on the Staff of Sir Henry McCallum, and is at present at Kirimetiya, Galaha. could scarcely believe the news, for Sir Hugh had been with us only fifteen months, and the Singapore Governorship is considered junior, if anything, to that of Ceylon. I returned to Horagolla the same night, and on the following day motored into town and lunched with His Excellency, who had come down from Nuwara Eliya by the night mail. Sir Hugh explained to me the reasons which had led him to accept the appointment, which were identical with those he subsequently announced publicly, and, grieved as I was, I could not but appreciate them. At the Annual General Meeting of the Kennel Club that afternoon, Sir Hugh took the opportunity to make it clear that he was answering the call of his first love.

On the following day there was a big public dinner in farewell to E. B. Alexander at the Grand Oriental Hotel. His departure was widely regretted, for Alexander had made himself very popular as a sportsman and an English gentleman. A few days later there was a record cloud-burst in Veyangoda, when 3.95 inches of rain fell in one and a half hours. I do not suggest that Alexander's departure had anything to do with this. I merely record the fact as being of meteorological interest.



MR. A. G. M. FLETCHER, C.M.G., C.B.E.

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CHAPTER XXXI

I DECIDE TO RETIRE

It was during April this year that I took the opportunity of being at Nuwara Eliya to call on Sir Hugh at Queen's Cottage, and intimate to him my intention of retiring from the public service. His Excellency, however, refused to entertain the idea for a moment, and requested me to reconsider the matter fully and let him know in a week, repeating more than once that I would be a great help to the new Governor when he shortly arrived. It was by this time known, of course, that Sir Hugh's successor was to be Sir Herbert Stanley from Northern Rhodesia, and absolutely new to conditions in the East. But I had weighed every consideration with the most anxious thought, and my mind was unchanged when I saw His Excellency again some days later, and told him of my decision to retire as from the day he left the island, thus rounding off forty-three years of public service, during which I had served as Maha Mudaliyar on the Queen's House Staff for no less than thirty-two years.

On hearing this, Sir Hugh had no alternative but to accept my decision, and to inform Mr. Fletcher, the Colonial Secretary, of the fact. I think it extremely apposite to quote here a letter I received

in this connection from His Excellency's own hands, and which speaks for itself:

[*Crest.*]

QUEEN'S HOUSE,
COLOMBO,
Sunday, May 22nd, 1927.

MY DEAR SIR SOLOMON BANDARANAIKE,

On April 19th last—very shortly after my appointment to be Governor of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner for Malaya had been announced—you came to see me at Queen's Cottage, Nuwara Eliya, and informed me verbally that you had decided to ask to be allowed to retire from active service upon the date, which at that time was not known with any precision, that was to witness my final departure from Ceylon.

2. On the 12th instant, when you were my guest at Queen's House, Colombo, you came to me and formally handed to me the letter bearing that date, to which this is my formal and official reply. Having regard, however, to our long, warm and intimate personal friendship, and to the fact that you have acted as my Maha Mudaliyar and Extra Aide-de-Camp so often—alike when I was acting as Governor of Ceylon in 1907, in 1909, in 1911 and in 1912, and more recently, during my tenure of the substantive appointment from November, 1925, to the present time—I cannot allow your letter of resignation to be answered otherwise than by me, personally, and without the aid of any intermediary. I propose further personally to hand this letter to you when, in accordance with an arrangement which I greatly prize, I breakfast with you at Horagolla this morning on the occasion of your sixty-fifth birthday.

3. There can, of course, be only one reply to your official request—a reluctant acceptance of your resignation; and, though I realize how heavy the loss which that retirement will be to the Government of Ceylon, and especially to my successors in office, I cannot but feel infinitely touched that you should have continued to serve on my Staff during every day of my short period as Governor of Ceylon, in spite of failing health, and that you should have postponed taking your well-earned rest until the actual moment of my final departure from this Colony arrived.

4. I cannot pretend to address you, my dear old friend, in ordinary official language. Your friendship, so strong and so unswerving; your advice, so frank, so firmly, so freely yet so courteously given, so full of wisdom and discrimination; your wide knowledge of men and things in Ceylon, combined with your sound judgment and your intense loyalty, have been to me, during all the years that I have served in this island, among the most prized of my possessions.

5. Yours has been a very notable career. The son of the late D. C. H. Dias Bandaranaike, Mudaliyar of the Governor's Gate and Justice of the Peace for the Island, whose father—Don Solomon Dias Bandaranaike—was described by Emerson-Tennent as "a noble specimen of the native race," you first came into prominence in connection with the Royal visit paid by his present Most Gracious Majesty, with his lamented brother, Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, in 1882. You were later in attendance upon His Majesty when, as Duke of Cornwall and York, he made his famous world tour in H.M.S. *Ophir* in 1901, and upon the earlier of these two occasions you were created a Mohandiram of the Governor's Gate, and

were personally invested by the late Duke of Clarence with the insignia of that office. You represented Ceylon at the Diamond Jubilee of her late Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and were awarded the Gold Medal, in 1897. In 1896 you were presented with a Gold Medal by the inhabitants of Siyane Korle East in grateful recognition of the services you had rendered to its inhabitants while administering the affairs of their district in your capacity as Mudaliyar. In 1901 you were presented with a Gold Sword of Honour by public subscription in Ceylon. You were one of the official Representatives of Ceylon at the Coronation of his late Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. in 1902, and on the occasion of your frequent visits to England you have been received in special audience by His Majesty King George V. You were created a Knight in 1907, you were appointed a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1902, and in 1925 you were created a Knight Commander of that Order, you being the only Ceylonese upon whom that signal honour has been conferred by His Majesty the King. I am recommending to the Secretary of State that, after your retirement, you should be accorded a special place, to be enjoyed by you during your lifetime, on the Ceylon Table of Precedence, and I am asking Mr. Amery to approach His Majesty with a view to the Royal Assent being secured to this recommendation.

6. I congratulate you most heartily upon your splendid record as set out in the foregoing paragraph. I trust that you will long be spared to enjoy your well-earned rest, and I take leave of you with a very full heart and wishing you many happy returns of this day, and that every good and perfect

thing may be yours in the years of life that still remain to you.

I am, my dear old friend,
Affectionately yours,

(Signed) HUGH CLIFFORD,
Governor of Ceylon.

I have only to add that when May 22nd was fixed for His Excellency's visit to me he was not aware of the fact that it happened to be my birthday, but having learnt of it later, the first thing he did on arriving here was to make me a birthday gift of a beautiful pair of sleeve-links. He then proceeded to read aloud the fine letter I have quoted, in the presence of his party, which consisted of Mr. Fletcher and Messrs. A. N. Strong, R. M. M. Worsley, and W. Holmes, of the Civil Service, and Mr. J. P. Obeyesekere, who succeeded me. It is unnecessary to state in so many words how much I value and appreciate this act of kindness and recognition of my humble services.

The news of my retirement apparently came as a great surprise to the general public, and the genuine regret expressed by members of all communities, and the very complimentary references to me, both in the numerous letters I received and in the Press, were extremely flattering. It was, I may add, a source of great satisfaction to me to have such proofs of the appreciation in which my humble services were held.

It was at about this time, too, that the Bishop of London, the Right Rev. Dr. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, visited this country in the course of a world tour which he indulged in to mark his

silver jubilee, and I had the great pleasure of meeting his lordship at a large dinner-party given by His Excellency at Queen's Cottage. The season was in full swing at Nuwara Eliya, and at the races Pomfeins, Grobeck, and Marshal Haig each carried my colours to victory. On another afternoon, in the presence of a large and fashionable gathering, His Excellency formally opened the new pavilion of the Anderson Golf Club on Moon Plains. This club, which is a Ceylonese institution, is named after Sir John Anderson, who gave permission for its links to be laid down over Crown land.

In the following month, with the stage already set for the closing scenes of the brief but brilliant Clifford régime, I was again a member of the house-party at the King's Pavilion.

The other members of the house-party on this occasion were, so far as I can recall, Mr. and Mrs. Windus, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Miss Barbara Hopkins, Miss Enid Hardwick, Miss Unwin, R. M. M. Worsley, C.C.S., A. N. Strong, C.C.S. (private secretary), Captain Loudoun-Shand, Extra A.D.C., and Mrs. Loudoun-Shand. Sir Hugh made an ideal host, and gave his guests as good a time as they could have wished for. I must not omit to mention the fact that His Excellency very often ate his curry and rice with his fingers in the most approved Eastern fashion. On one occasion during this particular house-party he expressed a desire, when some other guests, too, were present, that some of those at table should join him in this mode of

eating our national dish. The only one who had the courage to do so—a prominent member of the Civil Service—drew added attention to his achievement, however, inasmuch as each time he took up a bolus of well-mixed rice and curry to his mouth his forefinger appeared to go, not into the proper orifice, but into his nose! As he was a Ceylonese, some ladies near me actually enquired whether this was the orthodox method of eating with the fingers! My reply, of course, was in the negative. Later I gathered that the gentleman in question was suffering from writer's cramp, and that his forefinger was stiff and could scarcely be bent. This it was that accounted for the nasal phenomenon!

But all good things come to an end, and the house-party breaking up on the 25th, Sir Hugh returned to Colombo. I did so myself, dropping in at Horagolla *en route*, and stayed the night at Queen's House. That evening the Inspector-General and the officers of the Ceylon Police entertained His Excellency to a farewell dinner, at which I was one of a number of guests present.

On the 28th I again went down to Colombo, and stayed at Queen's House until the departure of Sir Hugh Clifford the following day on the s.s. *Ellenga* for Singapore via Penang to take up the duties of his new office. The roads from Queen Street to the Customs House were lined by dense crowds, and the jetty itself was thronged by a brilliant assemblage which had gathered to say farewell to Sir Hugh. His Excellency was anxious to shake hands with as many as possible,

and at one stage invited members of the public to come up by exclaiming aloud : “ Please do come ! I must shake hands with everybody ! ” Noticing a slight hesitation, he added : “ Come on ! come on ! Someone give the lead ! ” It was characteristic of Sir Hugh that in going round, when his towering height enabled him to see a friend in the back ranks who was unable to push through, he himself shouldered his way to the rear to say “ Good-bye, ” with a hearty shake of the hand. A number of us, including Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher and myself, accompanied His Excellency on board, and Worsley went on with his Staff as far as Singapore, returning later.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE ARRIVAL OF THE STANLEYS

MR. FLETCHER was sworn in as Officer Administering the Government, and I returned home the same afternoon, having on the previous day relinquished my duties as Maha Mudaliyar to Mudaliyar J. P. Obeyesekere, who had been duly appointed my successor. On June 2, in response to the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, I went down again and stayed at Queen's House in connection with the King's Birthday celebrations. I had almost completely lost my voice as the result of a chill, but was, under the able treatment of Dr. Paul, practically all right on the following day.

The festivities went off with great éclat, the proceedings gaining an additional impressiveness from the fact that the investiture of a Maha Mudaliyar was taking place after about thirty-two years. Before performing that function, His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, addressing me before those present, said :

“ Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike,—Before I ask you to present the Maha Mudaliyar, I desire to place on record the Government's warm appreciation of your own most honourable, loyal and devoted service to the Crown during the long

period of forty-three years, in recognition of which service the high dignity of a Knight of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, in addition to other honours, has been conferred on you by His Majesty the King. You have won the confidence and esteem of all who have been associated with you, and I wish you many years of health and happiness in your retirement."

I briefly thanked Mr. Fletcher for the generous terms in which he had referred to my humble services, and proceeded to present my successor, whom His Excellency addressed as follows :

"Mr. Obeyesekere,—One of the last acts performed by His Excellency Sir Hugh Clifford prior to his departure was the appointment of yourself to the most important post of Maha Mudaliyar, and it gives me great pleasure and satisfaction that it now falls to my lot to invest you with the Insignia of that high office. You come of a family having a long and most honourable record of service under the Crown, and the Government, mindful of your own meritorious career, looks in confidence to you to maintain that high tradition."

Mr. Obeyesekere in reply said :

"I thank Your Excellency for the honour you have conferred upon me. It will be my earnest endeavour to uphold to the best of my ability the traditions of the high office to which I have had the honour of being appointed."

The Investiture of Native Ranks and General Levee followed.

About three weeks later Lady Clifford stayed a day or two in Colombo on her way from England



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SIR HERBERT J. STANLEY, K.C.M.G., GOVERNOR OF CEYLON (1927).

to join her husband at Singapore, and I went down and stayed at Queen's House, where the Fletchers gave a grand dinner-party in honour of their guest. I must say that in all respects the interregnum was a most happy one, lasting nearly three months, until His Excellency Sir Herbert Stanley and Lady Stanley arrived on August 20th, with their Staff, which consisted of Mr. M. E. Antrobus, private secretary; Captain L. Holbech, D.S.O., Aide de-Camp; and Mr. R. C. Byng, extra private secretary. Holbech, of course, had also been on Sir William Manning's Staff.

Sir Herbert and Lady Stanley were accorded a very warm welcome at the jetty, where I had the honour of being presented to them by Mr. Fletcher immediately they stepped out of the barge. It was the last day of the big August Race Meeting, and His Excellency gave an early indication of how thorough a sportsman he is by accepting an invitation to Lady Stanley and himself to lunch that very day with the Stewards of the Turf Club, within a few hours of their landing. The lunch took place at the Galle Face Hotel, the party leaving immediately afterwards for the race-course.

I was seated opposite to His Excellency at table, and addressing me, he said: "Sir Solomon, I heard all about you from a number of people in England, and the last person who spoke of you was His Majesty the King!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE UNIVERSITY SITE CONTROVERSY

ABOUT the middle of 1927 an extraordinary amount of heat was in process of generation over the question of the site of the proposed University of Ceylon. In its origin Ceylon owes the whole project to that great scholar whose friendship I have the high privilege to enjoy—Lord Chalmers. Subsequently, largely through the efforts of the late Sir Ponnambalam Arunachalam on the one hand, and Sir William Manning and Sir Cecil Clementi on the other, the scheme gradually took shape, and a vote towards its foundation received the sanction of Lord Milner, then Secretary for the Colonies. Up to this stage, although there was no binding decision to this effect, it was generally understood that the University would be in Colombo, on what came to be designated the “Buller’s Road site.” But an entirely new complexion was put on the affair when Sir Hugh Clifford came as Governor. Sir Hugh, however much he chafed under the limitations imposed upon him by the Reformed Constitution, must be credited with fair-play and straight dealing. Having studied the files on the subject, he was of opinion that no decision had been arrived at



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MR. CECIL CLEMENTI, C.M.G., NOW SIR CECIL CLEMENTI, K.C.B.

regarding the location of the University, that the vote already sanctioned was by no means earmarked for Buller's Road, and that the matter was one entirely for the Legislative Council's discretion. He thereupon summoned a conference at Queen's House to discuss the position, and the upshot was the appointment of a Committee to examine any and all available sites and recommend that which it considered most suitable whereon to build the University.

The Committee consisted of Mr. M. T. Akbar, K.C., as Chairman, and Messrs. Wait, Jayatilaka, Loos, Duraiswamy, and Molamure. So far as I can judge, these gentlemen carried out their investigations in an extremely painstaking manner, but their work was looked upon with suspicion from the beginning by those wedded to the Buller's Road site. When ultimately their report recommended a site in Kandy—one of three in the Dumbara Valley area—the fat was in the fire, and a most vehement controversy began to rage. The fact that both Sir Hugh and the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Fletcher) expressed themselves as being personally strongly in favour of the Dumbara site only served to exasperate those who came to be nicknamed the "Buller's Road Brigade," and for nearly a year what was known as "the Battle of the Sites" waxed fast and furious. It did not take long for everybody but those immediately engaged in the controversy to become thoroughly sick of it. Since, however, the storm does not appear to have blown over yet, I would rather not say more about the matter than that a great deal

too much of personal acrimony has been imported into what should have been a strictly academic discussion.

The adherents of Buller's Road were the first to open their campaign with a well-organized meeting at St. Joseph's College, at which Sir James Pieris, the Vice-President of the Legislative Council, presided. It has all along been my opinion that if Ceylon needs a University at all—and it is a very big “if”—the University must be outside Colombo, and outside Colombo I cannot honestly conceive of a better location than one in the region recommended by the Akbar Committee. Naturally, of course, I had not trumpeted my views aloud from the housetops, and in order to sound my opinion the Dumbara party adopted the novel expedient of commissioning a youthful journalist to obtain my signature as one of the conveners of a public meeting they were, in their turn, organizing. As I had already made up my mind, I was only too glad to give my signature in support of the Akbar Committee's recommendation. The youthful journalist, however, proved to be the forerunner of a series of representative deputations who waited on me here with an invitation to preside at the meeting in question. Although at first reluctant, after giving the matter full consideration, I consented to take the chair, and the meeting was duly held in the Public Hall, which was crowded to capacity with a very enthusiastic gathering. The main resolution at this meeting was:

“That this meeting strongly supports the recommendations of the Committee appointed by His

Excellency the Governor, Sir Hugh Clifford, to consider and report upon the question of a site for the Ceylon University."

I was formally voted to the chair, and the speakers were Mr. H. A. P. Sandrasagara, K.C., Mr. Francis de Zoysa, Mr. B. F. de Silva, Dr. S. C. Paul, the Hon. Mr. T. B. L. Moonemale, Mr. J. R. Weinman, G. K. W. Perera, the Rev. W. E. Boteju, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Tambyah, and Mr. C. S. Rajaratnam. On the following morning the newspapers devoted several columns to the proceedings, and one journal described the meeting as the most representative gathering that ever assembled for a public purpose in this country.

The two public meetings, however, only served as a fillip to the controversy in the Press, and in February, when Mr. Akbar moved the adoption of the Akbar Committee's recommendations, the controversy reached its climax. The debate continued for five weeks, not always on a very edifying note, and ended with the adoption of the motion, not of course unanimously. And whether the matter will be allowed to rest here remains very much to be seen.

It will not be out of place to recall here another big meeting in the Public Hall at which, wellnigh twenty years earlier, in June, 1908, I presided. It was a public meeting held to celebrate the assembly of the Pan-Anglican Congress in London, and attracted a very large and representative gathering of Anglican Churchmen and Churchwomen. I see from the *Ceylon Churchman* of the following month

that in the course of my address there I quoted a statement from the Official Handbook of the Congress which summarized its objects. These objects were: "To give expression to the thoughts and desires and hopes of Churchmen regarding the spread of the Gospel throughout the world ; to take counsel as to the co-operation and co-ordination of Missions ; the building up of independent Churches ; the unity of Christendom ; the relation of the Anglican Church to other Christian Communions ; the promotion of a true Christian spirit in the dealings of men with men and race with race ; the ordering of lay ministrations ; the social, industrial, scientific, educational, ecclesiastical, domestic and linguistic problems of all kinds which the Church has to face ; in fact, any and all subjects affecting the well-being of Christendom and of mankind, so far as the Anglican Communion can touch them."

Besides myself and the Archdeacon of Colombo, who was acting for the Bishop while he went to London for the Congress, the others on the platform were the Revs. W. E. Rowlands, A. E. Dibben, O. J. C. Eeven, G. B. Ekanayake, F. L. Eeven, C. Henry, W. J. Wijesinghe, Jacob Mendis, and Messrs. A. de A. Seneviratne, C. E. Horsfall, J. G. C. Mendis and Muttukistna.

In the course of my presidential address on this occasion, I explained to the gathering how I had come to occupy that distinguished position. "That it was not of my own accord," I said, "you will readily understand—how unworthy I am to address you from this chair no one can feel more than myself. It was indeed with no small misgiving that

I consented to accept the honourable post so kindly assigned to me by the Committee who arranged this meeting. I know my own deficiencies—feel almost that it is an impertinence for me to occupy this seat. Yet when I learned that it was the unanimous wish of the Committee that I should preside, I could not but feel that it was not for me to question their choice. And whatever my shortcomings, I cannot help feeling that I have one qualification which I am sure will with you avail to plead my excuse for the seeming presumption of my being your President today. It is the hearty interest I bring, and that I have all through life cherished, to all that in any way concerns the Church.”

After some further observations, I read the statement quoted earlier, giving the object of the Congress, and concluded thus :

“I am only a layman, but I cannot ignore the twofold division of the Church and the world which the statement I have just read suggests and lays stress upon.

“We are acquainted with other classifications of mankind, and of human interests and pursuits. We have divisions by race and nationality, by forms of government and political institutions ; there are religious sects, and scientific and philosophical schools—and yet the old and familiar division into those ‘of the Kingdom’ and those outside, the Church and the world, holds as true and real today as ever. The distinction is a sharp one, but sharp as it is, it allows of mutual interaction. The world needs the Church for its purification and enlightenment, the Church yearns for the spiritual conquest of the world. Its mission is to subdue the world,

and we are assured it will do so. But the warfare on its part is not to be, after the manner of the world, with carnal weapons of physical coercion, or penal legislation, or social anathemas, or dogmatic rulings, or arrogant pretensions, or weak and traitorous compromises. For the victory which the Church hopes for, it looks to the zeal and devotion of her children, to patient study on their part, to correct understanding of questions and conditions, to unwearied labour, to patient endurance, to their high example and prayerful sympathy, to an appeal to all that is best and highest in man. 'This is the victory that overcometh.' And if it be so, who will not count himself happy today that he is privileged to say a word, however feeble, or to bear a part, however humble, in helping on 'the victory that overcometh'?"

Two resolutions expressive of sympathy with, and co-operation in furthering, the objects of the Congress were next passed, one of the most stirring of the speeches being delivered by the veteran missionary Mr. Rowlands. The day's proceedings were carried out most successfully, and in bringing the meeting to a close the Archdeacon paid me a graceful compliment. According to what I find in the *Churchman*, he (the Archdeacon) asked everyone to thank the Chairman for the very useful part he had taken in the meeting. He was pleased, he said, to find how great was his willingness to take the chair on what had been referred to in England as a unique occasion. Mr. Ekanayake had referred to the danger of the Church in Ceylon having a Western dress. He (the Archdeacon) therefore had great pleasure in seeing the foremost member

of the Sinhalese race in the chair, and also the presence of so large a number of important members of the Sinhalese community. The Church in Ceylon had a great future, and they only wanted more zeal and a greater spirit of co-operation.

The vote of thanks was seconded by Mr. H. J. Peiris.

I must not omit to mention here that in August, 1927, a new political party called the Unionist Association of Ceylon was formed. Before outlining its scope, however, I would like to chronicle the death of Sir S. C. Obeyesekere, at "Hill Castle," in his seventy-ninth year. The funeral was very well attended, His Excellency being represented by Captain Holbech, who placed a beautiful wreath from Sir Herbert and Lady Stanley on the grave.

At about this time died Sir Thomas E. de Sampayo, K.C., a retired Judge of the Supreme Court, and I attended his funeral and acted as pall-bearer. Sir Thomas, who acted as Chief Justice, was undoubtedly one of the most distinguished sons of the soil, and withal as unassuming and kindly a man as you could meet anywhere.

This year witnessed yet another break consequent on my relinquishing the duties of Maha Mudaliyar. When the presentation of the annual Maldivian Tribute took place, I was present on the special invitation of Sir Herbert Stanley, as the Staff, including the new Maha Mudaliyar, were naturally unaccustomed to conducting the proceedings.

This was thus the last occasion on which I should officiate at that unique, old-world ceremony.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE UNIONIST PARTY

THE Unionist Party, to which I have just referred, was formed for the purpose of demonstrating to the Special Commission on the Reform of the Constitution that there is a strong school of political thought in this country which does not see eye to eye with the Congress. The Commission was sent out on the suggestion of Sir Hugh Clifford, who was not enamoured of the Constitution he found when he came here as Governor. On more than one occasion he characterized the lack of responsibility vested in the Legislature as "mischievous," and whenever he referred to the subject he qualified his dissatisfaction by remarking that the next step must naturally be a step forward.

Congress circles made capital of this utterance, and began to formulate schemes of self-government against the arrival of the Commission, which consisted of the Earl of Donoughmore as Chairman, Sir Matthew Nathan, Sir Geoffrey Butler, and Dr. Drummond Shiels, with Mr. P. A. Clutterbuck as Secretary. A great many people of mature and sober judgment, however, felt that it would not be in the country's best interests for those who do

not agree with the Congress to remain silent at so important a juncture, and the Unionist Association came into being to represent the political views of those who, while not absolutely opposed to many cardinal points in the Congress creed, nevertheless believe that those objects can more surely be gained by other and more suitable methods.

On the earnest invitation of a number of people interested in the new organization, and after considerable thought, I consented to accept office as its President. The memorandum we subsequently forwarded to the Commission indicated clearly the points where, and the reasons why, we are at variance with the Congress, and gradually, if grudgingly, it will, I am sure, be acknowledged that the Unionist Association is fulfilling an important function in public life in Ceylon.

The Unionist Deputation that went before the Special Commission consisted of myself as President, Sir Marcus Fernando and Mr. Felix Dias (Vice-Presidents), Gate Mudaliyar A. E. Rajapakse, the Hon. Mr. W. M. Abdul Rahiman, Mr. Leslie de Saram, the Rev. Dr. G. B. Ekanayake, Dr. David Rockwood, and Messrs. Donald Obeyesekere and Lionel de Fonseka (joint Hon. Secretaries). After I had introduced the members of the deputation to the Commissioners, our memorandum was fully gone into, those who spoke and amplified various points made therein being Sir Marcus Fernando, Mr. Felix Dias, Mr. Leslie de Saram, Dr. Ekanayake and Mr. Donald Obeyesekere.

One of the many social functions at which the Commissioners were entertained was a well-

attended dinner at the Orient Club, when, at their special request, there were no toasts other than those of "The King" and "The Governor." I sat next to Lord Donoughmore, and was agreeably surprised to hear from him that he was at one time private secretary to Sir Henry Blake, and that Sir John Keane, who was Sir Henry's private secretary in Ceylon, was a great friend of his. His lordship's home, he informed me, is not far from that of the Blakes—Myrtle Grove, Youghal.

At the conclusion of their labours here the Special Commissioners and their ladies were "At Home" one evening at the Galle Face Hotel, the function, which was well attended, being graced by His Excellency. Lord Donoughmore and his colleagues were in this country for about three months, and besides sitting in the new Town Hall in Colombo, held sessions at Jaffna, Batticaloa, Kandy, and Galle.*

* Whilst this book was in the press, the Report of the Donoughmore Commission was issued, and is now being considered.



[Photo by Major Herbert Noyes]

TAME PANGOLIN IN THE MENAGERIE AT HORAGOLLA.

CONCLUSION

ALTHOUGH I have not heard it said, I am sure that writing reminiscences such as these is anything but an unmixed joy, and I sometimes wonder if the blessings of memory are counterbalanced, when doing so, by the sorrows, the regrets, and the recollections of far-away days—and friends. I think that anyone who has written on a subject similar to mine must have been faced, when his work was finished, by the same reflection. Indeed, until I had completed this work—such as it is—I hardly realized how many of my friends had left me to wander in the Elysian fields.

Reading over what I have written in the preceding chapters, I am of opinion that much could have been added to them, and, perhaps, something eliminated, or at least abbreviated. I have only mentioned some thirty of my horses, but they and many others well deserve a volume to themselves. Neither do I speak of my many dogs, past and present, although the same might be said of them. Concerning both, I might borrow a verse from the Koran, and derive from it what comfort I can :

“The Birds of the Air, the Beasts of the Field,
Are People even as thine : and unto Allah shall they return.”

Nor have I discoursed about my private menagerie at Veyangoda, in spite of the fact that the life-history of my elephants, leopards, bears, monkeys, pangolins—sometimes described as armadillos—jackals, and snakes would make interesting reading for those who have a *penchant* for such pets. This menagerie has been placed on the roadside specially for the benefit of visitors and travellers and all the thousands of people making use of the road on their periodical visits to the various temples to attend their religious festivals. I have indeed on many occasions overheard these pilgrims express their extreme satisfaction at having seen animals which previously were but names to them.

For these sins of omission and commission I crave the indulgence of my readers, and despite its shortcomings, I trust at least that they will have derived some entertainment from my book.

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